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VOLUME XII TORONTO, JUNE, 1920 NUMBER 6

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Canada's Greatest Magazine

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WHY ARE WE NEGLECTING THE 160,000 CANADIANS WHO ARE MENTALLY SUB-NORMAL?
By Dr. C. J. Hincks—In this Issue

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Volume XII.
Number 6

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

CANADA'S GREATEST MAGAZINE

Toronto, Canada
June, 1920

MARY M. MURPHY, *Editor-in-Chief.* KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, *Associate Editor.*

You Like Live Stories—Here is One of the Best

He Kidnapped His Own Son!

KIRK WINFIELD was not a rich man—as the world measures riches. He had his art, a charming and devoted wife, and the "White Hope," otherwise known as William Winfield, Jr.—and Kirk claimed himself a "plute." He was happy, contented and comfortable, what more had life to offer? *Then why should Kirk Winfield kidnap his own son?*

Did he contemplate the kidnapping when he deliberately left his wife? At any rate, with a high powered automobile and the little fellow's maid, Kirk disappeared. Where had he gone?—Why had he gone? His wife believed the maid was a willing party to the kidnapping and elopement, and a second high powered car shot out in pursuit.

The trail led to Kirk's camp-in-the-woods, and Kirk was not expecting such speedy pursuit. What did his wife discover?

THESE are just a few of the compelling questions that will be fully answered by "The Price of Prosperity," an absorbing serial by P. G. Wodehouse, beginning in the July issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

No one needs to be told who P. G. Wodehouse is. One of England's cleverest and greatest dramatists and writers, his name is a sure guarantee of a story that not only entertains, but holds you enthralled. Famous for his "Piccadilly Jim" stories, Mr. Wodehouse has surpassed himself in "The Price of Prosperity."

Be sure to start the opening instalment in July.

When Pirates Flew the Black Flag

WITH cutlasses a-gleam in the moonlight and bright blades of murderous knives held fast between clenched teeth, a bold pirate band at dead o' night, with only a wondering moon to witness their dark deeds, invaded—hush, go softly, this terrible band of pirates four, *invaded Mrs. Handsomebody's back yard!*

Doesn't it all come back to you in a flash—the wicked joy of playing pirates? Wasn't it exciting, and oh, so thrilling? Will you ever forget those golden days of childhood when all the world was a wonderful, wonderful make-believe world of your own?

"Treasure Trove," by Mazo de la Roche, will recall the vividness of those happy golden hours of yesterday. It is a story a-thrill with the wildest of little boy adventures—full of the funniest situations imaginable, full of humour and pathos and the quick of human understanding. Poor John, the Seraph and Angel always seemed to be in wrong. Grown folks were so queer they never understood—only blessed Mary Ellen with her unfailing Irish sense of humour.

When you read this lovable story coming in July, you'll forget that the world is old and sad and weary; you'll recall only how it feels to be a child again. Renew your youth with "Treasure Trove," appearing in July.

We Believe in Home Talent

THAT is why we are pleased to announce a series of splendid short stories by one of Canada's most noted authors—Mazo de la Roche.

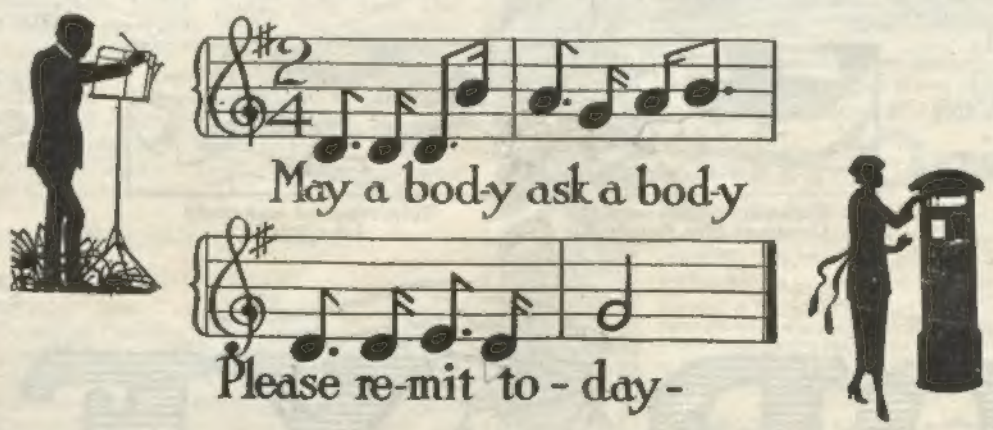
Mazo de la Roche says of herself: "Editors invariably take me to be a man, but try not to be vexed when they discover the chronicler of "John, the Seraph and Angel," is just a young Canadian woman with a love for boys and dogs and books, who has made her life a happy one in spite of much adversity."

Mazo de la Roche has secured for herself an enviable position among world writers, her stories appearing regularly in the Atlantic Monthly, Harpers Bazaar, Woman's Home Companion and Century Magazine. Edward O'Brien, the well-known author of "The Best Short Stories," says: "The stories of Mazo de la Roche are the best I have ever read."

Canada is ever proud of the achievement of her own and a double welcome is extended to Miss de la Roche. You who love children and dogs—(and you are very close to the heart-beat of life)—you will welcome and watch for John, the Seraph and Angel in the following short stories soon to appear in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD:

Three Bites at a Cherry,
Gentlemen Adventurers,
D'ye Ken John Peel,
A Noble Family,
A Merry Interlude,
The Bishop Goes a-Fishing.
Explorers of the Dawn,
The Cobbler and his Wife.

If Your Subscription Has Expired, or Is About to Expire—



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Clean the rust from rims when you change a tire.

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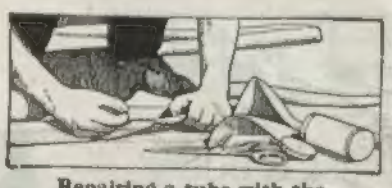

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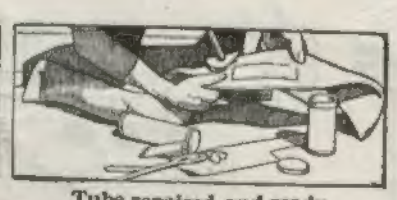

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GOODYEAR

MADE IN CANADA

DIGEST OF CURRENT EVENTS

A Review by Marjory MacMurchy

INCOME Tax Returns have brought financial considerations to the attention of many Canadian women. Taxation is a subject of the first importance and is of general interest. The task of governments has been to devise taxation which will provide revenue without discouraging business and personal initiative. A tax that does not hurt is what everyone wants. The levy of one cent on all letters, imposed by the War Revenue Act of 1915, is said to be a tax of this character. It brought in last year six million dollars in revenue. The stamp tax on all commercial paper, also a tax which does not hurt, yielded a further revenue of ten million. The very wide distribution of this taxation and the small amount collected from each individual would seem to show the way for further taxation which does not hurt but which yet will provide the revenue absolutely necessary for Canadian life and prosperity.

University of B.C. Begins Building

THE CONSTRUCTION of permanent buildings for the University of British Columbia, which was inaugurated five years ago, will be begun immediately. It is estimated that $750,000 will be spent this year and that the work will be sufficiently advanced for classes to be held in the new buildings by the fall of 1921. The provincial government some years ago set aside a site of 800 acres in Point Grey for the University. The situation commands a fine view of the Gulf of Georgia and is less than ten miles from the city of Vancouver. Registration at the University of British Columbia has grown rapidly; already it is one of the larger Canadian universities.

Hudson Bay Co. Anniversary

THE CELEBRATION of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Hudson's Bay Company, with river pageants, smoking of the peace pipe, feasts and oratory, serves to remind Canadians that Canada is one of the great fur-consuming as well as one of the greatest fur-producing countries of the world. Before the War, in 1913, our fur imports cost $7,993,651, while our exports were worth only $5,415,119, showing an unfavourable balance of over two and a half millions. For the year 1919, our exports were over thirteen million and our imports about four million and a half. The increased value of the exports is due mainly to the enormous rise in fur prices, although there is also an increase in the number of pelts exported. It is gratifying to note that in spite of the higher prices, our imports have actually decreased in value, a circumstance which indicates an increased domestic consumption of our own furs. The centres of the world for selling furs have been in Russia, at Leipzig, London, New York and St. Louis. The Montreal Fur Sales Board intends to make Montreal what it ought to be, one of the world's great fur markets.

Canadian War Memorials

ST. JULIEN Day, April 22, marked the recognition of Canadian sacrifice in the War. Memorial sites have been acquired at St. Julien, Passchendaele, Vimy Ridge, Arras, Courcelette and Amiens. The deeds for the site at Bourlon Wood, given by the Count de Franqueville, have been brought over to London by Sir George Perley. A special decree of the French Parliament was necessary for the transfer of this gift. The site at Vimy Ridge consists of six acres at the highest point of the Ridge. A committee of the Canadian House of Commons has been appointed to have charge of the permanent Canadian war memorials in France and Flanders. One of the most beautiful projected war memorials in Great Britain is the enlargement of Sandhurst Chapel; over 3,500 officers trained at Sandhurst fell in the War.

The Jardine Memorial Prize

AT LEAST one Canadian memorial will take the form of a prize for poetry. It has been given to the University of Toronto by Mrs. Herbert Barton in memory of her brother, Lieutenant Robert Gordon Jardine of the Royal Flying Corps. The competition is to be open to undergraduates and graduates of not more than two years' standing. One hundred dollars will be given annually for fifteen years and the prize may be made a permanent endowment, known as the Jardine Memorial Prize.

Margaret Anglin as Jeanne d'Arc

MISS Margaret Anglin, the Canadian actress, has been playing at San Francisco in an Anglicized version of Emile Moreau's Jeanne d'Arc. Miss Anglin's creation of the French peasant is said to rank with her achievements in Greek tragedy. She plays Jeanne dressed in the simple black of a civilian girl and has not sought the aid of elaborate stage trappings. Barrie's latest play, "Mary Rose," tells the story of an Australian soldier's return to his old Sussex home and is a dream play of mother love, described by critics as his masterpiece. With this, and John Galsworthy's "A Skin Game" and "A Grain of Mustard Seed," by E. H. Harwood, there is said to be a revival in English drama.

Too Little Production

WHILE our exports still show a favourable balance over our imports for the year ending March 31, 1920, a condition which has existed only since 1916, we have a diminishing balance in our favour this year and our imports have touched for the first time the billion dollar mark. The favourable balance for 1919 was more than three hundred million; for 1920 it is less than one hundred and seventy-five million. In other words we are buying too much and producing too little. Warning editorials have appeared in many Canadian newspapers.

Canada's Population 9,000,000

THE ESTIMATED population for Canada for 1920 is said to be 9,000,000, although officials of the census department seem inclined to think that 8,750,000 is more likely to prove correct. The total estimated revenue for the year is $325,000,000, and the estimated expenditure is $675,125,000. Our war expenditures this year are estimated at $350,000,000; it is supposed that the greater part of this large expenditure, which covers pensions, payments to soldiers, military hospitals, etc., has been provided for in the Victory Loan of last autumn. Revenue per head of the population for 1891 was $7.98; for 1919, $35.42; for 1920, it is estimated by the Department of Finance at $36.11. The great financial responsibility for the War and for developing work in Canada is brought home by these figures to every Canadian.

Rising Birth Rate in Great Britain

THERE is a rising birth rate in Great Britain, the last quarter showing a greater number of births than any since 1906. The infant mortality was 71 per one thousand registered births, "the lowest recorded rate for any fourth quarter of the year." Both the rising birth rate and the lessened mortality reflect the improvement in public opinion regarding the care of children and mothers. Similar statistics are not yet available for the whole of Canada. The newly created Bureau of Child Welfare in the Department of Health at Ottawa is evidence of Canadian national interest in children

History and a Hospital

SURREY LODGE, the residence of the late Senator Jaffray, of the Toronto "Globe," has been sold to the Hospital for Sick Children and is to be used as a staff residence. Senator Jaffray bought Surrey Lodge from Mr. Gemmill, a wholesale merchant of Toronto, thirty-five years ago. The residence overlooks Queen's Park and has a fine garden. The property at one time formed part of the grounds belonging to Government House when that was situated in the neighbourhood. Lord Elgin lived in the old Government House for a short time when he was Governor.

A woman's charm

See how white teeth enhance it

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Countless women have found a way to whiter, safer teeth. You meet them everywhere. A new method of teeth cleaning is now widely employed, and anyone who watches can see the results of it.

This is to ask that you test it. Watch the results for ten days, then judge for yourself if you need it.

The tooth wrecker

Millions find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. Tartar forms, and often pyorrhea starts.

Most of those troubles are now traced to film. To that viscous coat which you feel with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste cannot dissolve it, so the tooth brush leaves much of it intact.

It is the film-coat that discolors—not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. All these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Now a new method

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat this film. Able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Now leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

A new tooth paste has been perfected to meet every modern requirement. The name is Pepsodent. And this film combatant is embodied in it.

Sent to all who ask

A ten-day tube of Pepsodent is sent to all who ask. Thus millions have already proved it. If you have not, write for that tube today.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

The results are quick and apparent. They argue for themselves, and a book we send explains all reasons for them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Judge by the clear results between the old ways and the new. Do this now, for it is most important. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent CANADA REG. IN

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

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Try on clock that runs slow; squeaking hinges; locks and bolts that stick. Try on sewing machine, washing machine, churn, lawn mower, tools, fire arms, fishing reels. See how much better they'll work.
3-in-One is the perfect lubricant for typewriters, adding machines, automatic stamps. Takes the squeak out of office chairs. Prevents auto springs from squeaking. Oils magnetos and Ford commutators exactly right.
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Playing all makes of disc records perfectly, without extra attachments, and having the tone which won the highest score for quality at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, the Sonora, clear, true and expressive, is the instrument you are proud to possess.

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40c *for* PACKAGE of FIVE Semi-Permanent Silvered Needles

Ask your dealer for a package of these wonderful new needles. They play from 60 to 100 times without being changed.

Figure "A"—Ordinary Steel Needle fitting record groove. It is quite logical that the ordinary needle becomes of larger diameter at the engagement point as the needle wears down (owing to its taper form) and thus tends to wear off the edges of the groove of the record.

Figure "C"—Sonora semi-permanent needle, with parallel sides, which fits the record groove accurately always while wearing, and prolongs life of record.

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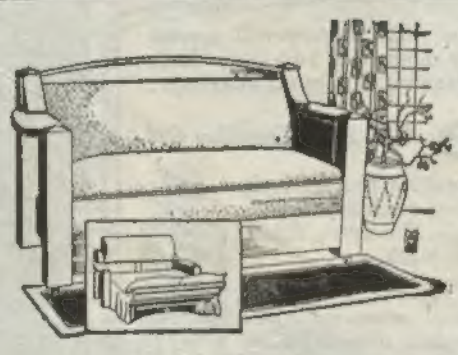

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Everymother's Monthly Service Club

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The Proper Feeding of Babies—Artificial Feeding

IN OUR last two articles, the importance of breast feeding, and the proper method of breast feeding have been the subjects of discussion. The importance of a weighing scale for determining the exact amount of breast milk the baby is receiving at a feeding was emphasized. One can likewise see how much the baby gains each week and so guard against the baby gaining too much or too little—which together constitutes about 75 per cent. of the troubles of the breast-fed child. If one can keep the baby just at the point where it is just getting sufficient food to grow normally, no trouble arises and the mother has a happy baby. But if the baby is receiving too much or too little, it becomes a very uncomfortable patient—causing untold trouble to those about him.

If this condition be not recognized and corrected at once, the weaning of the baby is a rapid sequence, the parents thinking that the mother's milk is not agreeing with the baby whereas the fault lies really in the quantity of milk the baby is receiving.

In the writer's experience, the mother's milk practically always agrees with the baby. Seldom do we examine a breast milk now, unless it be to estimate the quantity of fat present.

It is well known now that the feeding troubles in nursing infants are in *quantity* and not *quality*. Give the baby the correct amount of any normal mother's milk and that child will grow and be happy. So buy a scale and, following along the instructions laid down previously, see that your infant is getting just the proper amount for its weight. For the benefit of those who missed this particular information, the amounts are repeated above. Cut it out and keep it handy for reference.

It is hoped the writer will be pardoned for harping about the apparently innocent practice of early weaning of infants. Mothers should only wean their baby after thoroughly trying all the measures laid down previously for maintenance of breast feeding. Early weaning of babies is a cause of many thousands of infant deaths each year.

Half the infants dying the first year of life die during the first six weeks after birth. If all the infants were breast-fed, this high mortality would be very considerably reduced. The breast-fed infant has twice the chance of surviving that the bottle-fed infant has. Give your baby that advantage. Make up your mind during the prenatal period that you are going to nurse your baby. When the baby comes, care for it properly, feeding it intelligently, and wean before nine months only on the advice of your physician.

Artificial Feeding

BY ARTIFICIAL feeding is meant using a food other than breast milk. Sometimes one says "bottle feeding." If bottle feeding is to be resorted to, use the right food and the right method. In breast feeding, as pointed out, the two chief difficulties depend upon the amount of food given. Here many factors enter into the question and it will be the writer's purpose to make you see the advantage and disadvantage of different foods, etc. The principles laid down here are those used in the best children's hospitals. We have no axe to grind. At the request of the Editor of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, the writer is trying to convey to every mother the best and most up-to-date teaching on these subjects, having in view the saving of infant life and the building up of robust children. This being the case, it will be understood that anything which may be said against certain foods, is said, not for our benefit but for yours. The market is fairly flooded with patented foods. Every paper one reads has an advertisement for one or more of them. The posters show what look to be healthy babies which have been raised on such and such a food. Even during the first few days after confinement, the mother receives booklets advising certain foods. Through this paper, the writer wishes to protest against this vicious practice, which, in the very beginning, tends to take the mother's mind and attention from breast-feeding her infant and concentrating it on some food which is lauded to the skies by the ones who want to sell it. Surely such an action in itself should suffice to warn any thinking mother against any food which is put forth as a substitute for breast milk—the food *par excellence*. So, we advise against all so-called patented or proprietary goods and advise in their place a properly prepared milk mixture (i.e., cow's milk, water and some form of sugar).

Mothers should not used patented foods: 1st. Because they contain too much carbo-hydrate (either sugar or

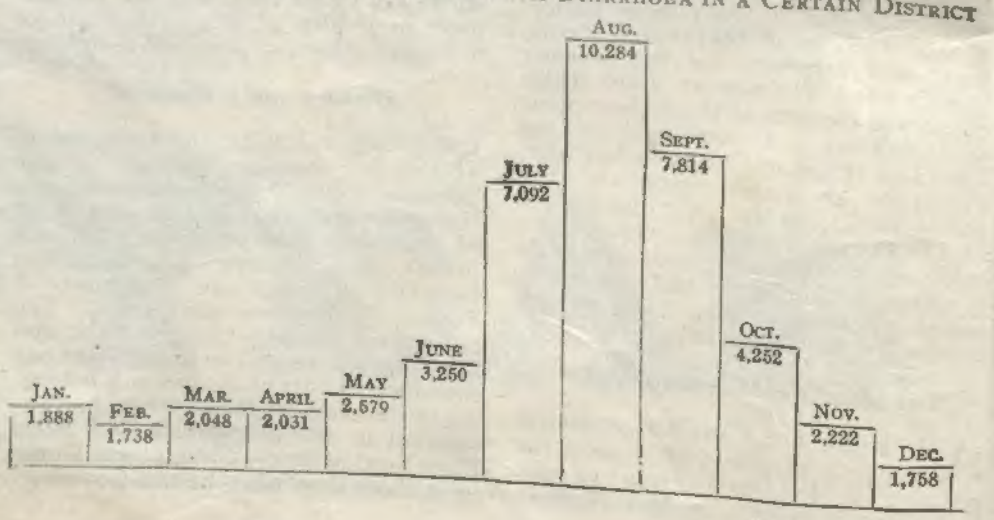
(Continued on page 57)

BREAST FEEDING SCHEDULE

Baby's Weight	Feeding Interval	Amount Each Nursing	Times
6 pounds	3 hours	2 ozs.	6 a.m., 9 a.m., 12 noon, 3 p.m., 6 p.m., 9 p.m., 12 midnight.
7 "	"	2 1/3 "	" " "
8 "	"	2 2/3 "	" " "
9 "	"	3 "	" " "
10 "	4 hours	4½ oz.	6 a.m., 10 a.m., 2 p.m., 6 p.m., 10 p.m.
11 "	"	5 "	" " "
12 "	"	5½ "	" " "
13 "	"	6 "	" " "
14 "	"	6¼ "	" " "
15 "	"	6½ "	" " "
16 "	"	6¾ "	" " "
17 "	"	7 "	" " "
18 "	"	7⅛ "	" " "

To be used to check up feeding by weighing scale.

DIAGRAM SHOWING YEAR'S DEATH RATE FROM DIARRHOEA IN A CERTAIN DISTRICT



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"I RECOMMEND Swift's Premium because its quality is absolutely *uniform*—because only the choicest grade of meat is allowed to be branded 'Swifts Premium'—because its mild 'cure' is scientifically exact — because just enough time is allowed in smoking to secure a flavor that is only found in

Swift's Premium Ham

Every piece is finally tested before it is wrapped, which ensures satisfaction to my customers. It is equally good all through and needs no parboiling before being broiled or fried. So I say: Swift and Quality are synonymous—Ask for either, and you get both!"

Order from your Butcher or Grocer.

There is no waste when you "Buy a whole Ham" —you can *bake the butt, boil the shank,* and *broil or fry the centre slices.*

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited
Toronto Winnipeg Edmonton

The famous treatment for blackheads

APPLY hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing the face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads. After a week or ten days of this treatment you will notice how much clearer your complexion has become.

Keep your skin fine in texture

"A SKIN like a child's!"—but do you realize what makes a child's skin so beautiful? More than anything else it is the exquisitely smooth, fine texture which men and women alike so often lose in later life.

You cannot begin too early to arrest this tendency of your skin to become gradually coarser. Examine your face in a strong light. Do the pores seem to be growing enlarged? If so, your skin is not functioning properly—the pores are not contracting and expanding as they should.

To restore your skin to healthy, normal activity and give it back the fine, smooth delicacy it should have, begin to-night to give it this special treatment.

Just before you go to bed, dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water, and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until your face feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse your face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing your face with a *piece of ice.*

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. This means that your skin is responding to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing than it has been accustomed to. After a few treatments the drawn feeling will disappear, and your face will emerge from its nightly bath with such a new, healthful sense of softness and smoothness that you cannot help realizing the good this treatment is doing your skin. Use it persistently, and it will bring about a marked improvement in your skin's texture.

Special treatments for each different skin condition are given in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake to-day and begin using your treatment to-night. A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use. Sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada.

An oily skin and shiny nose can be corrected. In the booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap you will learn just how to overcome this embarrassing condition.

Don't let ugly blackheads spoil the clearness of your complexion. Read the treatment given above—see how easily you can can keep your skin free from them.

A sample cake of soap, the booklet of famous treatments,

and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream sent to you for 15 cents

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 7506 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD
Canada's Greatest Magazine

Vol. XII. No. 6—June, 1920

MARY M. MURPHY, Editor-in-Chief
Katherine M. Caldwell, *Associate Editor*

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Editorially Speaking

Patriots All, Here's Food For Thought!

IF YOU have a son who is eight, ten, twelve years old—we want to talk to you about him. If you haven't—we want to talk to you anyway on a matter that affects *you*. But let's suppose you have a young son.

When he came into the world, say, ten years ago, and the responsibilities of his existence were placed upon you, you determined he should have his chance in life, didn't you? It rested with you to give him that chance. You helped him, as he developed, encouraged him, removed obstacles from his path. Your assistance was, for him, the impetus to greater endeavour, the greatest influence in the shaping of his young life. He tried hard, with one aspiration—to become a red-blooded, healthy man, a source of pride to you and to his country. He is, in fact, trying now! He hopes to take his place among the big men of his day. He hopes to do his share in moulding the national life of his country, in working out the destiny of this Canada of ours. And you are proud of him!

But difficulties arise! It is not so easy now, to help him as it was six or eight years ago. Then the family purse could be stretched. To-day, the seams have burst and the strings have slipped. The war, labour troubles, many things seem to be to blame. Rents are higher, taxes are higher. The money you once willingly spent on the boy must now be diverted to other channels of expenditure.

There seems but one thing to do! Take from him the help you promised. Dispel all his illusions about being a power in the world. In fact, tell him that not only must you deny him assistance, but you must call upon him either to help you carry your increased financial burdens or——

After all, that is the natural course.

You protest? It isn't? Economize elsewhere, where it will be less felt? You can't deny him the right to progress, to improve himself when he has worked so hard to push onward and upward—when you encouraged him to put the only asset he had—his youth's strength—into the struggle?

If that's the stand you take—the stand we expected any Canadian woman to take——then you'll be interested in and agree with us upon a similar matter.

A FEW years ago, the Government very wisely decided that if Canada was to have a national literature, if the schools and colleges were to be aided in the educating of the Canadian people, some encouragement in the way of assistance should be given the magazines of this country. So the Government lowered the postage rate on periodicals and newspapers from ½c to ¼c a pound. The effect was twofold. Not only did the magazines take on a new lease of life—improve the material they published, and provide generally, better educational and more highly moral literature, but for the first time in years, the Post Office Department showed a surplus and was in a position to give to postal officials salary increases which were highly justifiable.

Feeling that the Government was co-operating, magazine publishers invested large sums of money in the improvement of their publications. Most of these were but in their infancy. They are now but in their youth. They have everything at stake. They have plunged vast sums of money into their work with a common goal—the establishing of a national literature, just as the American magazines have established theirs, and even now are fact shaping ours, for us. Must we let them continue unopposed?

Now, there is a Bill before the House of Commons, proposing drastic changes in the Post Office Act, proposing an increased mailing rate for magazines, from ¼c a pound to 1c a pound in 1921 and 1½c a pound in 1922—an increase of 300 per cent. the first year and 500 per cent. the second year. Let us bring this nearer home. A similar increase on letter mail would raise the minimum rate for letters from 3c to 12c in 1921 and to 18c in 1922. How many letters a week would you write at that cost? We wonder.

One reason given for this proposed increase is that railways have asked a higher rate for carrying mail matter. We understand, however, that this increase is not to be more than 100 per cent.

Magazine publishers wouldn't mind financing that 100 per cent. increase. This is an age of increases and while 100 per cent. seems high, they would even consider it fair. But from 300 to 500 per cent! Would the general public stand that on letter mail? Again we wonder!

IS IT fair, we ask you, to cut Canada's national literature off in its youth? Is it reasonable, after encouraging publishers by first reducing the rate, to reverse the policy, suddenly, just when Canadian magazines find it so necessary to spread a true Canadianism, to counteract the Americanizing influence of the deluge of U. S. literature that is allowed to enter Canada, just when they have invested so much money in their enterprises?

This policy, if pursued, will cripple many worthy publications, will seriously retard Canada's development in literature, agriculture, home economics, trade, manufacturing, medicine, engineering and science by restricting the spread of information.

We are asking you to help us by filling in and mailing to us the coupon appearing on this page. This will result in a lasting good to thousands who, perhaps, unlike you, may not be able to afford increased magazine rates, and to whom the loss of magazines may mean deprivation of sorely needed diversion, and, what is more essential, loss of education in Canadian ideals and Canadian thought.

Show us you are with us, by mailing this page to us TO-DAY.

Fill in this Coupon and clip the whole page, mailing it to

The Protest Editor, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD,
259 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

To.....Date.....

M.P. for..... .....
(Name of Constituency) (Province)

Dear Sir: I desire to endorse strongly the sentiments expressed above, and put myself on record as being against any increase of postal rates for Canadian magazines above 100%, and particularly against the zone system, and as one of the electors of this constituency, call upon you to use your influence to prevent any such measure being enforced.

Name.....

Address .....

Husband's Signature.....
(In Ink)

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MONEY may be sent by Post Office Money Order, Registered Mail, Dominion Express Money Order, or Cheque to which exchange has been added.

CAUTION—CHANGE OF ADDRESS. We shall change the address of subscribers as often as required, but in ordering a change, the old address as well as the new must be given before the change can be made.

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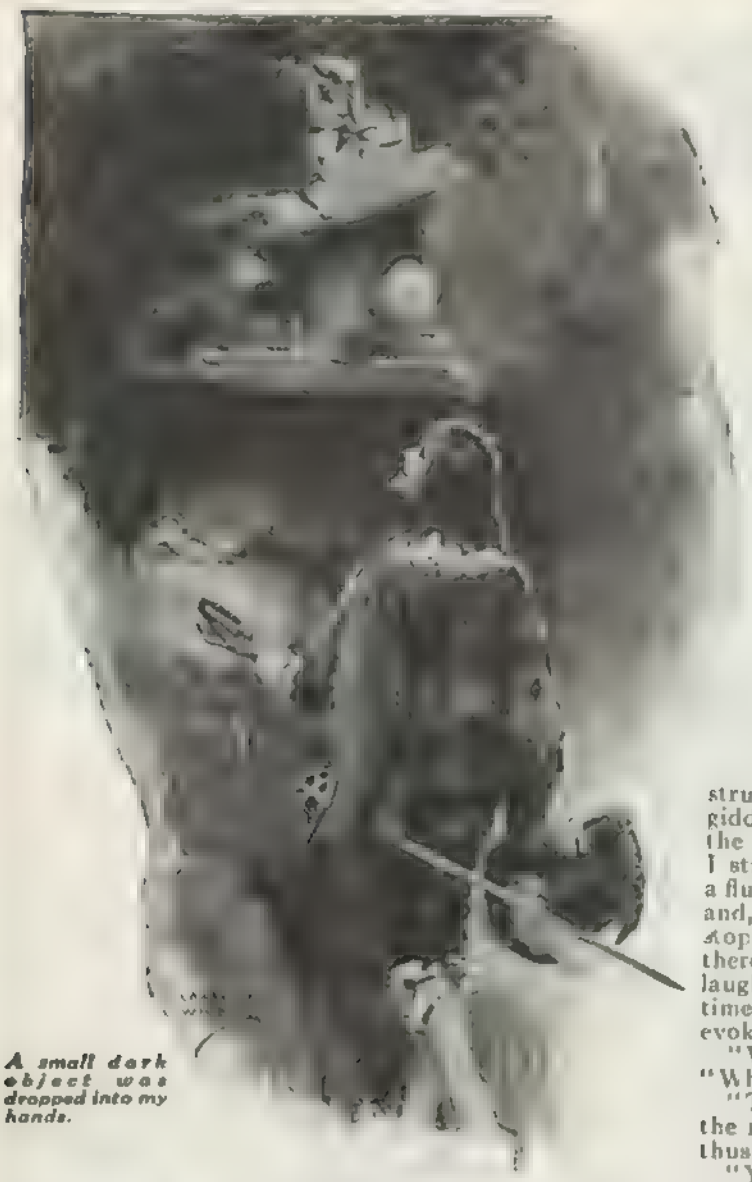

A small dark object was dropped into my hands.

The Duke, the Slipper and Dolores

A Story of France in the Sixteenth Century

By ELEANOR M. INGRAM

THE GOOD curé has often told me that it is wicked to swear, and truly he keeps his own rule very well for this age, when every man embellishes his language with strange and curious expressions; but never to the sober curé in all his sixty years of placid life came so sweet, so charming, so irresistible an adventure as my bad habit brought me that eventful night.

In the first place I had been foolish enough to go walking in a strange country by moonlight; my friend and host, the Comte de Lausanne, had warned me not to go far from the *château;* but being of a curiously obstinate disposition, I had turned my back to its lighted windows and walked steadily for about an hour. Now, I had counted on the moonlight to find my way home, and was therefore much disconcerted when the black clouds robbed me of its assistance, and, to add to my discomfort, it began to rain.

I was completely lost and I could not perceive that a two hours' walk brought me nearer my goal. I was wet through; at each step the water in my boots made a peculiar swash; my hair—of which, I confess, I am rather vain, for it naturally curls into the lovelocks every gentleman craves—my hair was soaked with muddy water; I never remember being more uncomfortable.

I had just leaned against a tree to rest and recover my breath, when a sudden rustle in the bushes behind me made me spring erect again, and at that I felt something soft and warm fly past me, so near that it touched my face. I made a quick step forward into the darkness, and, to my astonishment, struck a stone wall with such violence that I was giddy for a moment—only a moment, however; the next impulse that came to me was irresistible; I straightened up and swore—swore with a vigour, a fluency and variety that I have never since equalled; and, indeed, I do not know when I should have stopped, but when my eloquence was at its height, there came from above my head a peal of feminine laughter, soft and subdued, but so uncanny at that time and place that for an instant I thought I had evoked a demon.

"Who is there?" I demanded, with some anxiety. "What are you doing in this place?"

"That is a question I might ask monsieur," said the most charming voice imaginable. "Why do you thus attack my wall?"

"Your wall!" I cried. "You live here, then; this is inhabited by men; this is a house?"

"Yes, and no, monsieur. I live here, but it is not inhabited by men; this is the convent of St. Gwendolen."

A wave of disappointment swept over me. "A nun!" I said, incredulously; "a nun, and laugh like that?"

"I have not said so," she replied, and I heard a rustle as though she moved in a silken dress, and a faint, delicious perfume floated down to me, bringing suggestions of a court rather than a convent.

"Do not go, madame!" I cried.

"I fear I detain you in the storm," she answered.

"No, no," I declared, earnestly; "I am most comfortable; never have I so enjoyed myself. Remain, I implore you."

"Monsieur has strange tastes; I fancied I heard you object to the weather."

I blushed in the darkness.

"I had not seen you then," I said.

"You have not seen me now," she retorted.

"I have heard you, and I still have hope."

"Monsieur deceives himself; there is no hope. I had better go in."

"No," I called, hastily, as I heard her move again; "I will not come up; stay and talk to me."

"Then you intended to enter," she exclaimed, triumphantly. "I knew it, monsieur."

"On the honour of a gentleman, madame, I wish to do nothing that would displease you."

"Who are you?" she asked, abruptly.

"Will you exchange names with me, madame?"

"Yes," she said, slowly.

"I am Edouard de Guier," I replied.

"The Chevalier de Guier?" she asked.

"Yes; and you?"

"My name is Dolores, monsieur."

"Madame, you are deceitful," I cried, indignantly. "I told you all my name."

"You do not appreciate your privilege," she returned, quite unabashed. "I do not permit many men to call me by my first name."

I gasped for a moment. I had not thought of it that way; moreover, I had a new idea, noticing her name, and that she spoke with a slight lisp, a delightful languor, quite foreign to our vivacious French ladies.

"You are a Spaniard, madame?" I asked. She started; I heard her rapid breathing.

"I am going," she said; "adieu, monsieur."

"I have offended," I cried, remorsefully. "Pardon me; I did not know you would object to my question. Consider what my curiosity must be, meeting so charming a companion in the centre of the forest; believe me, my impertinence arises solely from my ardent desire to see you, or hear you, again. Pardon me, and remain."

I heard her musical laugh.

"Monsieur is gallant, but I must go in. Think of the dismay of the good sisters if they found me talking to a man."

"Give me at least a souvenir," I said, despairingly; "tell me where I can see you again."

She paused, then asked, "Where are you going; do you live near here? You cannot, or you would surely know—I would ask if you live in the city."

"Certainly, madame, in Paris."

"In Paris!" she cried, in evident pleasure; "then I will give you a souvenir on one condition; you must give it back when I ask for it."

"Willingly, if you come after it yourself."

"I will, monsieur," she said, and the next moment a small, dark object was dropped into my hands.

"Madame!" I called. "Dolores!" A ripple of laughter answered me and (*Continued on page 44*)

She blushed adorably. "I have the honour to be Monsieur de Guier's fiancee."

THE SHUTTLE OF DESTINY

By Leslie Gordon Barnard

Illustrated by T. V. McCarthy

WITH THE final note of the hauntingly familiar aria from "Butterfly" came a thunder of applause, under cover of which Carey Slessor made his exit, seeking the seclusion of the club house verandah. He experienced the same sense of having been sung to personally as he had felt the last time he heard it—under very different circumstances; yet he fancied that his tardy entrance and unobtrusive seat in the corner could hardly have brought him to the singer's notice.

Summer moonlight poured through the interstices in the natural lattice work of Virginia creeper and occasional Dutchman's Pipe, spilling in whitish pools and driving into more shaded corners the few couples who forgot the concert programme indoors and the coolness of the night, and indeed, everything but their own immediate and perhaps future concerns.

Carey leaned over the verandah railing and tried to tell himself that he was sorry now he had listened to Jerry's persuasive Hibernian tongue and promised to come out from the city to-night. His eyes wandered to the Chinese lanterns that swung gently in the soft breeze that came off the water—they looked faded and out of place. Down beyond the rambling series of boathouses the river gleamed—a broad, silver streak. He smiled a little whimsically at the tricks that memory and imagination played, juggling these things so cleverly in his mind. It seemed so strange that to-night, of all nights, he should have to face this thing again, when he thought he had effectually burned his bridges . . . Laughter came floating through the doorway, the rippling laughter of the ladies, the resonant rumble of the men. Jerry would be digging into his inexhaustible treasure-house of wit again. Good old Jerry—what tenderness shone from his eyes even while his tongue proclaimed one a many-adjectived fool!

He barely heard the soft footfall behind him, but was not surprised to hear his name called.

"Carey!"

As he turned to meet her, Carey felt that the girl must surely note the pallor of his face and other betrayals of his feeling. In a moment, though, he was calm; years of self-discipline came to his aid.

"Connie—of all people! I've been staring at you in rude unbelief for the last half-hour or more, trying to convince myself that the young lady sitting so composedly up there with the rest of the 'talent' was not a product of a fevered imagination, but real flesh and blood."

"Perhaps," she said, with a note of laughter in her voice that set his memory into feverishly retrospective activity again, "you'd like to shake hands and dispel your doubts, young man. I saw you stealing out and knew you at once—even in your civvies, so I was bold enough to follow. There—you needn't stand holding my hand all night; besides it's bright moonlight here."

He led her to a chair then, back in the shadow, placing another beside it for himself.

"Sit down and I'll fetch you a wrap," he told her, and for all his attempted restraint he could not keep the eagerness out of his voice. "There's so much to tell, isn't there, since we said good-bye at Euston that morning. Wait—I'll only be a jiffy!"

In a moment of returning sanity he told himself he was more kinds of a fool than Jerry had dubbed him, but the glow in his heart was not to be so easily quenched.

"It's surely coming to me," he argued aloud, as he made his way through the passage. "To-morrow can take care of itself—to-night at least is my own."

"Beg pardon, sir." Old Tonkins was leaning towards him, hand cupped to ear. "You wish for something, sir?"

"I do," returned Carey, whimsically, "but I'm afraid, Tonkins, it's beyond your power to give it." And passed on, wrap in hand, to seek Constance Maitland.

Twenty yards or so beyond them the gleaming stretch of river pursued its steady, slow-moving way towards the bridge that spanned it half-a mile down stream. Skirting the shore on this side a strip of sandy-coloured roadway, silvered in the moonlight, ran its slightly winding course, fringed by tall trees. Upon the wooded rise on the farther bank a grey stone building thrust its square-built chimneys well above the treetops.

THEY HAD been sitting for a moment or two, impressed by the quiet beauty of the night, when Constance touched his arm.

"Carey—doesn't it remind you—?"

"That's funny," he intercepted, "I've been thinking the same thing all evening—at least since I came out here after you sang. Don't know that it ever struck me just that way before. That old building over there might be the monastery on the hill: do you recall the time we climbed up to it, Connie, and the venerable Father showed us around and explained how some of the sacred relics were buried during the occupation?"

"And the row of poplars there, Carey—isn't it almost identical? That was where I nearly fell in trying to get that photograph and you lectured me like a . . father. And the bridge down below—you can almost imagine the screen of dried branches still clinging to it. Only those old boathouses shouldn't be down there, and while your club house is very nice, Carey, it's not quite the *chateau*, is it?

Carey smiled, but it was one of those mechanical smiles, for his mind was far away. In imagination he was back again in the lovely valley of the Meuse, with its swift-running stream flowing between

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THE July issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will be our big All-British number and the fiction will be in keeping with it.

Besides the new serial by Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, the noted writer, the issue will contain several other short stories of considerable merit by prominent authors. Don't miss the July number.

—THE EDITORS.

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clara terrifically tree-lined shores, and its slopes rising so precipitously in spots that the overhanging rock seemed to threaten the passers-by on the winding roadway beneath, and its smiling old world hamlets at every turn bringing a sense of age long peace except where, every now and then, the devastating hand of the enemy had brought the scourge of disgruntled warfare, leaving scars the memory of which still sent the hot blood coursing through his veins.

"You remember our visit to poor wasted Douaut?" he asked her.

"I was just thinking of it. How many hundred steps did we climb that day to the top of the citadel? I still have the photograph I took of you seated astride one of the ancient cannon up there. And the little wayside graveyard where the martyred children lie."

He was silent, thinking, as he looked into her eyes now, of the eloquent moisture that came to them then as she read the inscriptions that told, more vividly than any guide-book could, of the tragic twenty-third of August, 1914. It had been one of those moments of silent understanding that help to weave two lives into a common fabric.

"Carey — do you remember the jolting old ambulance the Colonel spirited up by some mysterious influence to take us there? Poor old Colonel — how madly jealous he was of all you younger men — particularly you, Carey! I don't know why he took to me instead of the other girls in the party."

Carey smiled, thinking of the quintette of voluntary entertainers who had come to help while away the tedium of the weeks of waiting after the armistice and before homeward movements were more than vague rumours, to which one clung with pathetic optimism for want of better. They had come out under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., and with Namur as a centre, entertained acceptably under circumstances that would have disconcerted many—in convents, school buildings, stores in a state of temporary abandonment, rude huts—impromptu places of amusement strung around in a sixty-kilometer circle. Artists all, yet at the same time it had taken just one to win the hearts of every officer and man—little Constance Maitland, perhaps because she came from Canada and knew some of the places and folk they did "back home." Carey had personally haunted her that week and been at the bottom of the arrangements for a little entertainment and dance given by the officers quartered in the old *chateau* up the famous Meuse.

"The 'Little Canadian,' as the boys called her," said Carey, half to himself, "was popular because she sang the songs that carried us back home—and still more popular because she was . . .just herself."

"Carey! When did you learn to talk like that? A compliment so prettily phrased sounds strange from you."

He flushed a bit at that.

"Well, it's true anyway, Connie. There are some people in the world who just naturally fit into the scheme of things wherever they go, and quite unconsciously, I fancy, spur folks on to do their best. It's a God-given power—you've got it, Connie. I—I felt it the first night I met you, and it's meant a lot to me since. I don't often talk like this, but I've wanted to tell you and never did. I wanted to tell you that morning you came to see me off at Euston, but——"

He stopped abruptly; this was skating on thin ice.

Perhaps because he saw the inquiry trembling on her lips he switched the conversation to other things. He did not care to admit he was too cowardly to write, too little sure of himself. All these days and months he had brought himself to think of her in the light of a pleasant memory, to be treasured as one does things for past associations, all the more cherished because the future can hold none of them.

Now they went again in imagination to the places they had visited together during those wonderful two months when he had been quartered in London before his sailing was (*Continued on page 50*)

"You're afraid to kiss me good-bye, Carey," she challenged

Great Moments from Latest Photoplays

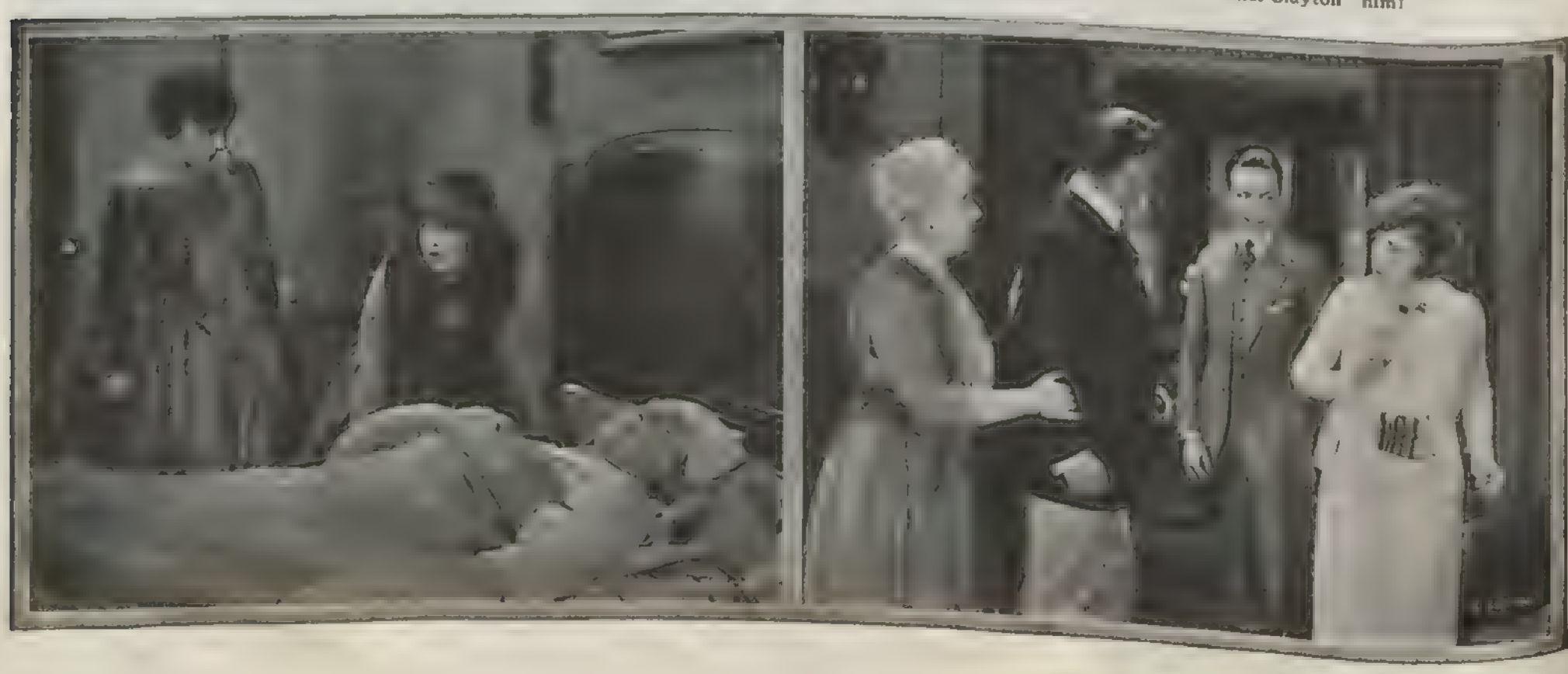
IN THE photograph above, Dorothy Dalton is seen in her latest role, that of a daughter of the underworld, in "The Dark Mirror." Miss Dalton has recently finished a long engagement at the Century Theatre, New York City, in "Aphrodite," a classical play of great artistic beauty. This was the popular film star's first stage appearance for some time. The picture immediately below is also from "The Dark Mirror."

A STIRRING love scene from Cecil B. De Mille's latest Paramount film, "Don't Change Your Husband," with Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan as the principals.

ABOVE and below are scenes from popular Wallace Reid's newest film, "The Dancing Fool." The heroine is Bebe Daniels, who will be remembered for her work in several of the recent Cecil B. De Mille films. The story ran originally in "The Saturday Evening Post" and has been filmed with practically no changes. Mr. Reid does some very elaborate dancing, although his real business of life is "jazzing the jugs."

FIRST and second wife (Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels, respectively) meet at the bedside of the husband, who has been injured. There is a clash of wills that brings out all the primitive savage latent in womenkind. Both Miss Swanson and Miss Daniels show powers of dramatic ability that far surpass anything either has done in the past. The story is a straight society drama of the most interesting sort. Thomas Meighan, as the hero, is at his attractive best, while Theodore Kosloff, the famous Russian dancer, also figures prominently in the cast.

ETHEL CLAYTON is the heroine of the new film, "A Lady in Love," while Harrison Ford plays leading man. The situation is fraught with humour, which, however, seems unapparent to everyone except Mr. Ford. Miss Clayton has done excellent work in this production, and —incidentally— wears some very charming frocks. Having recently returned from a tour of the Orient she has resumed her work with renewed enthusiasm. The next picture this popular star will make is to be called "The Ladder of Lies." This is a comedy-drama of the wholesomest sort—a typical "Ethel Clayton" film!



The Reason Why

In Which Two Lonely Souls Thought Love Needed a Reason—and They Found One!

By RUBY M. AYRES

THE ENGAGEMENT between Farmer Lush and Widow Hollis had been expected for so long that nobody was surprised when he appeared in the market-place of Little Helpton one morning with a gigantic carnation in his buttonhole

The carnation was a prize bloom from the garden of Mrs. Hollis, and as she had never before been known to give one away, it was considered positive proof that she had also decided at length to give herself along with it, into the keeping of Farmer Lush

Lush had been a widower and Mrs. Hollis a widow, exactly four years—the funerals of the two late-lamenteds having taken place at precisely the same hour on the same afternoon of the same dreary, rainy day in a certain September.

The proposal had been brief and to the point.

"If you'll make me a good wife, Elizabeth," Lush said, solemnly, "I'll make you a good husband."

And Mrs. Hollis had said "Yes" rather ambiguously, but to their mutual understanding

She had known for weeks past that Lush was going to propose, and she had pleasurably anticipated the event; but now, somehow, she found herself comparing this commonplace wooing with that romantic night, twenty years ago, when George Hollis had whispered that she was the prettiest lass in the village; she sighed at the thought.

And Joseph Lush—sincerely as he liked and admired his old friend's widow, thought half-resentfully that she might have got up a blush, or a start of surprise, or one of the many bashful perturbations which the situation seemed to demand, and all of which his departed Ruth had displayed so effectually twenty years ago.

"But there'll never be another woman like my Ruth," he told himself sorrowfully, as he stooped awkwardly and bestowed something approaching a kiss on Mrs. Hollis' still smooth cheek.

But he cheered up on his way from the parlour to the gate, and half-way down the garden path had sufficiently recovered to ask boldly for one of the widow's choice carnations, and to stand with a smile on his face while she pinned the outward and visible sign of her conquest on his broad chest, for all the world to see

Mrs. Hollis set down the teapot firmly. "If I'd died," she said, "he would not have married again."

Joseph Lush saw Mrs. Hollis outside the garden gate beckoning wildly to him.

Illustrated by GEORGE HAY-CHARLES

Then he shook hands with his prospective bride and walked slowly off down the road, thinking of another parting, in similar, yet such different circumstances, twenty years ago, with the girl Ruth. How loth he had been to leave her; how many times he had looked wistfully back between the gate and the bend in the road, and how, just as he reached it, she had called him back, and——

"Mr. Lush! Mr. Lush!" called a voice

Turning sharply, half-expecting to see the girlish figure in the pink cotton frock of his boyhood's romance, Joseph Lush saw Mrs. Hollis outside the garden gate beckoning wildly to him.

He walked slowly back to her.

"Yes, Elizabeth," he said, "what is it?"

There was a half-hope in his heart that perhaps she wanted to say something nice to him, perhaps' even, she wanted . . .

But sentiment was far from the mind of Mrs. Hollis, just then.

"Just look at your coat," she said, severely. "All over whitewash where you've been leaning against the garden wall. You can't go to market like that. I do like to see a man neat and tidy

She turned him round with business-like hands, and brushed his coat vigorously.

"There," she said, "that's better."

"Thank you, Elizabeth," said Joseph Lush—he looked at her half-hesitatingly—she certainly was a comely woman.

"I suppose you wouldn't care for me to come round after supper this evening and smoke a pipe in the parlour?" he suggested with diffidence.

Mrs. Hollis did not answer for a moment—it seemed almost as if she had not heard, then she pulled herself together with a little sigh that sounded somehow reminiscent.

"Yes," she said. "Come along at eight o'clock, Mr. Lush."

"I call you 'Elizabeth,'" said Joseph, meaningly. "Don't you think you could manage to use my Christian name now that we're— "

He paused. "Engaged" had been on the tip of his tongue, but, in the sunset glow of the memory of that other day when he had become engaged to a girl in a pink cotton frock, the word seemed somehow strangely inappropriate.

"Now we're going to be married," he added slowly.

"I'll try—Joe," said Mrs. Hollis

Lush started. The little abbreviation of his name came to his ears with something of a shock. Nobody had ever called him "Joe" except the woman who lay in the churchyard; amongst his friends he was always "Joseph" or "Farmer Lush"—and, for a second, he looked at Mrs. Hollis almost resentfully.

"Thank you," he said at last, and turning, walked off down the road.

Mrs. Hollis went slowly back to the house.

AT THE carnation bed she stopped and stood looking down at the pink and red blossoms silently.

George Hollis had first planted that bed for her—and every Sunday when the flowers were in bloom, she had always gathered one and pinned it in his coat before they went to church together.

She had never given one of the blooms to anybody since he died—till to-day, and she felt almost guilty as she thought of the bloom adorning the manly chest of Farmer Lush.

"I hope he won't let it die," she said to herself. "I hope he'll put it in water."

But when, at eight o'clock precisely, Joseph Lush presented himself at Ivy Cottage, the carnation hung a weary and faded head against the rough tweed of his coat.

(*Continued on page 38*)

Vanessa: Two Days In Her Life

By Marjorie MacMurchy : Illustrated by T. V. McCarthy

I.—THE WATER PICNIC

THE NEVER-to-be-sufficiently-belauded picnic of the Sunday School which the Browns attended was to take place immediately and Vanessa was to inherit at last the advantage of belonging to a church-going family. To Vanessa's mind there was nothing doubtful about the outward forms of religion. No intellectual slur was cast on her character by going to church every Sunday morning. What people described as a church was to her a thoroughly satisfactory condition, opening straightway on a golden heaven, swept by angels' wings and melodious with the very hymns they sang in Sunday School. In the meantime she could attend a picnic once a year, to her the natural accompaniment of religious privileges. Her presence at the picnic was all the greater blessing, since this was the first time she had been allowed to go.

For other reasons Vanessa's picnic created a swirl of feeling in the Brown family. M. Mark Brown, Esq., had reached a climacteric of his own. He had been deputed by a responsible church court, called a diaconate, to attend to the conduct and well-being of the Sunday School at the picnic, when they were likely to bring the least credit on any one connected with them. M. Mark Brown had every appearance of being a man of iron; but he, and his wife, knew better. The reputation had been thrust on him without any desire for it on his part, but he would have been considered a failure if he had not lived up to it. Mrs. Brown, who was equal to any number of Church Courts, provided as soon as their children could be taught anything, that they should all believe in the emotional elevation of their parental relative. Other fathers might be affected by the minor catastrophies of life, but the Brown father was superior to them—in the opinion of his children. He had an abstracted mind that soared in the untroubled altitudes of Hebraic literature. He ate and drank, but not as one who needed nutriment; the ambitions, cares and petty annoyances of other men passed him by. This was the opinion that the world had formed of Mr. Brown; but Mrs. Brown alone knew and loved him. Under the circumstances she considered it providential that he should have an isolated occupation; Vanessa's father was the editor of a weekly religious paper.

To be Mr. Brown's wife was, generally speaking, its own reward; he was an unusual man and deserved Mrs. Brown's attachment as far as any mere human being could be said to be worthy of it. But Vanessa, all at once, now that she was old enough to take her position in the world as a member of the family, did not feel sure of him. He seemed to be more grown up in some ways than her mother was. But was he infallible? Or was he more like one of themselves? A person who might sometimes have to cry a little on account of injured feelings and be forgiven by a more complete human being.

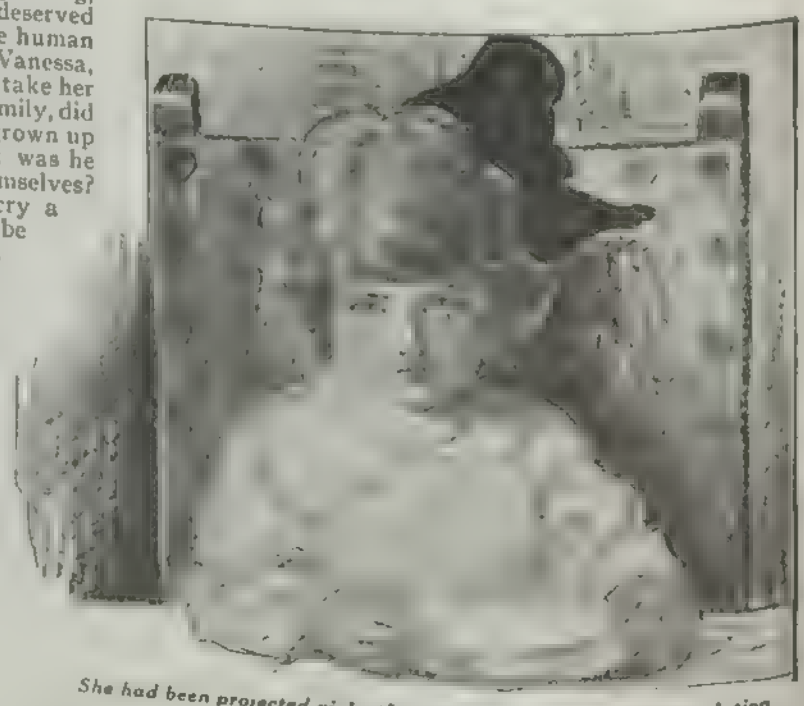
In the evening, when everyone had been hushed into stillness so that Mr. Brown might read, during the short interval before Vanessa had to go to bed, and after the announcement with regard to the picnic had become familiar, Vanessa, in order to make the best use of her time, stood in front of her father and gazed at him with undisguised, but doubtful, attention.

Mrs. Brown perceived this attitude on the part of her baby with an unaccustomed feeling of helplessness.

"Vanessa, you mustn't stare at your father in that troublesome way. Take a book and look at the pictures; or Hector will read to you."

Hector was understood to murmur an objection. Mr. Brown stirred, roused by the sound of voices, although he had been unconscious of Vanessa's absorbed, and to be frank, somewhat unfilial scrutiny.

"Oh, let her alone, my love. She doesn't disturb me. Dear little child. 'Not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness'—" (*Continued on page 54*)



She had been projected violently into a trance by the contemplation of his virtue as described by Mrs. Brown.

II.—THE TOY ROMANCE

VANESSA was being converted into a needle at her mother's knee. This was what happened on Saturdays when a feminine view of life seemed more important to Mrs. Brown than it did the rest of the week. But just as Vanessa was being lulled into an entire acceptance of the world as a seam with a pricked finger under it, a group of excited voices, each one making the same remark, began to travel up the Brown stairs. What they said was, "George Pride." Vanessa reflected that the front door bell had rung a short time before. But she had been a needle then, she had not noticed it. Priscilla, Maud and Hector, each of whom took the warmest interest in anyone who came to the front door, evidently had. Hector reached the door of the room in which they were sitting, first; but Priscilla interposed an elderly sisterly hand in the region of his knees and swept him away, as conclusively as Hector ever could be swept away. Hadn't Priscilla opened the front door? By dint of much rehearsing on the stairs, the George Pride chorus arrived in a concentrated thud.

"George Pride wants to know if Vanessa can go out sleighing with him. He's come to take her. With his hand sleigh. George Pride wants to know if Vanessa can go out on his sleigh. It's George Pride and he wants Vanessa. He says can she go?"

Mrs. Brown turned solemn, pathetic even, when she heard of George Pride, while Vanessa gazed at her with a swelling conviction that she was an unworthy little girl. She wasn't quite sure that she remembered who George Pride was, probably a brother of Benny's, now that she came to think of it. But evidently his coming had reminded her mother of Vanessa's inherent wickedness. She knew her mother felt very sorry about it, and so did she.

"It is very kind of George Pride," said Mrs. Brown with profound impressiveness, "very, very kind to offer to take out anyone who is so much younger than he is himself. Vanessa must remember that she is a very little girl."

"I am not going, am I, mother? George Pride doesn't need to take me, does he, mother?" Vanessa gasped at the idea of George's inflicting so much pain on himself.

"Oh, yes, I think you had better go," Mrs. Brown replied, with a slight return of cheerfulness, "since George has been so very kind as to come for you."

Priscilla and Maud and Hector individually helped to get her ready. She wore all the clothes that Mrs. Brown considered suitable for a hand sleigh and fet tight. It was very kind of George, Vanessa reflected, breathing cautiously under some variety of flannel that had been buttoned inside her coat it might be uncomfortable to go with George, but she would try to be good. Why Priscilla, Maud and Hector should be so pressing in their attentions, and in general giggly, she could not make out. George's kindness had lowered her spirits just as it had depressed Mrs. Brown's.

"It is very kind of George Pride, isn't it, mother?" Vanessa repeated automatically as her united family hurried her away, "very, very kind." She felt George's benevolence so deeply that she could hardly get downstairs; she would have spared George if she could.

George Pride, unlike Benny, was a large boy of a cheerful disposition. He might have had any kind of disposition as far as Vanessa was concerned.

She had been projected violently into a trance by the contemplation of his virtue as described by Mrs. Brown; and she remained on his hand sleigh, gazing sternly in front of her, a mere package for George to exhibit his kindness on. Presently something began to strike her as being peculiarly agreeable in her surroundings. It had nothing to do with George, neither had she. But she proposed to find out what it was that made her feel, in a word, so magnificent.

It was a mania of the neighbouring youth at that time to form a procession of hand sleighs and gallop madly round several squares on Saturday afternoons. Anyone who was really in the society of the district belonged to the procession. There were those who weren't allowed when they were young enough to want to go; and didn't care for it as soon as they were old enough to know better, like the Browns. The Grahams were in a class by themselves, and looked thoughtfully from their windows at the procession as it swept by. No one knew whether the Grahams weren't allowed, or whether they didn't care for it; they didn't belong to the procession anyway. But all those who had a vital grasp of existence as it flourished in that neighbourhood did. George Pride did, not always, but when he felt like it; and he had introduced Vanessa.

If there was one thing that the earliest young ladies of that neighbourhood desired it was to be on the front sleigh of the front boy of the procession. But Vanessa didn't know this. The rotation of the front sleigh was arranged with (*Continued on page 56*)

June Vegetables How To Grow Them

By H. F. EAST, Vegetable Specialist
*Author of "*LEARN HOW TO GROW VEGETABLES IN CANADA*"*

YOUR DIFFICULTY SOLVED

If you are in any difficulty [illegible] an urgent reply, send stamped addressed envelope to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, *Garden Department*

THE MONTH of June calls for unusual activity. No time should be lost in making the garden patch profitable. To reduce the weekly food expenditure and the high cost of vegetables prevailing. The home-garden and allotment can only be described as a small parcel of land. It is impossible to grow every vegetable that is required for home consumption, and for the annual winter store-house, but quick growing and early maturing varieties must command our attention Very little lettuce for salad can be purchased for ten cents, yet a ten cent packet of seed will serve for three or four salads. Those readers who have a small garden, I am sure, fully appreciate the first freshly gathered vegetables taken from their own growing, so different to those that have been winter stored. Vegetables this past winter have been, to many, forbidden luxuries. Cabbages, fifty cents each, potatoes—the main food stay of some households—

almost a thing of the past.

It is therefore up to the owner of the home-garden to make the soil produce its utmost limit, and carry out a rotation of crops and the system of Intensive Cultivation (making two crops grow where only one grew formerly). The month of June is an interesting one to watch the seeds germinate above the soil and the young vegetable plants grow up into fruitition—the results of our early labour.

Plants Above the Soil

IN MOST gardens the early peas are well above the soil. A slight earthing up should be afforded the growing peas to assist the plants to retain moisture and to encourage fibrous root (*Continued on page 43*)

Photograph above shows a healthy batch of dwarf beans in a vacant lot garden beside a highway. The owner apparently believes in the free use of the hoe to check weeds and to encourage his crop to produce their very utmost.

Once a flower garden, now furnished with attractive and profitable vegetables to combat with the high cost of living. Note the fine crop of Swiss chard, a cut-and-come-again vegetable which should be represented in every garden, with its silver foliage standing out so well against the dark red foliage of the beets

Is It or Isn't It---Art?

The folks who perpetrated it call themselves "Independantz." We confess it is far too advanced for us.

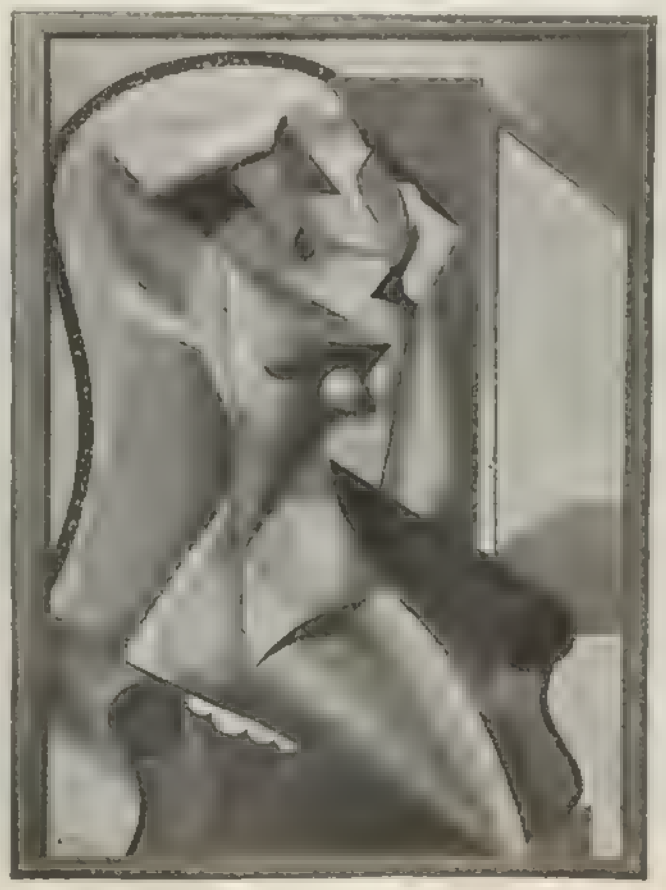
By DORIS HEMMING
Our Correspondent in Paris

THESE are days of enigmas, of originality and *choses bizarres*. Time was when the cult of the beautiful and the expression thereof was the aim and object of art and literature. Ten years ago an artist was a man of especial talent, possessing a technique with his brush and pencil acquired by many years of study.

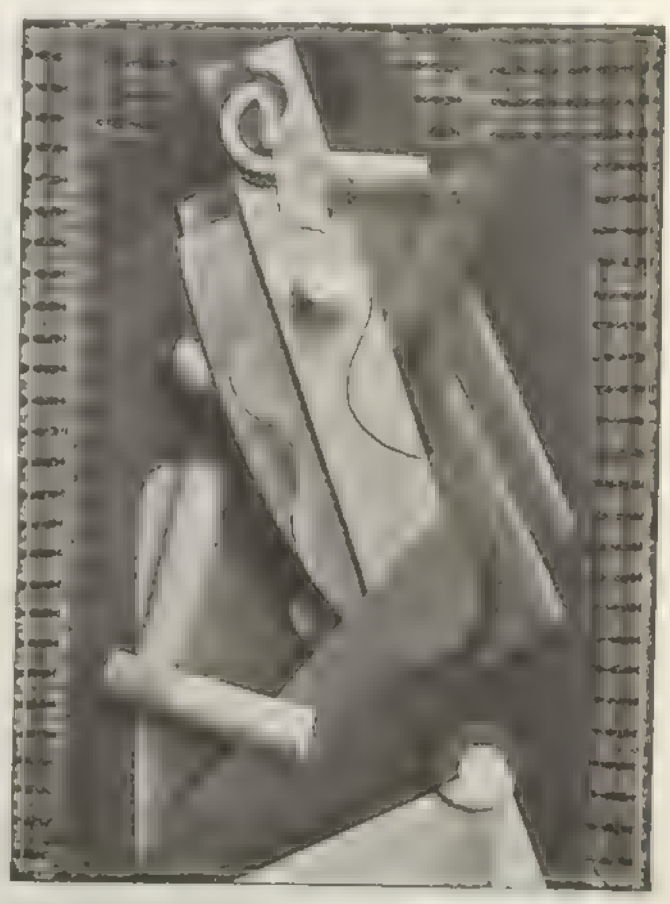
But this love of the beautiful, *ça n'existe plus*. It has gone the way of woollen stockings, hackney cabs and Dundreary whiskers. We have outgrown the sentimental stage of our development, it would seem. So, in the year of grace, 1920, our cubists and impressionists and other seekers after "eternal verity" lead us into the paths of primitive ugliness. We must admire, if you please, the large feet, heavy hips, narrow chest and senseless head of the lowest possible type of woman cast in bronze. We must rave over the "movement" we pretend to find in a patch quilt canvas that sets itself up against a wall and declares itself a picture. A work of art is no longer a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." According to the canons of to-morrow it is a riddle, the more crazy the more desirable, the more hideous the more successful.

And so all Paris goes to see the exhibition of the *Artistes Independants*, the would-be élite, to gaze, admire and comment in studio jargon, the Philistines to titter and exclaim. One must confess a preference for the ingenuous Philistines who crowd the Grand Palais on Sundays and do not hesitate to enjoy themselves enormously at the expense of their unfortunate brethren who have been so seriously covering their canvasses with stripes of red and yellow. It is wonderful how lavishly they daub on their colours, considering the high cost of purples!

Stripped of its trappings the truth is that your independent artist, not possessing the genius of a Rodin or a Whistler, must needs turn to other methods to make his little stir. He cannot draw and he cannot paint, he knows nothing of anatomy and still less of composition. How, then, can he create a sensation? By the ugly and the mysterious, *bien entendu*, and the result is representation of the coarsest women imaginable and zig-zags that defy description.



"Rhythm, the poetry of motion," says our modern eccentric with enthusiasm, and forthwith he makes four sinuous arms, a snaky formless body, an indication or two for the heads, and underneath this polished wooden statue he carves the legend, "Two Dancers." Four little knobs for breasts, and one understands that these graceful creatures are women. The extraordinary thing is that the wood is polished to perfection and the whole statue appears to be the result of solicitous care. Poor souls, when there is so much else to do and draw!



In saner days we painted the Virgin and Child. To-day we call a spade a spade and what horrors we sculpt in thy name, Maternity! The Infant usually looks as imbecile as its shapeless mother, whose head may or may not be chopped off at the eyebrows!

PORTRAITS still persist, but the tendency is to reduce the features to their lowest terms and then subtract. Why draw two eyes when one will do? Everyone has two eyes, so there is no object in emphasizing anything so trite. Why carve a mouth when the line of the chin tells the story? The result is apt to be two large curves representing eyebrows, meeting in the middle to indicate a nose, a few sweeping lines for hair and a chin!

But to return to our wild-eyed cubist, whose ravings roll up in greater numbers in each succeeding salon. He can work in wood or in oils, and he is equally at home in marble and plaster. What is mere medium to a seeker after eternal truth! Now sometimes the playful artist leaves you thoroughly out in the cold and paints on, rejoicing, without giving the slightest inkling (*Continued on page 53*)

The Prince drives with the Mayor at Medicine Hat, Alta.

Through Canada With Edward, Prince of Wales

Fourth Instalment of the Finest Canadian Travelogue Ever Produced

By DOUGLAS NEWTON

Special Correspondent of the London "Daily Chronicle" with the Royal Party

Photographs courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway

THE RUN on the days following the packed moments of Montreal was one of luxurious indolence. The Royal train was heading for the almost fabled trout of Nipigon, where, among the beauties of lake and stream, the Prince was to take a long week-end fishing and preparing for more crowds and more strenuosity in the Canadian West.

Through these two days the train seemed to meander in a leisurely fashion through varied and attractive land, only stopping now and than as though it had to work off a ceremonial occasionally as an excuse for existing at all

The route ran through pleasant farmed country between Montreal and North Bay and Sudbury and then switched downward through the bleak nickel and copper country to the beautiful coast of Lake Huron on its way to Sault Ste. Marie. From this town, which the whole Continent knows as "Soo," it plunged north through the magnificent scenery of the Algoma area to Oba, and turning west again (and in the night), it ran on to Nipigon Lake.

Reviewing Royal North West Mounted Police, who are all ex-veterans, at Dominion headquarters, Regina, Sask.

It was a genial and attractive run. We sat, as it were, lapped in the serenity of the C.P.R. and studied the views. Wherever there were houses there were people to wave something at the Prince's car. At one homestead a man and his wife stood alone near the split-rail fence, the woman curtsying, the man, who had obviously been a soldier, flag-wagging some message we could not catch, with a big red ensign, an infinitely touching sight, that couple getting their greeting to the Prince in spite of difficulties. On the stations the local school children were always drawn up in ranks, most of them holding flags, many having a broad red-white-and-blue ribbon across their front rank to show their patriotism.

At North Bay, a purposeful little town that lets the traveller either into the scenic and sporting delights of Lake Nipissing, or into the mining districts of the Timiskaming country, there was a bright little reception. North Bay is a characteristic Canadian town. It was born in a night, so to speak, and its growth outstrips editions of guide books. Outside the neat station there is a big grass oblong, and about this green the frame houses and the shops extend. Behind it is the town, so keen on growing up about the big railway repair shops that it has no time to give to roadmaking.

The ceremonial was in the green oblong and all North Bay left their houses and shops to attend. The visit had more the air of a family party than aught else, for after a mere pretense of keeping ranks, the people broke in upon the function and Prince and Staff became inextricably mixed. When His Royal Highness' took car to drive around the town, the crowd cut off the cars in the procession, and for half an hour North Bay was full of orderlies and committee-men automobiling about speculative streets in search of a missing Prince plus one Mayor.

Sudbury, the same type of town, growing at a distracting pace because of its railway connection and its smelting plants, had the same sort of ceremony. From here we passed through a land of almost sinister bleakness. There were tracts livid and stark, entirely without vegetation, and with the livid white and naked surface cut into wild channels and gullies by rains that must have been as pitiless as the land. It was as though we had steamed out of a human land into the drear valleys of the moon and one expected to catch glimpses of creatures as terrifying as any Mr. Wells has imagined. So cadaverous a realm could breed little else.

It was the country of nickel and copper. We saw occasionally the buildings and workings (scarcely less grim than the land) through the agency of which came the grey slime that had rendered the country so bleak. They are particularly rich mines and rank high among the nickel workings in the world. They were also, let it be said, of immense value to the Allies during the war.

R.N.W.M.P. at Regina show the Prince what six weeks' training will do for a horse.

Pushing South, the line soon redeems itself in the beauty of the lakes. It bends to skirt the shore of Lake Huron, a great blue sea, and yet but a link in the chain of great lakes that lead from Superior through to Erie and Ontario Lakes and on to the St. Lawrence

We arrived on a beautiful evening at Algoma, a spot as delightful as a Cornish village, on the beach of that inlet of Lake Huron called Georgian Bay. We walked in the astonishing quiet of the evening through the tiny place, along the deep sandy road to where but a tiny fillet of beach stood between the spruce woods and the vast silence of the water. From that serene spot we looked through the still evening to the far and beautiful islands.

In the wonderful clear air, and with all the soft colours of the sunset glowing in the still water, the beauty of the place was almost too poignant. We might have been the discoverers of an uninhabited bay in the Islands of the Blessed. I have never known any place so remote, so still and so beautiful. But it is far from being uninhabited. There were rustic picnic tables under the spruce trees and there was a diving board standing over the clear water. The inhabitants of Algoma knew the worth of this place and we felt them to be among the luckiest people on the earth.

The islands we saw far away in the soft beauty of the sunset, and between which the enigmatic light of a lake steamer was moving, are said to be Hiawatha's islands. In any case it was here that the pageant of Hiawatha was held some years back, and across the still lake in that pageant, Hiawatha in his canoe went out to be lost in the glories of the sunset.

"The 'Soo' is a Vivid Place"

ON THE morning of Tuesday, September 4, the train skirted Georgian Bay, passing many small villages given over to lumber and fishing, and all having with their tiny jettys, motor launches and sailing boats, something of the perfection of scenes viewed in a clear mirror. By mid-morning the train reached Sault Ste. Marie.

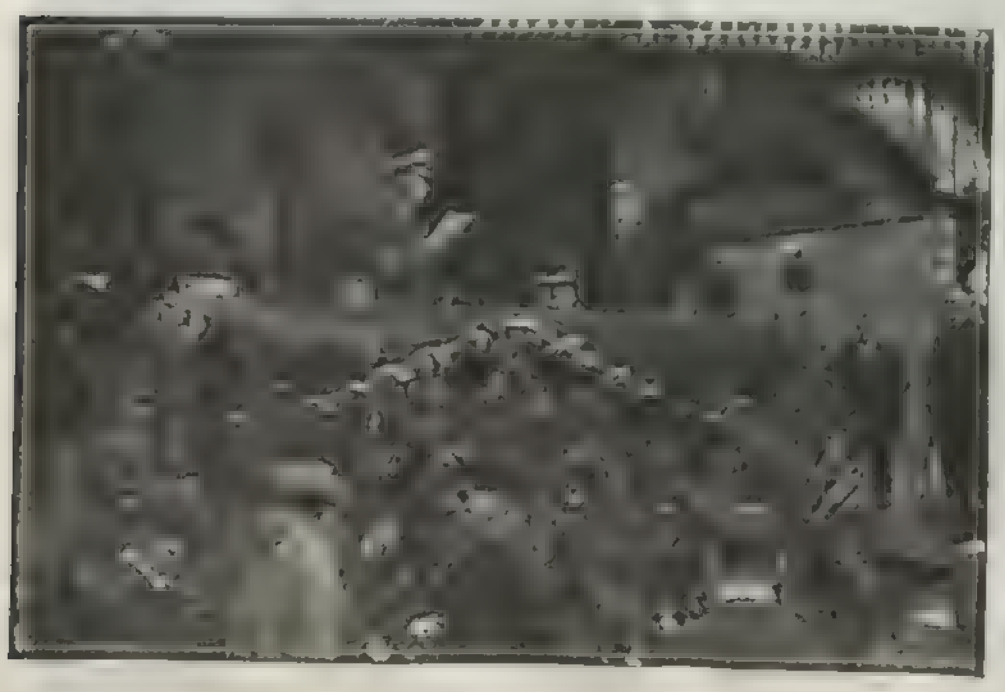
Laying corner stone of Prince of Wales City High School at Vancouver, B.C.

The "Soo" is a vivid place. It is a young city on the rise. A handful of years ago it was a French mission, beginning to turn its eyes languidly towards lumber. It is on the neck that joins the waters of Superior and Huron, but the only through traffic was that of the *voyageur* who made the *portage* round the stiff St. Mary's Rapids, that, with a drop of eighteen feet in their length, forbade any vessel but that of the canoe of the adventurer to pass their troubled waters.

Then America and Canada began to build canals and locks to link the great lakes in spite of the Rapids, and "Soo" woke. It has been awake and living since that moment. It has been playing lock against lock with the Michigan men across the river, each planning cunningly to establish a system that will carry the long lake vessels not only in locks befitting their size, but in locks that can be handled more swiftly than those of the rival.

At the moment the prize is with the Canadians. It has a lock 900 feet long, and can do the business of lowering a great vessel from Superior to Huron with one action, where America uses four locks. The Americans have a larger lock than the Canadian, but the Canadians are quicker.

And this means something. The traffic on these lakes is greater than the traffic on many seas. Down this vast water highway come the narrow pencils of lake-boats carrying grain (*Continued on page 34*)



Replying to address of welcome at Vancouver, B.C.

The Prince giving address at formal reception at Victoria, B.C.

Why Are We Neglecting the 160,000 Canadians Who Are Mentally Sub-Normal?

By Dr. C. M. HINCKS

[illegible] Director and Secretary, [illegible] National Committee for Mental Hygiene

ALTHOUGH much has been written on the subject of feeble-mindedness and insanity, few Canadians realize the magnitude of the problem of mental abnormality in this country. It has been estimated that there are resident in the Dominion 160,000 individuals who suffer from mental handicaps, and that only some 20,000 odd of this number are confined in hospitals for the insane. The remaining 140,000 and the remainder of the 50 per cent. psychopathic. 'An individual is diagnosed "psychopathic" when he suffers from defective personality or from some mental kink of such nature as to render him a social problem, but who cannot rightly be classed as either feeble-minded or insane.)

This girl of 8 years looks indeed as if the burden of a thoughtless world were upon her shoulders. The utter lack of intelligence, as shown on her face, surely demands better care than she and hundreds of others like her are now tendered

A family of eight used this single room for kitchen, dining-room and bedroom, although the house had seven other rooms. It is unnecessary to state there was no sanitation

contribute in no small measure to the population of our jails, reformatories, lying-in hospitals for unmarried mothers and to the population of our slums.

The relationship that exists between mental abnormality and social problems deserves our most careful consideration. Such facts and observations as the following may therefore be of interest.

Crime

THOSE of us who read the newspapers have no doubt been impressed by the fact that many famous criminals have been diagnosed as mentally unfit. Through the press we learned that the man who assassinated the late President McKinley was feeble-minded; that the individual who shot at the late Mayor Gaynor of New York, and killed another man, belonged to the same class; that the man who attempted the life of the late Col. Roosevelt was mentally deficient, and that the notorious "Gyp the Blood" was mentally abnormal.

My chief, Dr. C. K. Clarke, has been called by the Crown to make mental examinations of over sixty murderers in the Dominion, and he has found that a considerable percentage were unbalanced mentally.

It remained for Dr. Bernard Glueck, of New York, however, to give us definite figures concerning the percentage of criminals who suffered from mental disorders. He made a careful investigation of the mental status of over 600 consecutive admissions to Sing Sing Prison, and found that over 50 per cent. were of unsound mind. Dr. Glueck discovered that 24 per cent. were feeble minded, 12 per cent. insane

This boy of 14 years is typical of the mentally deficient thief. Our reformatories and detention institutions are full of them. How much better they could be treated in school or college, where hope might be inspired rather than despair.

Juvenile Delinquency

OVER 3,000 delinquents that appeared before the Judge of the Toronto Juvenile Court were referred to the Psychiatric Clinic of the Toronto General Hospital for examination. This study demonstrated that at least 40 per cent. of all the Court cases were mentally abnormal—the majority being feeble-minded. The delinquencies included theft, housebreaking, incendiarism, bodily violence, sexual immorality, etc. In many instances the actions of the mental defectives could not be explained upon any other grounds than that of mental abnormality. I recall one case of a feeble-minded boy who, in company with a gang, entered the home of a well-known surgeon who was serving his country overseas. This boy was not content merely to steal valuable belongings, but took pleasure in wantonly destroying the house furnishings. He took a can of shoe blacking and smeared the contents over valuable rugs, tapestries, etc. With a penknife he cut to ribbons paintings on the walls. He tore the pages out of valuable books and manuscripts and threw the doctor's surgical instruments out of the window.

A nineteen-month-old baby with defective eyes, which are common in cases of idiocy. This frail bit of humanity should be given a fighting chance in life.

Prostitution and Illegitimacy

IN TORONTO we have examined over 300 immoral women and have found 70 per cent to be mentally abnormal. Investigations of this nature in various parts of the United States and Canada have shown that from 33 per cent. to 80 per cent. of all prostitutes are feeble-minded.

These facts are of interest to those of us who are endeavouring to combat venereal disease in Canada. We know that 90 per cent. of all prostitutes are infected with disease and that 75 per cent. of all social diseases among men are contracted from these unfortunate individuals. On one occasion a mentally deficient woman was receiving treatment in the Toronto General Hospital, and at that time five men were attending a clinic at this same institution, for syphilis. These five men had contracted the disease from the woman referred to.

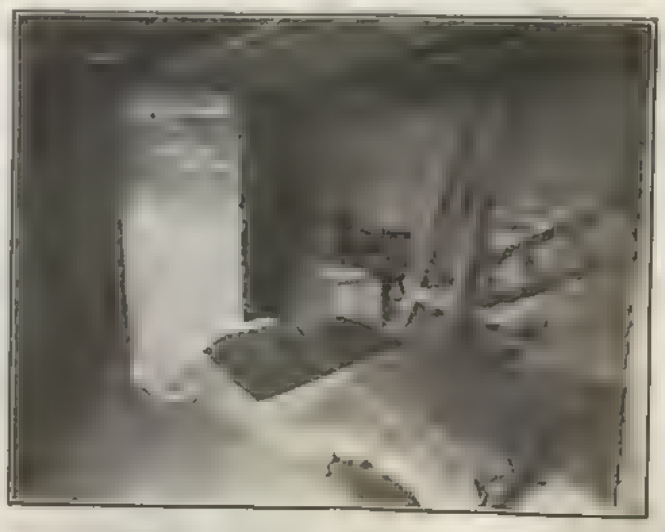
Illegitimacy and mental defects are closely bound up together. Several hundred unmarried mothers, who were taking advantage of obstetrical treatment in public hospitals, were given a mental examination, and approximately 60 per cent. were found to be feeble-minded. In some instances it was possible to detect evidences of mental deficiency in their progeny. This is an important point to bear in mind, because the children of unmarried mothers are often placed out for adoption and the reason some of them fail to make good in foster homes is because of their inherent mental abnormality.

Case of "manic depressive insanity" which tends to change victims from a state of unusual exhilaration to one of deep depression. This father is unable to leave his children and the family is living on public charity.

A child of eight. Note the imbecile facial characteristics. This child is allowed to associate with other children and to live her pitiable little life without any special care.

Pauperism

EXPERIENCE has proven that the chronic pauper generally belongs (*Continued on page 49*)



Above—This bed was used by a defective woman, aged 70. The home conditions of mental defectives are bad

At left and at right—Special classes for backward children at Vancouver. These classes in physical culture, fancy work, manual training, etc., develop the child's mental faculties.

Uncle Peter's Stories

How Mr. Monkey Got So Stuck Up

"OF ALL the people I know you are certainly the most ridiculous," said Mr. Monkey to Mr. Porcupine. "You can not run, you can not climb, and you have no tail to help you along through the world. I certainly am glad that I am not a porcupine!"

"Well," said Mr. Porcupine, "you will admit that I am well enough protected. My quills are long enough to keep any unfriendly animal away, so that I am left alone and can travel in safety."

"You are a slow and uninteresting kind of an animated pincushion," said Mr. Monkey. "I am not a bit like a pincushion," said Mr. Porcupine, for my points are all sticking OUT instead of IN, and that makes a big difference in lots of ways. I am not a bit afraid of you, Mr. Monkey, and if we came together I am quite sure you would get the worst of it."

"We are not likely to," said Mr. Monkey

"indeed," he added, "I cannot imagine any circumstances where my speed would not enable me to get away from you without any trouble. Just watch me for a few minutes and I will give you an exhibition of acrobatics." And oft up the tree went Mr. Monkey, jumping from branch to branch and swinging by his tail in the air, while Mr. Porcupine sat below and watched him.

"Doesn't he think he's clever?" said Mr. Porcupine to the Baby Elephant, who had come up to watch the fun. "Yes," said Baby Elephant, "but isn't it too bad that he hasn't any brains. His head is even emptier than one of the cocoanuts he's so fond of eating."

"Is that so," said Mr. Monkey from the tree. "I've got a very good set of brains indeed. It isn't the size of your head that shows how much brains you've got, or you'd have a lot, Baby. Why, my brains are so fine that they work just as well upside down as they do any other way," said Mr. Monkey, hanging down over the top of Mr. Porcupine's head by his tail.

Now the branch that Mr. Monkey was hanging by was not a very strong one, and just as he was speaking there was a loud crack and the branch broke right off, and down came Mr. Monkey with a CRASH. Mr. Porcupine jumped to get

out of the way, but he couldn't jump fast enough, and poor Mr. Monkey landed right in the middle of Mr. Porcupine's back, on the top of those long, sharp quills they had been talking about a few minutes before.

"Ouch!" said Mr. Monkey, and then he squealed for those quills were very long and very sharp, and as they were not very firmly fixed in Mr. Porcupine's back a whole lot of them came out and remained sticking very painfully into Mr. Monkey.

MR. PORCUPINE was very much vexed; he shook his fist in Mr. Monkey's face. "What did you want to do that for?" he asked. "I didn't want to," said Mr. Monkey. "What did YOU want to stand underneath just where I would fall on you for?" he asked. "How did I know you were going to fall?" said Mr. Porcupine, and they kept on asking one another a lot of foolish questions which neither of them were able to answer, which is a habit people have when they are too angry to know whether they are talking sense or not. And all the time Baby Elephant sat there and laughed and laughed, as he could well afford to because he hadn't got into any trouble himself. So Mr. Monkey and Mr. Porcupine stopped quarrelling because they neither of them liked to be laughed at. "Go away home, Baby," said Mr. Porcupine, "or I'll throw a few quills at YOU," and Baby Elephant trundled off home to tell the news.

The very best thing you can do is to go to see

Doctor Ape right away," said Mr. Porcupine to Mr. Monkey. "If you don't, those frills of mine will work further in and be all the harder to pull out."

So Mr. Monkey started off to see Dr. Ape. It was a long walk but luckily the doctor was in when he got there. "Tell me all about it," said Dr. Ape. "Where do you feel pain? Have you any fever? Have you ever felt these pains before? And he went on asking "Doctor questions" till Mr. Monkey got quite mad. "Pull the quills out first and ask the questions afterwards," said Mr. Monkey, or I won't pay your bill," So Dr. Ape got a long pair of pliers, and after a lot of "Doctor preparations," he began to pull at the quills. OH MY, but they did hurt, they all seemed to be fastened in at the ends, and indeed they were, for that is the way a porcupine quill sticks when it once gets a chance.

Every time Doctor Ape pulled Mr. Monkey yelled, and as there were a lot of quills there were a lot of yells before it was all over. "You must now take a long rest and have bandages on your back," said Dr. Ape, "and if you are careful, you may get well again in time."

SO POOR Mr. Monkey didn't get any more climbing for a long time after that. All day long he sat in a big easy chair, reading the "Jungle Times" until he knew every word of it by heart,

and his friends used to come along to see him and to pass remarks about the good times they were having outside, which is a way that friends often have when they come to see someone who cannot go out. After a few days Mr. Porcupine called. "I don't want to talk to you," said Mr. Monkey. "I'm sure I don't want to stay," said Mr. Porcupine "Then what on earth did you come for at all," said Mr. Monkey. "Well, I'll tell you," said Mr. Porcupine, "I really came to say something I forgot to say the last time we met. I didn't think of it till after you had gone." "And what was that?" said Mr. Monkey. "I wanted to ask you who was the most like a pin-cushion," said Mr. Porcupine. "You called me a pin-cushion once, you will remember, but I told you how wrong you were. So you made yourself into a pin-cushion, and in your case the pins were all PUT IN THE RIGHT WAY. Thats the advantage

of having brains," said Mr. Porcupine, dodging out of the way of a book which Mr. Monkey threw at his head.

"You tried to make a monkey of me," said Mr. Porcupine, "and you made fun of me, and then you tried to make a porcupine of yourself. Good-day, Mr. Monkey." And Mr. Porcupine, laughing as heartily as a porcupine can laugh, which isn't saying much, went home agan.

Now this simple little story teaches us all some very valuable lessons if we really and truly want to learn them. The first is that we shouldn't boast even if we are touching wood, unless we are sure that the wood is quite strong enough to stand it. The next lesson is that we shouldn't look down upon our neighbours and try to pick out their bad points, as the points may stick into us in a way we don't like. The third lesson is that some of the most insignificant looking people are the worst ones to bump up against in a hurry, and there are quite a number of other lessons which you can find if you like to look for them yourselves. I cant tell you any more of them now, because as you can see for yourselves I have come to the end of the column and there isn't any space left.

Perhaps it's just as well, after all!

EVERYWOMAN'S HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

The Latest Helps In Home Sewing

Recent Inventions To Aid The Busy Housewife

PUT the screw-eyes over your finger, hook, buttonhole, lay the work under the needle, turn the wheel of your off hand, press the pedal on the floor and presto with your foot. Just a steady, steep pace, no working as you would a treadle and behold—an up-to-date electrically driven button!

YOU have doubtless admired the velvety softness and richness of the new embroidery, the deep, looped stitch that looks rather like French knots. Exclusive millinery and imported suits and dresses have shown it lately—and most of us have thought it hand embroidery. The secret is out now—this clever little machine is responsible. Its work is as beautiful as it is speedy.

KNICKER-garters (18c a pair) form the knee-band of boy's knickers and adjust to any required length; boned belting saves time; a five cent piece of mending tissue will fix innumerable tears—just place it on the wrong side of material, drawing the severed edges together and press with a hot iron. A bright colored tape-measure is hard to lose.

HOOKS and eyes (at left) dome fasteners (at right) firmly fastened to narrow tape, are easily put on. Double stretch elastic ¼-in. is 20c a yard. A waist ready to put a narrow trimming at the neck, and a flounce of tucked nainsook or embroidery, simplifies petticoat making—price 20c. A collar band finished and ready to put on a boy's or man's shirt removes the main difficulty.

THERE is no use measuring a skirt from the waist down to get its length even—from the floor up is the only safe method. Stand this marker (which costs $2.50) on the floor, regulate its height; the hem is turned over the bar, which slips out as the person wearing the skirt turns. The result is a perfect skirt length.

Fragrance

The unobtrusive fragrance of Ivory Soap is not the usual soap perfume.

It is merely the pleasing, natural odor of Ivory's high-grade ingredients. Its delicacy and refinement are two of the reasons why Ivory Soap is used for toilet and bath in so many homes where good taste and good sense prevail.

IVORY SOAP

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS

99 44/100% PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS
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EVERYWOMAN'S HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Food and Housekeeping Efficiency

Edited by Katherine M. Caldwell B.A.

Equipping the Bride's Kitchen

The Cost of A Modest Outfit

JUNE has become a veritable month of marriages, and whilst thoughts of trousseaux, trips and triumphs are dominant, the bride-to-be has practical moments in which she considers things as mundane, even, as the furnishing of kitchen and pantry! On her choice of equipment in these early shopping days may lie her freedom on many a later occasion.

If the bride is one of those fortunate individuals whose house is being built for her, there are many conveniences which she will have included in the architect's plan—contrivances that are always more difficult to add later. For instance, there will be cupboards to the point of luxury, in which to keep everything from cleaning appliances to china. No foot of available wall space is wasted. At a convenient place where the light will fall directly upon it, the ironing board will "let down" out of the wall when a narrow door is opened. Extra outlets will provide for the use of an electric iron (which will call for an outlet just to the right of the ironing board door), the toaster, percolator, etc.

She will "stand to be fitted" for her sink. Only the woman who has worked at the average too low kitchen sink and table will appreciate the saving in strength and energy that working with a straight back will mean to her. A couple of inches extra pipe for the sink, the addition of castors to the table, will bring them both up to the requirements of the woman who is of average height or taller.

There will also be shelves, where they will achieve the greatest good—directly above sink, table and stove, as a rule. Above the sink, there will be various cleaning agents for the porcelain, for pots, knives, etc. Above the table there will stand such dishes as are used in the preparation of food—and either above or beside it, a shelf for the delightful porcelain or glass jars that contain so many of the staples that are in daily use.. A salt box and pepper shaker both here and above the stove will pay for the double attention.

The disposal of pots and pans is a question that has given rise to infinite discussion. The old time "low-down cupboard" tucked in unsanitary retirement beneath the sink, as a rule, has had its indecencies dragged into the light and mercilessly exposed. The well-conditioned pot of to-day hangs either in a cupboard of self-respecting proportions or, bright with the conscious virtue of perfect cleanliness, offers a challenge from racks upon the walls. Besides the extra persuasion to scrupulous cleanliness, there is much to be said for the open rack on the score of the saving of time and effort in laying hands on the required utensil.

The built-in kitchen cabinet is becoming more and more a feature of the modern house. Its drawers will supply plenty of storage space not only for small cooking utensils but for the tea towels, glass towels, dusters, etc.

Amongst the many kitchen cabinets on the market to-day there are some which are indeed the boon they claim to be. Only a practical housekeeper should venture to choose one unaided—besides firmness of structure and suitability of materials, there are an infinity of points to be noted; for instance: do the doors slide back into helpful obscurity or do they sweep across the "table" portion, necessitating the removal of dishes and materials that may be in use? Are all the clever devices of real practical value in your housekeeping? Will your own experience and observation prove to you that the arrangement is so perfect in its workability as to have been of really scientific origin?

No woman with a regard for her own comfort and strength will be without a step-stool in her kitchen This is the convenient little ladder-like structure, so easy to lift about if one aspires to high places and so comfortable to perch upon for work at sink, table or ironing board. Higher than the ordinary chair, it will be just the right height for most of one's activities; the lower rung or step provides a footrest. This step-stool, once it becomes a habit, will save literally hours of standing each day.

The garbage can will be also of the labour saving variety and the last word in sanitary equipment. if the white enamel can with separate pail that lifts out to be emptied, is chosen; its most appealing feature is the foot pedal, which raises the lid and sprinkles the contents with a disinfectant powder. It's price is $4.50.

Essential Equipment

Spatula	$ 65
Slicing knife	1 25
Grater	.15
Large fork	.65
Small Fork	.13
Cake Turner	.13
Rolling Pin	.30
Slicing Board	.70
Mixing Bowl Set	1 20
Large Mixing Bowl	.75
Tea Pot	.75
Pantry Set—	
Bread Box	2. 10
Sugar Box	1..10
Cake Box	35
Flour Box	.65
Coffee Box	25
Tea Box	25
Casserole, fireproof, glass or earthenware	2 50
Ice Cream Freezer (2 quart)	5..85
Jelly mould	.85
Waste Basket	1..65
Match Box	.10
Chairs—Plain white	1. 35
Varnished	1 50
Stool	1 .85 up
1-Quart Saucepan	.90
2-Quart saucepan	1. 25
4-Quart Covered Kettle	1 75
Fireless Cooker (1 compartment)	19 00
(2 compartments)	35 00
Kitchen Table (porcelain top)	21 .75
(ordinary top)	8 00
Kitchen Cabinet $36..00 to	67 50
4-Quart Tea Kettle	5 .50
2-Quart Double Boiler	3. 45
1-Quart Coffee Pot	2 .75
7-inch Fry Pan	.60
10-inch Fry Pan	1 00

(*Continued on page 37*)

The Second Wedding Anniversary

WE HAVE received many letters asking: "What are the succeeding wedding anniversaries and can you give us some ideas for the menu, the table decorations, etc., at such and such a celebration?" Feeling that the subject is of interest in almost every home that EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD enters, we have planned a series of little articles touching upon the anniversaries that are usually celebrated, from that most important first one to the wonders of the golden and diamond wedding days

JUNE, which has long been established as the Marriage Month, holds natural interest for an ever increasing number of matrons—they who are celebrating that month, the anniversaries of their own wedding days. Last issue we discussed with the bride of a single year, the celebrating of her Paper Anniversary; this month, from all the aforementioned band of June Brides, we have selected the Bride of two years' standing as our centre of interest.

The law laid down by custom that she shall recognize the occasion chiefly through the medium of cotton, is as inescapable as the traditions of the wedding day itself. Generations of brides preceding her have built up, bit by bit, the customs to which she so willingly subscribes. The primary rule they have laid down is:

Cotton, cotton, everywhere!

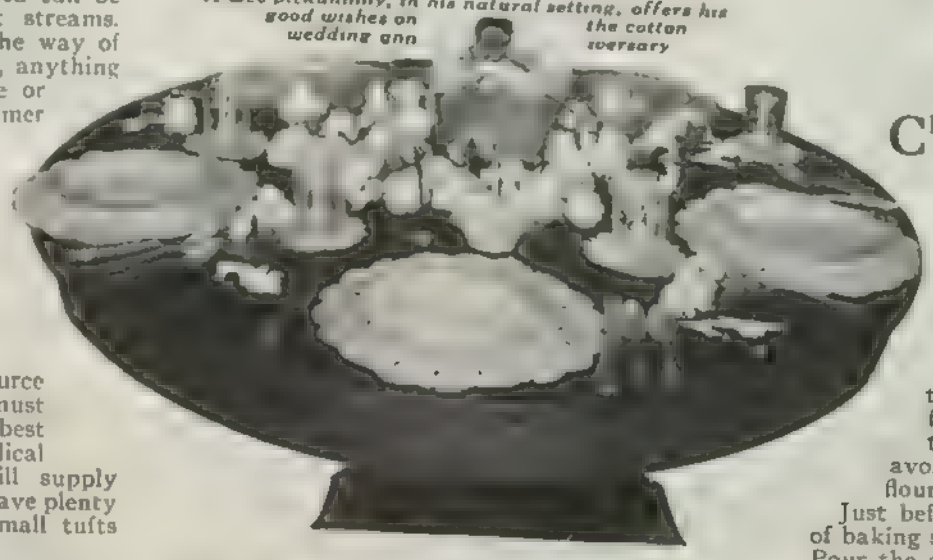
Wherever a length of gay cotton cloth can be used with decorative effect, there it streams. The coloured fabric offering more in the way of charm to the eye than the plain white, anything in the way of coloured gingham, voile or chambray that is destined later for summer frocks, is requisitioned, for the time being, to deck the wedding feast.

A gay treatment for the table is the result of a little work on any odd pieces of cotton material that are on hand. Make square doilies, fringing the edges about half an inch. A uniform colour or a rainbow scheme may prevail. Everything must be very fresh and dainty, of course.

Cotton batting is a valuable resource when the table is to be decorated. It must be the very white kind and can be best obtained in the packages put up for medical use. A twenty-five cent package will supply quite enough to decorate the table and leave plenty for use elsewhere. Pull it apart in small tufts and fluff each one out very puffily.

The table illustrated here carries a jolly suggestion of the cotton fields. A small basket in the centre contains a grinning pickaninny doll in a downy mound of cotton. More cotton puffs rest lightly here and there over the table. Individual favours might follow this idea, being either tiny darky dolls or those made of chocolate. If any of your local confectioners make the spun sugar known as "candy floss," little cornucopias of this cloudy, fairy-like sweetmeat—little more than sweetened air—would be delightful at each place. A bowl of it might form the centrepiece, with or without a little chocolate coon

A wee pickaninny, in his natural setting, offers his good wishes on the cotton wedding anniversary



PLACE cards that are quite unique, are made from heavy white cotton, wet and made very stiff by putting through raw starch. Cut a paper pattern of a tiny "mule," or high-heeled, backless slipper such as those shown in the illustration. The name of each guest is written in rose marking ink, if the colour scheme is in pink—or in the ordinary black ink that will not clash with other colours. A little upright of card-board pasted on the back will form a sort of easel to hold it up, if desired.

For the refreshments, anything white and puffy, like meringue or whipped cream, will help to carry out the idea. If a sit-down luncheon or supper is planned, a menu such as the following is suitable.

Cream of tomato soup in cups
Whipped cream on top
Popovers split and filled with creamed chicken and mushrooms
Cress rolls
White grape, celery and pecan nut salad,
Whipped cream dressing
Frozen custard, marshmallow frappé
Small cakes
Coffee with whipped cream

Cream of Tomato Soup

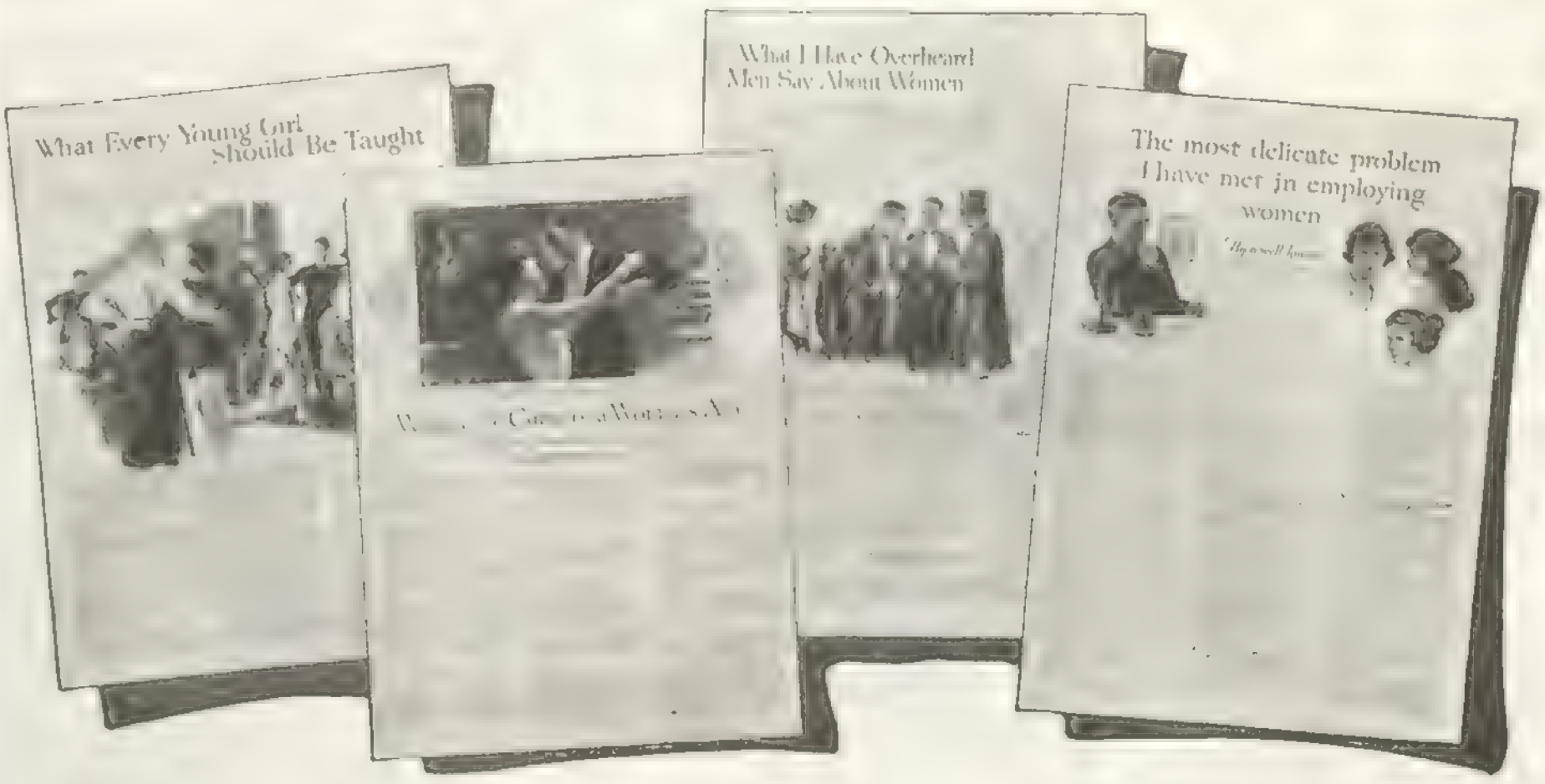
CHOOSE a good brand of canned tomato soup, which only requires to be heated and an equal quantity of milk added at the last moment. Or to make your own, using canned tomatoes. Put the tomatoes into a saucepan, with a bayleaf, one small onion sliced, and boil until tender. Strain and keep hot or have ready to reheat when required for use.

Put an equal quantity of milk on to heat, and thicken it slightly with flour moistened with cold milk. Stir this in gradually, stirring constantly to avoid lumping. About 1 level tablespoon flour to 2 cups milk will be about right.

Just before mixing the two parts, add a pinch of baking soda to the tomato, to prevent curdling. Pour the strained hot milk, stirring all the time, and serve at once. The cream is just whipped stiff and a spoonful floated on each cup of soup.

Popovers with Creamed Chicken

FULL directions for making popovers were given in last month's (*Continued on page 48*)


What Every Young Girl Should Be Taught
What I Have Overheard Men Say About Women
The most delicate problem I have met in employing women

"YOUR ARTICLES ARE UNFAIR TO YOUR SEX!"

Criticism and commendation, abuse and applause, poured in on Ruth Miller after the publication of these stories. Did you read them? What do you think?

WHEN I started these discussions I knew I would have to tread carefully in addressing women on such a delicate personal subject.

I have received an immense amount of both commendation and condemnation.

But what has surprised me has been the attitude taken by those women who resented my remarks

The burden of nearly all such letters has been: Get after the men. They, not women, are the real offenders in this matter.

One New York woman, for instance, writes: "Your articles are an insult to your sex. What kind of women are you addressing, pray? Not a single woman whom I know intimately fails to guard herself as you recommend, against even the *chance* of offending in this matter. But men—there are the real offenders. Address your remarks to them and you will do your sex a very great favor indeed."

I replied: "I know, my dear, how you feel about men. But I can only hope to reach them through the standards set for them by women. And I know, of course, that many, many women do maintain this standard. Where they do not it is simply because they are unconscious of the facts about perspiration, and it is to such women I am trying to bring home the truth about themselves.

An old fault—common to most of us

It is a physiological fact that there are very few persons who are not subject to this odor, though seldom conscious of it themselves. Perspiration under the arms, though more active than elsewhere, does not always produce excessive and noticeable moisture. But the chemicals of the body do cause noticeable odor, more apparent under the arms than in any other place.

The underarms are under very sensitive nervous control. Sudden excitement, embarrassment even, serves as a nervous stimulus sufficient to make perspiration there even more active. The curve of the arm prevents the rapid evaporation of odor or moisture—and the result is that others become aware of this subtle odor at times when we least suspect it.

> *Arnold Bennett says: "Discord exists between the sexes. It always has existed and it always will... The sex discord may be the most exasperating thing in existence, but it is by general agreement the most delightful and the most interesting"*

How well-groomed men and women are meeting the situation

Well-groomed men and women everywhere are meeting this trying situation with methods that are simple and direct. They have learned that it cannot be neglected any more than any other essential of personal cleanliness. They give it the regular attention that they give to their hair, teeth, or hands. They use Odorono, a toilet lotion specially prepared to correct both perspiration moisture and odor.

Odorono was formulated by a physician who knew that perspiration, because of its peculiar qualities, is beyond the reach of ordinary methods of cleanliness—excessive moisture of the armpits is due to a local weakness.

Odorono is an antiseptic, perfectly harmless. Its regular use gives that absolute assurance of perfect daintiness that women are demanding—that consciousness of perfect grooming so satisfying to men. It really *corrects* the cause of both the moisture and odor of perspiration.

Make it a regular habit!

Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At night, before retiring, put it on the underarms. Allow it to dry, and then dust on a little talcum. The next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any weather, in any circumstances! Daily baths do not lessen its effect.

Women who find that their gowns are spoiled by perspiration stain and an odor which dry cleaning will not remove, will find in Odorono complete relief from this distressing and often expensive annoyance. If you are troubled in any unusual way, or have had any difficulty in finding relief, let us help you solve your problem. Write to-day for our free booklet. You'll find some very interesting information in it about all perspiration troubles'

Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 16 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. At all toilet counters in Canada and the United States, 35c., 60c., and $1.00. By mail, postpaid, if your dealer hasn't it.

Men will be interested in reading our booklet, "The Assurance of Perfect Grooming."

Address mail orders or requests as follows: For Canada to The Arthur Sales Co., 61 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont. For U.S.A. to The Odorono Company, 16 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. For France to The Agencie Americaine, 38 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris. For Switzerland to The Agencie Americaine, 17 Boulevard Helvetique, Geneve. For England to The American Drug Supply Co., 6 Northumberland Ave., London, W.C. 2. For Mexico to H. E. Gerber & Cia., 2a Gante, 19, Mexico City.

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BAKER'S COCOA

The Ideal Drink for the Children

PURE AND WHOLESOME

It has a delicious flavor and an attractive aroma of which no one tires, because it is the natural flavor and aroma of high-grade cocoa beans prepared by a mechanical process. No chemicals used.

Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free.

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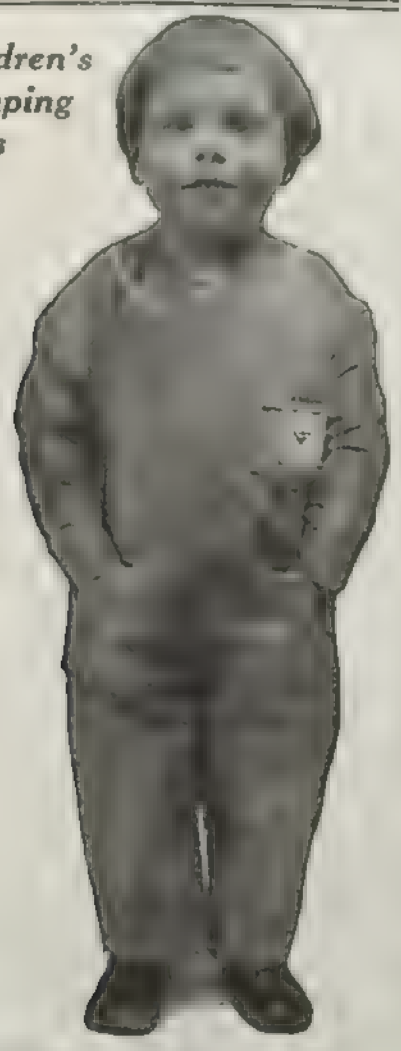
REG STERED TRADE MARK

Children's Romping Days



SUMMER MONTHS are romping months. Your children must romp to keep well.

Haugh Brand Kiddie Garments will protect their clothes. Save laundry work. Strong, durable—wear like iron. Cover from neck to toes. Children 2 to 7 years. Get the Haugh Brand Trade Mark on the pocket.

At all leading stores. If your dealer cannot supply you write us direct

J. A. HAUGH MFG. CO.
TORONTO :: ONTARIO

Happiness and Honey

Though the Prime of Life Be Past, Though Ill Health Lay Claim to Tired and Breaking Nerves, You May Keep Your Bank Balance Mounting By Keeping Bees

By MARION HERTHA CLARKE

ON MAY 15th, at a meeting of one of the Women's Institutes in the West, one of the members stated she managed to make a comfortable living from bee raising. "I get happiness from honey," she stated.

Happiness and honey! Humming birds and butterflies, flowering trees and singing bees, all the fragrance and sweetness of God's great out-of-doors. Who, then, need fear ill-health or old-age a-creeping.

How many professional men do you know who break under high blood pressure of business, how many faithful women give the best years of their life to the service of teaching, to find themselves facing a blank and penurious future—how many widows left suddenly to bear the family burdens? How many soldiers must meet a disabled future? And when the misfortune of ill-health is to be faced—how few of us are prepared to meet it without financial worry?

Though the prime of life be past—though ill-health lay claim to tired and breaking nerves—though your immediate service to your family or your fellowman may be suddenly halted, you may keep the bank balance mounting and find health and happiness in Honey.

The profession of keeping bees for profit is one that is far from overcrowded. It is a profession that is just in the swaddling clothes of possibilities.

Passing from its place as a mere table delicacy, honey has become a necessity instead of a luxury. You will find it as a food in all the best hotels and restaurants, at all the leading grocers, on all dining cars and ocean liners—you will find it as a medicine in your cough syrup, as a laxative—you will find it on Milady's dressing table. Who has not heard of Hind's "Honey and Almond Cream"?

Bakers are using it in their cakes and cookies. Confectioners use it in their candies. Housewives use it as a cooking ingredient because of its moist qualities. "Honey jumbles," small cakes, made largely of honey, have been kept for a period of twelve years and found to be still as good, almost, as the day they were made.

The demand for honey is far ahead of the available supply. Experts estimate that there is a market for every pound of honey produced with a steadily mounting demand for more.

Bee-keeping is not only a fascinating occupation—it is a highly profitable one, and little expense is necessary beside the initial one of a proper outfit.

King Solomon's command: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, and learn its ways and be wise," has ever been held as a wise command.

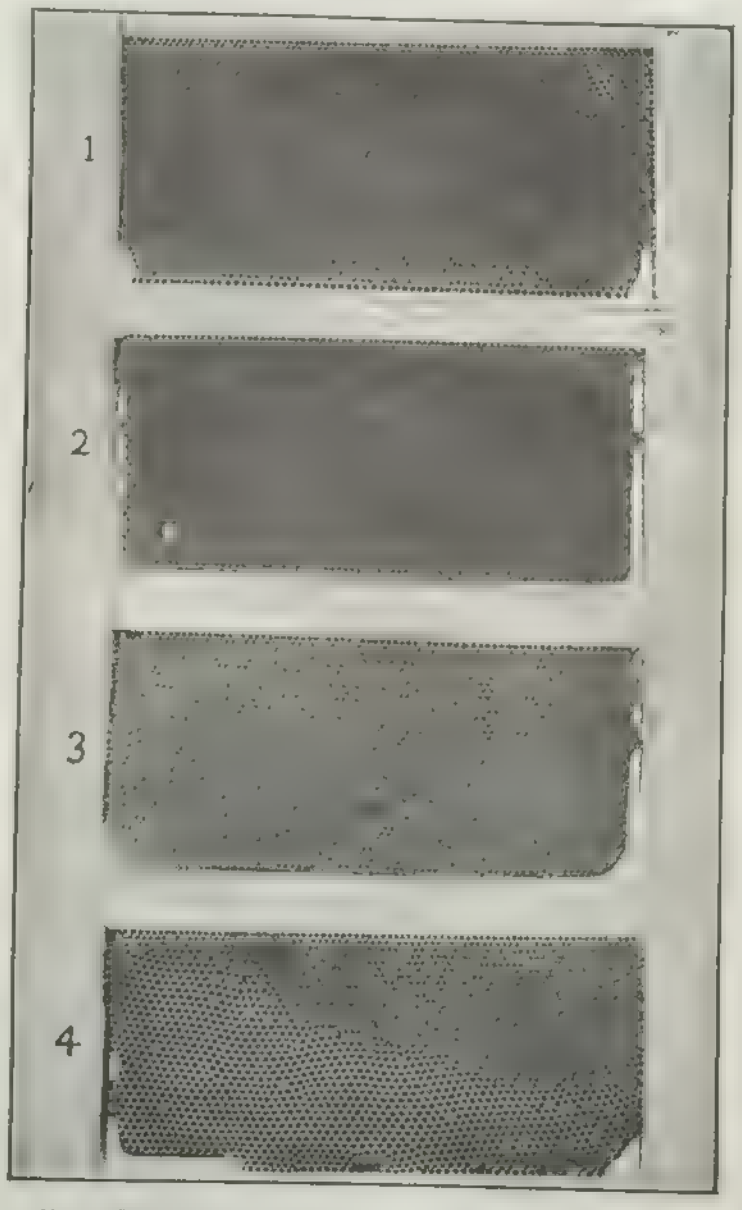
The King is in the counting-house,
Counting out his money.
The Queen is in the parlour,
Eating bread and honey.

True, the ant made good, but it never made anything else. The busy little bee, beside making good, has made a mint o' money for those who were wise enough to pass the ant and develop the bee.

In 1919 a western bee-keeper produced and shipped from his own apiary 336,000 pounds of honey and pocketed $67,000. Some men labour a life-time for this amount.

A. I. Root, the famous Bee Man, was known to his neighbours as "queer" when he took up bee-keeping as a hobby. Everyone said he had gone "crazy on bees and prohibition."

When he secured 6,126 pounds of extracted honey which he sold mostly at 25 cents a pound, they may have been convinced that it sometimes pays to be crazy.



No. 1—Perfect, an illustration of a good comb. No. 2 is a fair comb. No. 3 is a poor comb. No. 4 Full of drone comb and good only for wax.

A Profitable Profession

ANOTHER man who kept bees merely as a recreation and relaxation secured 120 pounds of comb honey from a single colony which he sold to his neighbours at 25 cents a pound, receiving a net profit of $25 a hive.

The possession of one hundred hives would give a very fair income of profit especially if the honey be sold in the neighbourhood at retail prices.

People have a natural aversion to being "stung," and it is this inherent fear that has proved detrimental to the great growth of bee-keeping. Few people know that with the use of the bee-veil, bee-smoker, and bee gloves, it is possible to handle bees as one might kittens—and in a very short time the bees know their owner and offer no resistance.

It is advisable to those who contemplate the pursuit of raising bees and marketing honey to secure competent advice and to make an advance study of bees before beginning. EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will be glad to furnish any one with the best sources of information on this fascinating subject.

The main object of this article is to interest and encourage those who must "carry on" and space is too limited to go deeply into the science of bee-keeping It is simple and it is highly profitable. It does not require a great outlay of capital and its returns may be counted by its development.

A truly remarkable instance of the happiness to be found in the honey-bee is instanced by the blind Huber, to whom much of the real science of bee-keeping is credited.

Falling blind in early youth, assisted only by his faithful body-servant, Huber devoted his entire life to the study of the bee. Doubly touching is the story of his patient research. You who have eyes to see and hands to feel may well remember Huber in your periods of physical discouragement.

Huber, who never saw a comb of honey or a singing bee, who with a veil of darkness over dead eyes, penetrated the heart of the hive and with the hands of another to guide his dauntless spirit discovered a great storehouse of scientific knowledge which he gave to the world.

It is not necessary to invest in a "bee-farm." If you are the happy possessor of a farm in your family that is your own good fortune. If you are not, you can start with one or two hives

(*Continued on page 33*)

A model apiary in winter.

Bee raising on a large scale in summer

Don't Envy Her — You Can Have Beauty Too

THE joyous beauty of the bride holds every eye. Her happy eyes and tender smile are made more beautiful by the clear and healthful color of her cheeks. Such is the reward of the woman who knows the secret of Instant Beauty —who uses the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing), to soften the skin and hold the powder. Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance. *Now* a touch of Pompeian BLOOM. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle?

These three preparations may be used separately or together (as above), as the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette." At all druggists, 60c each. Guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream, and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a 30c talcum with an exquisite new odor).

SPECIAL OFFER

Half-Box Powder and Trial Talc Can

Either or both sent to one person only in a family. For a dime you get a half-box of 60c Pompeian BEAUTY Powder and sample of BLOOM and DAY Cream. For a nickel you get a beautiful trial can of Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talcum) for your purse. For 15c you get both. (BEAUTY Powder offer is good only in case neither you nor any member of your family has tried it before). Many interesting beauty experiments can be made with these trial packages. No letter necessary with coupon. We'll understand

The Pompeian Co., 5 Wyandotte Ave., Walkerville, Ont., Canada

Guarantee

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, O.

THE POMPEIAN CO
5 Wyandotte Ave. Walkerville, Ont. Canada

Send to above address this coupon and 10c (dime) for the 12 box Pompeian Beauty Powder, or 5c nickel) for the handy can of Pompeian Fragrance talcum or 15c (dime and nickel) for both packages.

Name .....

Address .....

City, ... Prov. .....

Flesh Beauty Powder sent unless another shade requested.

This is the sign that identifies dealers showing the Eveready Daylo $10,000 Contest Picture. Look for this sign on dealers' windows

$3000.00 For Somebody. *You?*

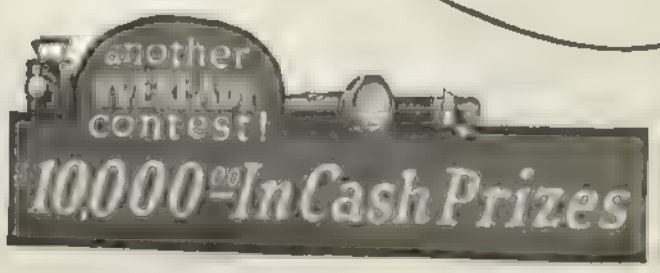
THREE thousand dollars in cash for one person; a thousand dollars for another; five hundred for each of three other people and ninety-nine other cash prizes two hundred to ten dollars. *Ten thousand dollars* in all! How much for YOU?

This latest Eveready Daylo Contest will break all contest records. Anyone may enter—it costs nothing; there is no obligation of any kind. Men, women, boys and girls all have equal chances for any of the 104 cash prizes.

On June 1st, Daylo dealers throughout the United States and Canada will display the new Daylo Contest Picture in their windows. Go to the store of a Daylo dealer and study the picture. Secure a contest blank, which the dealer will give you, and write on it what you think the letter says. Use 12 words or less. For the best answer that conforms to the contest rules, the winner will receive $3000.00 in cash.

Get an early look at the picture. Submit as many answers as you wish. Contest blanks are free at all Daylo dealers. All answers must be mailed before Midnight, August 1st, 1920.

A-3114



1	First Prize	$3000.00
1	Second Prize	1000.00
3	Prizes—$500.00 each	1500.00
4	Prizes—$250.00 each	1000.00
5	Prizes—$200.00 each	1000.00
10	Prizes—$100.00 each	1000.00
10	Prizes—$ 50.00 each	500.00
20	Prizes—$ 25.00 each	500.00
50	Prizes—$ 10.00 each	500.00
104	Prizes Total	$10,000.00

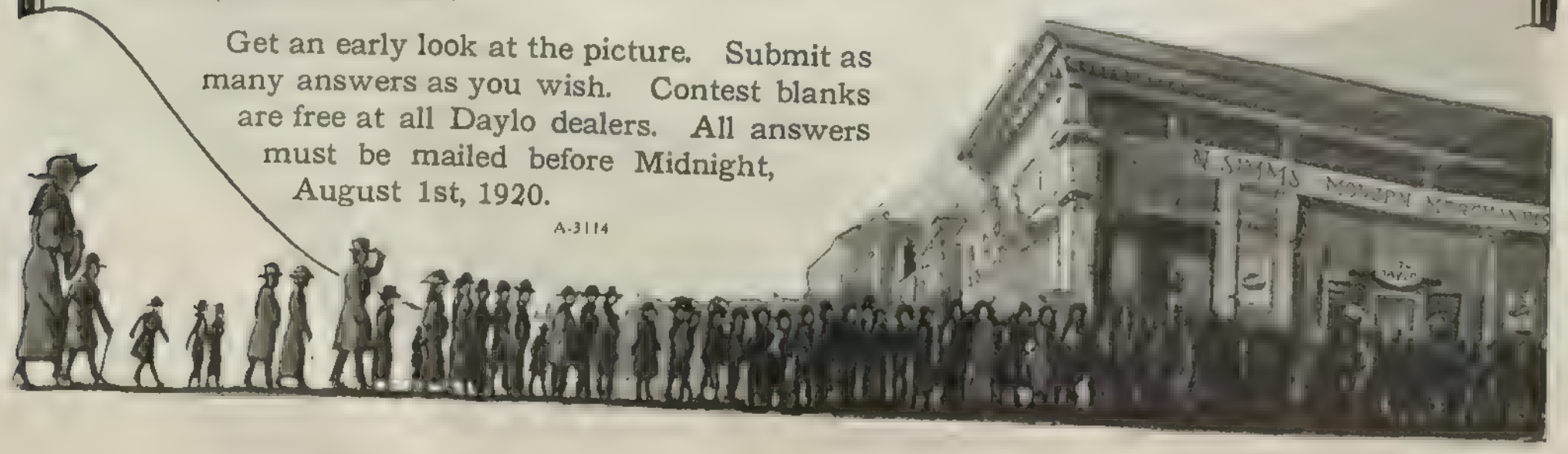
Answers will be judged by the editors of "LIFE" and contestants must abide by their judgment.

If two or more contestants submit the identical answer selected by the judges for any prize, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each.

Contest begins June 1, 1920, and ends Midnight, August 1, 1920. Postmarks on letters will determine if letter has been mailed before close of contest.

Answers must contain not more than 12 words. Hyphenated words count as one word.

Complete Contest Rules are printed on Contest Blank. Ask Daylo dealers for them.



A Little Bride Philosophy From Aunt Polly

By Helen Cruickshank

DEAR Brides-to-be:—

What magic there is in the simple word "Bride!" It will cause little children to leave their play and grow wide-eyed and breathless as they steal a peep at that fairy story creature from beneath a church awning. It will cause a little pensive, twisted smile to play over the shrivelling lips and a mistiness before the future-seeing eyes of some venerable old duffer, who had once stepped blithely to *Lohengrin*. It will make little gray-haired grandmothers lead you up to misty old attics and tenderly draw out from cedar and lavendar, the quaint, bustle-back frock, now yellow with age, that took them through the turnstile of their lives. It will send a thrill, half joy, half sorrow, half hope, to the breast of some "unselec*ed gem" (a modern term for spinster, I'm told). It will stir every *couturier* and designer of note or fame to lubricate his imagination and tighten up the gears of his ingenuity. It has even caused me to scurry around and poke into every nook and cranny to find out the newest allurements for June, 1920, brides.

So you see, my dears, how very important you all are. Of course, I have been speaking of the "picture bride," the one who steps into matrimony with everything in her trousseau from orange blossoms to rice. What a pity if we should become so ultra modern as to dispense with this pageant-like ceremonial chat even makes old cynics like me day-dream and forget to tell you specifically what Dame Fashion has planned for your nuptials.

If the fate of every bride were in the hands of those who plan, design and make her trousseau, what a path of happiness her life would be—*sans* clouds and shadows save those cast by tulle and lace, frills and flowers!

Well, my dears, orange blossoms and old lace, long sleeves and trains, ivory satin and pearls, not too low bodices and almost high ones in some instances, rice and old shoes are still conventionally *de rigueur* for brides this year. The French in particular (meaning the good old families) and good taste in general are responsible. But this all-fashion-and-style-knowing combination have provided for the out-door weddings of June with dreamier stuff for such things as satins and trains would be, to say the least, unseasonable.

What Frills! It is like looking through the family album, to see the quaint frills and ruffles, tight bodices and paniers that have "sprung up" again into organdie, chiffon and taffeta frocks as fresh and colourful as a well-watered garden of posies. For one who will maintain her ingenue role until she reaches the altar steps, and her coterie of bridesmaids, were these particularly fluffy dresses created.

Even in the midst of the lavishness which the world seems to be revelling in, these simple, girlish frocks stand out as the most picturesque. The bridal dress of lace and fine net is being shown again in smart Specialty Shops. But if I were official wedding-party designer for all spring brides of youth, I should unreservedly recommend organdie or taffeta for "Bride and Co." alike, regardless of the fact that one's attendants are supposed to look nice, but never quite so nice as the bride.

And Lingerie! Time was when a bride's lingerie "grew up" with her, but through force of circumstances and the skill of the French and American lingerie makers, modern brides are able to become engaged, buy their intimate trousseau and be married all in the same week at least.

The day of dozens and dozens of this, that and the other thing are history, too. Prices are too high to buy like that to-day, and besides, people are beginning to see the light and buy just what they need when they need it. In the case of brides, they travel "light," well knowing the speed rate of modern express.

I found that the hand-made white batiste or handkerchief linen "undies," be they ever so simple or lavishly trimmed with real lace, were in favour again with brides as well as other folks. Of course, one does find novelty sets in high colours or black,

but the latter is more a necessity than a fad to-day for so many dark and black dresses are being worn that utterly ruin light "underthings."

Shoes old and new are a matter of luck and a matter of necessity in the trousseau. As a matter of fact, the new French, short vamp slipper is to be found in white satin, of course, for brides. Personally, they don't appeal, but one is forced to admit that they are quaint on certain types and with certain frocks. However, good taste or brides have not forsaken the regulation opera pump with Louis heel.

Veil arrangements vary from the Grecian to the Egyptian, according to the face beneath it. Really, this is an important matter, for haven't you seen so many otherwise-lovely brides just ruined by an unbecoming veil arrangement?

If one has not a mellow, lavender-scented veil bequeathed by one's dear departed ancestor, there are exquisite, cobwebby laces in those delicate hoar-frost patterns to be had. Artfully and tastefully combined with tulle, most individual and beautiful veil drapes can be arranged.

Speaking of veils, the situation which has arisen from the recent war, that of so many young war widows remarrying again, calls for very careful consideration in the selection of the veil and the costume in general, that they will wear as "second" brides.

Of course, they never wear white—that is an old and fast rule—but a veil is permissible when draped over a small hat and a wide scope is offered in the colour and degree of elaborateness which one may select, for veils were never so lavishly diverse.

The youthful bride may wear a veil of unusual fashioning. About her shoulders it's just a transparency of malines. About her head is a close coronet of rare old Venetian point, ending in orange blossoms at the sides, and from there the lace gradually widens into a rich cobweb-by border of intricate design.

Oh, my, there are ever so many lovely things to talk about and not nearly enough time, space or superlatives to express them.

But getting right down to earth, brides are buying wisely and well, from the bit of "blue ribbon" to the hand bag of beads that goes with their travelling suit or dress.

As for the bride's jewels, their intrinsic and sentimental value is not lessened one iota by the fact that they are being purchased as good investments — gilt-edged nest-eggs for the future.

Costume accessories have ever been of interest to the jeweller, and to the bride—for her gifts—he caters especially. There is, for instance, a gold vanity-case to add to the list of those rare and precious trifles. It may be prettily elaborated with a fine line of white enamel and with bands of onyx at either end of its cylindrical shape. It swings from a glittering chain and hoop of diamonds and is finished with a large black silk tassel set in a diamond base.

My dears, I wish that if I cannot "dance at your weddings" I might at least be a spectator to wish you all the happiness that fair weather and showers of rice and old shoes are supposed to bring you.

A final word—look your prettiest when you solemnly walk into matrimony and for ever and ever afterwards—it has its reward!

Loving you all,

AUNT POLLY.

Delightful Costumes Distinguishing This Year's Bride From Those of Other Junes

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6164—The foundation of this bridal gown is silver tissue and the overdress is of embroidered net. The kimono sleeves are in elbow length. A very pale silver ribbon is tied about the waistline.

6165—Panels of rare lace are arranged at the sides of this bridal gown and are looped under at the hem. The upper part of the corsage is of tulle, bordered with pearls, and tulle is also used for the skirt beneath the pointed tablier. The latter is of white satin and the same fabric is used for the train.

6166—The materials combined in this bridal gown are white charmeuse and silver brocade. At the waistline, back and front, are knots of tiny silver flowers with silver foliage. The full length back panel is extended into a narrow train.

6167—Silver brocade, very delicate in texture, is the fabric used for this long-sleeved bridal gown. At the back and sides the gown is long-waisted, and there is a long overdrapery at the front of the skirt. The closing is arranged on the left shoulder and at the side.

6168—There is an underlay of lace on the corsage of this tulle gown, designed for a bridesmaid. Ruffles of lace graduated in width border the pinafore overskirt. Above the velvet ribbon is an upstanding frill of tulle.

Complete instructions for ordering "Le Costume Royal" Patterns for any of the above designs will be found on page 60.

The Town, the Garden, the Tennis Court and the Shore Claim These Latest Creations for Their Own

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6137—Dull green linen is used for this long belted blouse, which is worn over a skirt checked in green and white. The embroidery is in various colours.

6138 Suit of tan silk in a crinkle weave. The coat is belted at the sides and back. The skirt is gathered at the top except at the front.

6139—Over a skirt of white linen is worn this slip-on blouse of blue linen, piped in white. The skirt is plaited at the sides.

6140 — Natural coloured silk in a novelty weave is used for this model. The long-waisted blouse is worn outside the skirt, and has set-in sleeves. Facings of the material in white. Stitching on the skirt in self-colour.

6141—Beige wool is used for this short cape, with which is worn a plaited skirt in beige and brown plaid. The collar of the cape is of the material, and there are patch pockets at each side of the front.

6142—Very dark blue taffeta is the material of this bathing suit, which is trimmed with self-cordings. The closing is arranged under the front plastron. Heavy silk in a novelty weave is used for the two-tier cape.

6143—Tiny ruffles of the material are used for trimming this black taffeta bathing suit. The cape is gathered to a yoke and is lined with tan.

Complete instructions for ordering "Le Costume Royal" Patterns for any of the above designs will be found on page 60.

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6131—The trimming of this one-piece blue gabardine frock consists of bias bands of the material, on the sleeves and on either side of the dress, both back and front. Between these strips on the skirt are inset plaited sections. The set-in sleeves are a trifle more than elbow length.

6132—Hemstitching in rows is used to trim this canary organdie dress. Over the hips the tunic is slashed and short full flounces are set in. An organdie frill edges the square neckline. The set-in sleeves are extremely short. The dress is loosely girdled with ribbon of a slightly deeper yellow, tied at the back.

6133—The front and back sections of this navy satin dress are embroidered in silver. On either side are added side panels from the waistline down, looped under the edge of the tunic. The short sleeves are cut in one with the long-waisted upper section of the dress. The collar-ruffle is of organdie, also the tiny vestee.

6134—Marine blue serge embroidered in dull red is used for this dress. Triangular pieces are added in the front to suggest a bolero and on either side of the skirt are outstanding sections of the material, embroidered on the inner side. At the back is a small collar of the serge, and the same fabric is used for the narrow girdle.

6135—Bias folds of green linen are used on this écru linen dress. On either side, over the hips the skirt is smocked. The back of the dress is extended into sash ends which are passed through slashes, tying in the front. The short sleeves are cut in one with the side sections of the dress.

6136—Tan knitted silk embroidered in shades of brown is used for this dress, which fastens with buttons at the side front. The skirt is gathered to the lower edge of the upper part which extends below the ribbon width belt as far as the hips. The sleeves are rather short and are cut in one with the upper section of the dress.

Complete instructions for ordering "Le Costume Royal" Patterns for any of the above designs will be found on page 60.

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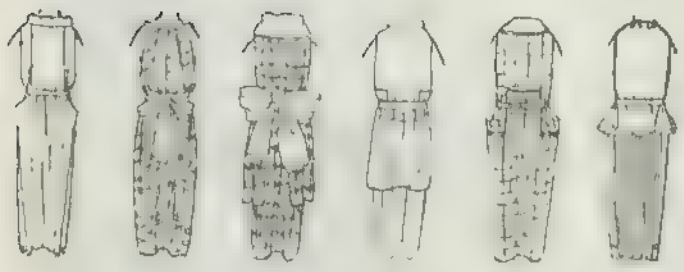

6125—An interesting feature of this model is the arrangement of outstanding portions of the fabric at each side of the front and back. Dark blue tricotine is the material used with narrow bands of braiding in black. The dress is girdled at the sides and back with ribbon, and satin to match is used for the collar. The sleeves are set in.

6126—Nattier blue voile is used in combination with the same fabric printed in blue and white for this dress. The various sections are joined with very narrow insertion in Irish crochet. The short sleeves are cut in one with the side sections of the waist. The wide girdle of the material is tied at the back

6127—The material of this frock is a fine gingham in lavender and white. The long waisted upper section is double-breasted and the waistline is indicated by a very wide sash of white organdie, tied at the back. Organdie is also used for the collar and cuffs. The shirt sleeves are set in.

6128—A crinkle weave of silk in natural colour is used for this frock. The slip-on blouse is held in at the sides and back with a narrow belt of the material. The vertical pockets are finished with bindings of the fabric and the buttons are self-covered. The three-quarter length sleeves are set in.

6129—Fawn and various shades of brown are the colours in the plaid gingham used for this dress. Folds of brown chambray are arranged horizontally at the front and the plain material also borders the collar, sleeves and outstanding sections at the hips. The short sleeves are set in.

6130—The peplum of this beige gabardine dress is cut to flare a great deal at the sides. Embroidery in a fine cord in the same colour outlines the closing at the front and borders the set-in sleeves The embroidery is repeated on the panels at the sides of the skirt which are turned under at the hem. At the front and back, the skirt is plaited.

Complete instructions for ordering "Le Costume Royal" Patterns for any of the above designs will be found on page 60.

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"I Want VINOLIA, Too!"

Encourage her, Mother, in the health-making Vinolia habit—so easy to learn—so fraught with beneficial results. Your reward will come in the shape of lustrous little "pearls," in good digestion, in a general love of cleanliness.

ROYAL VINOLIA TOOTH-PASTE

The best and purest dentifrice scientists can devise. The pleasant taste which endears it to children is not the result of sugar in any form. Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste, used daily, will counteract destructive acids and mean a sound start in life, for nothing is more important to children than clean teeth in a wholesome mouth.

BY APPOINTMENT
SOAP MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING

Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste Powder possesses the same high qualities. All druggists and stores can supply them.

VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED

London TORONTO Paris 223

Delightful Puddings In a Few Minutes

One of the most important things about Pure Gold Quick Puddings is their easy method of preparation. It is almost magical the way a delicious pudding arises in a few minutes. You'll find them invaluable when there is only a short time in which to prepare a meal. Keep a selection always in the house. You'll be surprised how often they will help you. They are always sure of an enthusiastic welcome. Tapioca, custard and chocolate, 15c. a package at all grocers.

Pure Gold Desserts
QUICK PUDDINGS

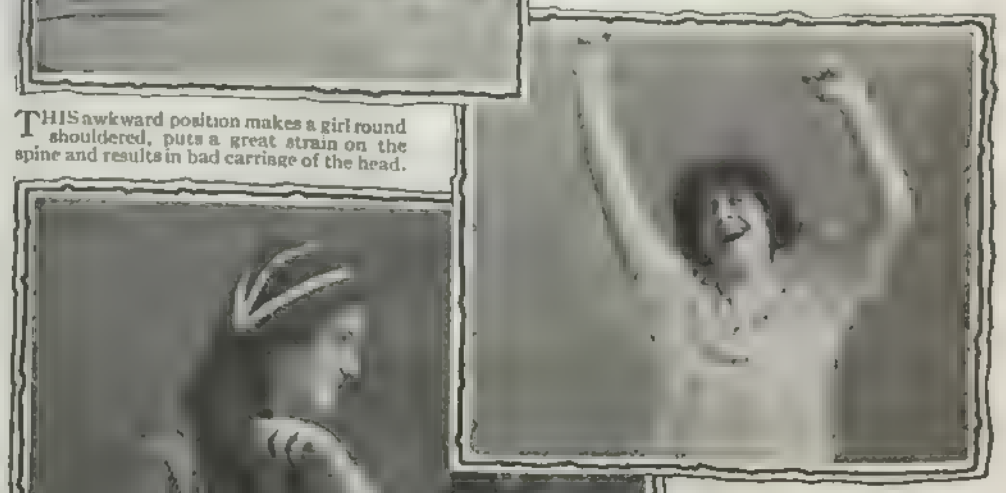
Pure Gold Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Toronto

The Latest in Beauty Hints For the Young Girl

THE young girl who has just begun to purchase her own clothes is very apt to buy the wrong colours, and it is colour more than anything else that determines the becomingness of frocks. Before buying any material of a colour you are not sure of, try a small piece of the goods near the face. Stand in front of a mirror in a good light and notice the effect of the shade on the complexion. If it gives the face a sallow look, or if you have a high colour already and it makes your cheeks look like a house afire, buy something else for your new dress.

THE correct standing posture is most important for a young girl. She does not only spoil her figure for life by stooping or holding her head awkwardly, but can bring on disease and weaken the lungs by cramping the chest. Stand erect, with chin held slightly in towards the neck. Take a long breath, raise the chest well and the arms and shoulders will fall where they belong. Draw in the abdomen and you have a graceful and healthful posture, which soon becomes second nature.

THE proper way to sit is well back with the end of the spine pressed against back of chair, shoulders resting against top.



THIS awkward position makes a girl round shouldered, puts a great strain on the spine and results in bad carriage of the head.

EVERY young girl should, as our grandmothers used to say, "get out of bed on the right side." That is, she should start the day in the most healthful manner. Doctors tell us that the first thing to do on wakening is to indulge in a good yawn. This girl is just beginning a capricious yawn and stretching her arms up as far as she can. This empties the lungs of every bit of stale air they contain and fills them with life-giving oxygen.

CURLY hair is always more becoming to a young face than straight hair. But, if you have the latter kind of unmanageable locks, do not despair, for you can make the most natural-looking wave by using the tape fillet shown in the illustration. Fasten this under the hair at the back of the head and tie an old veil over the hair to keep it from slipping. The fillet can be easily made by taking three strips of tape or narrow ribbon, arranged as shown, with the middle tape long enough to tie under the hair. If the hair is first moistened with white of egg, which has been mixed with an equal quantity of water, it will keep in curl a long time.

Cruelty to the Eyes

By ANDRE DUPONT

"DOTTED veils are so stylish this year," said the Pretty Girl, gazing at herself in the glass as she drew her veil down over her chin.

"It is smart looking," said her friend the Young Matron, "but the spots are too close together. You know the old saying that each spot on a veil like that is "worth a dollar to an oculist.'"

"Do you really believe that?"

"Yes, I do. Many women have completely spoiled the expression of their eyes, and worse still, greatly weakened the sight by habitually wearing veils very thickly dotted. When you select a dotted veil you should choose one with the spots some distance apart so that you can look between them."

"I'd hate to ruin my eyes. And come to think of it, I don't know but perhaps this veil does make me feel a little bit cross-eyed," said the Girl somewhat ruefully, "and yet it seems extravagant to throw it away."

"Not so extravagant as to strain your eyes. Nobody can be looking good with eyes that are weak and watery. Such eyes will give the face a worried, fagged out appearance that is the very reverse of attractive. Expressive eyes are by far the most effective weapon a pretty woman can possess. Often more can be conveyed by the language of the eyes than the language of the lips."

The girl smiled to herself reminiscently. "Tom Moore, you know, compared love at first sight to a potato," she said, "because it shoots from the eyes."

"Listen to that," said the woman. "What in the world do you know about the old Irish bard?"

"Oh, I came across the story when I was looking for the words of an old song," said the Girl, tossing her head indignantly. "There's more to it that I omitted because I thought it was rather rude to tell you, but now that you are so scornful about my literary knowledge, I'll add that the story further relates that Byron, who was sitting by, cordially agreed with the famous Irishman, but said that in his humble opinion the chief reason why love was like a potato was because it became less by paring."

"He certainly ought to know, he had experience enough," said the woman, "but you know a rule is proved by its exceptions, and 'present company is always excepted.' But joking aside, your eyes would really be lovely if you gave them half a chance. I often feel as if I'd like to organize a society of Prevention of Cruelty to the Eyes."

"What do you mean? How do I maltreat my eyes?"

"Well, to begin at the very beginning, you sleep in the wrong way. Your bed is placed so that it faces the glare of the sun in the early morning. Now a strong light will strain the eyes, even when they are closed. If you put a dark shade over the window to shield the upper part and place a small dark screen to cut off the light from your eyes when the window is open you will get up in the morning with much brighter eyes and, I wager, you will suffer less from headaches."

"When one has been automobiling, or even walking on a windy day, it is a good plan to bathe the eyes in water containing a little boracic acid. a good pinch to half a glass of water is about the proper proportion. If the eyelids stick together in the morning, you must never rub them, but bathe them at once in boracic acid and warm water. Then, of course, you know that you have the light falling over your left shoulder when you read or write and never sit facing the light at that time. To read very much in the train may strain your eyes if they are at all weakened. . And, of course, if you have serious trouble of any kind with the sight, you should consult an oculist without delay."

A Boy's Appetite

MOTHERS who become alarmed at the ravenous appetites of growing boys need not worry, according to the assurance of Dr. Clement Dukes, a well-known physician.

Such a thing as overeating on a part of a boy, as long as the food is not too rich, is a practical impossibility, he affirms. Nature dictates the desires of the youthful appetite, and may be depended upon to guide the adolescent eater.

An adult should rise from the table hungry, says Dr. Dukes, but a boy need not stop eating until a sense of repletion overtakes him. A healthy appetite in adolescence is a safe guide, if accompanied by a wholesome and sensible choice of foods.

A larger quantity of all the essential kinds of food is demanded than at any other time of life, and a relative excess of proteins is indispensable if the highest state of growth and development is to be attained.

Ganong's GB Chocolates

In ½, 1, 2 and 5 pound boxes. Ask for the "Delecto" Box.

THERE are certain Candies which have taken generations to produce and can never be successfully duplicated.

Such are "DELECTO" Chocolates—the supreme achievement in G. B. Chocolates—and the result of 50 years' experience in making fine Chocolates.

Originated by
GANONG BROS. LIMITED
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Makers for 50 Years of Fine Chocolates. 12

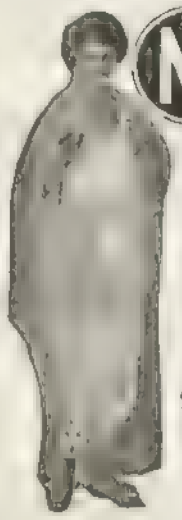
McClary's

Make good stoves and Cooking utensils.

The "NUGGET" Boy says:

"Nugget" keeps little shoes longer in the race. Have your children use "Nugget" every day. 'Tis a wise economy and teaches thrift and neatness.

You can get "Nugget" in Black, Tan, Toney Red and Dark Brown at all good stores.



NR TO-NIGHT TO-MORROW ALRIGHT

Nature's Remedy

THE IDEAL LAXATIVE
Used for 30 years

Nature's Remedy

Get a 25¢ Box Your Druggist

Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Mercolized Wax gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexions of true naturalness. Have you tried it? 10c

Mercolized Wax In one ounce package, with directions for use, sold by all druggists.

Skinner's
Silks and Sati
(36TH

Made for every purpose - gowns, petticoats, blouses —or the daintiest of undergarments.

WHAT could be lovelier for that most important gown of your life than the soft, lustrous beauty of Skinner's Satin?

Your mother and grandmother will doubtless tell you that their wedding gowns were made of Skinner's—it has been the first choice of women everywhere since 1848.

Only the finest grades of pure-dye silk are used in Skinner's fabrics—this gives them their wonderful wearing quality.

A wide range of beautiful shades awaits your selection.

Sold by all first-class Drygoods Stores in Canada.

"Look for the Name in the Selvage"
None genuine without it

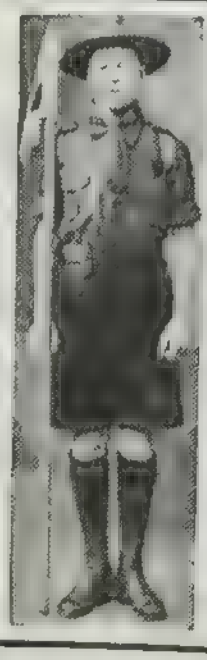
WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS
Established 1848
New York Boston Philadelphia Chicago
Mills, Holyoke, Mass.

Scouting Is Real Sport for Boys—

Out-door life in the woods, hills and fields makes every boy hardy and healthy.

That is the reason why all the parents should have their boys join the scouts.

They will derive only the best benefits if they are outfitted with



Miller Official Uniforms
AND EQUIPMENT

We have an interesting booklet on Scouting which will be mailed FREE for the asking

MILLER MEN'S WEAR, Limited
Exclusive Official Scout Outfitters by Appointment
44-48 York Street, Toronto
Also Makers of Cadet Uniforms, Summer Clothing, Choir Gowns, Palm Beach Suits, &c.

A Tubful In Ten Minutes!

That's all it takes for this wonderful washer to thoroughly clean a big tubful of clothes. No rubbing, scrubbing, backaches or headaches for *you*—the washer takes all the work—all the responsibility! You can go straight on with the ironing the same day, yet feel fresher and brighter than you ever felt on the old-fashioned washdays.

Maxwell
"Home" Washer

is light-running and noiseless. Enclosed gears make it safe. "Spring" lid lifts easily. Made of cypress, handsomely finished Runs by hand-power or water-motor. See it at your dealer's—and write us for booklet "If John Had To Do the Washing."

MAXWELLS LIMITED, Dept. K, St. Marys, Ont. 35

London's "Made-in-Canada" Week

An Impetus to Home Trade

And a woman—Mrs. E. C. Bowker, who writes this article—raised the funds, helped organize the campaign and was the only woman on the committee, representing the Advertising Club and the Chamber of Commerce.

FOR SOME years past we have all been thinking, talking and writing of Canadian Products for Canadian people.

"Canadian Money, Canadian made, to be kept at home for Canadian Trade" has been adopted as a slogan by the "Salesmen." It has a peculiar interest for the "Buyswomen"

How many things does the average man buy? His own clothes (not all of them, always!) Cigars, newspapers, machinery; motor cars — stocks and bonds, and a few other such airy trifles. Experts have estimated that women form ninety-per-cent. of our buying public. It is therefore to the women that the appeal must be made.

If we continue to buy imported goods at our present rate (statistics to the end of the fiscal year), we can pay Uncle Sam's War Debt for him within three years Generous and neighbourly of us, of course! But should not economy (and possibly justice?) begin at home?

This is not a plea to support the Canadian manufacturer for sentimental, nor even for financial reasons—UNLESS HE DESERVES YOUR SUPPORT. But don't treat him as some men treat their wives—acting as if they were ashamed of what is done at home,

"Democracy is an Equality of Chance—to make a Living—and to make a Nation."

"Not only made IN Canada —but made BY Canada."

—Professor J. W. Robertson at at a Mass Meeting held in London at the wind-up of Made-in-Canada Week.

and leaving all their appreciation to outsiders. Take the trouble to find out what he is doing—and how he is doing it. Then back him up if you can—or make him back down.

Of course there are certain things—fine china, silks, etc., that cannot be obtained here. But the amount and variety of Canadian manufactures is unknown to the average woman. (Articles of ivory, and ebony, for instance—did you know we made these?)

London, Ontario—the place that inaugurated the first Old Boys' Week—which has since toured the Dominion—thought hard along these lines. And one day some of the more enterprising members of the London Advertising Club said sturdily: "Let us show our fellow citizens exactly what 'Made-in-Canada' means."

The retail business men caught on to the idea, and set about preparing displays of Canadian-made goods and advertising them. The Manufacturers put their hands into the pockets of the garments that they substitute for overalls, and dug out the "dibs" for a General Fund. The newspapers took it up with enthusiasm. The big societies put their shoulders to it, and gave it an organized push forward.

"Where de we come in?" asked the Railways and Express Companies, with some surprise, when first interviewed.

"You come in with the crowd—the people whocome in on you to see the ground-floor Made-in-Canada products — the Mountains, Lakes and Prairies" said the Organizer to the former; and as for the latter—why—!

"We grow by expressing ourselves, as 'each Wise Man doth know.' If we can't express ourselves, we go by freight — but no Canadian wants to be as slow as that!"

The Financial Institutions saw how nearly the movement touched them. To whom could it mean more? "Canadian money, Canadian made"— and Canadian bonds, and debentures, and insurance. So when the week opened on April 19th, it was not only the retail stores that were showing banners, but the banks, the loan companies, the transportation people and all the rest of them

On the second day there was a great parade through the streets of the city. Perhaps you saw it in the movies? For the News-Service is featuring the official picture right through the country.

To most of the citizens it is a real "eye-opener." Even the parade committee themselves were astonished (when they had time!) at the extent of it. For it was more than a mile and a half in length. Big business—of the kind that has a name from coast to coast—was well represented. Wealth, Enterprise, Energy, Ingenuity, Advertisement and Adventure were there. Yes, Adventure, for some of the exhibits were the triumphant achievements of courageous Canadians who dared and worked, and risked and hoped, for years before their "ships came home."

But the first and foremost exhibit was a great motor truck full of healthy, happy children, who headed a battalion of twenty-six cars, each one representing one of the public schools. No other exhibit was so heartily cheered as this: "Our Best Made-in-Canada Product,"

"We are proud to have inaugurated 'Made-in-Canada Week,'" say these three enterprising gentlemen. "We hope you will have one too. Ours was a great week. We will be glad to help you to have a better one."

To left—W. J. Ashplant, President of the London Advertising Club.

Lower right—T. H. Yull, Secretary of the London Advertising Club.

Lower left—P. W. Read, Convenor of the General Committee.

Not the least important among the "Made-in-Canada" exhibits was this bus full of kiddies.

the children who will, please God, prove—and practice—Professor Robertson's splendid definition of democracy.

It is their mothers who can make the words come true—who must insure the future of these children. See to it that the home product gets a good chance! Ask for it! If you go out to buy a brush—tooth or nail—you will (eight times out of ten) be offered one made in Japan. It will be a good brush, indeed, an excellent one. But I would advise you to go after a Canadian brush. Go after it—tooth and nail! Raise a hue and cry for it. If you can get an equally good one—buy it—try it—and if worth while, never deny it. If not worth while, raise a rumpus (the good old-fashioned home-made kind!) Give some enterprising person a chance to brush up and make good. Bristle about it—make him bristle, too!

This is not flippancy. It is a serious subject of national importance.

During the war we suffered for the lack of many things that we had been accustomed to have "Made-in-Germany." Let us not be caught that way again BY ANY NATION.

Happiness and Honey

(*Continued from page 22*)

in the back-yard. There is plenty of room and profit for the bee-keeper in every town and on every farm.

Successful apiaries have been located on the tops of office buildings.

Business men and women who have suburban homes have made marked profit from bees just as a side-line, and many of the most successful bee-keepers are women, for their deft fingers and light touch make them particularly adapted to the rapid handling of bees.

To the business woman facing the imperative command—rest—or to the teacher, weary of 'a.b.c.'s, no more healthful and self-supporting out-of-door occupation can be found. Don't go west for your health, my friends—go to the bees.

Farmers are just beginning to appreciate the worth of the bee as a perfect pollinizer. These busy little honey-hunters in their search for honey in the heart of blossoms and flowers, carry on their bodies the pollen and thus keep crops in constant fertilization, making it possible to produce more and better fruits and crops. Large fruit-growers always keep a swarm of bees in their orchards, and bee-growers may develop a fine market in selling bee-colonies to farmers.

Introducing—Bees, Themselves

AN INTERESTING little republic is the bee-colony. And the human race may well go to the bees for lessons in Eugenics. Bees can so alter the shape of the cell in which the fertile egg has been deposited as to produce a worker or a queen bee.

The Queen bee reigns supreme over her small kingdom of females and drones. There is never but one queen to each colony—the females gather honey, rear the young and keep the hive in order. The drones, or male bee, are only tolerated for purpose of mating. When their usefulness is at an end the drones are driven from the hives. Time and again you may see a little worker tugging at a big drone to hustle him out of the hive and though he pleads in bee language to remain, the workers are inexorable—the drones cluster at the base of the hive in humming protest after they have been driven forth and life becomes for them a problem.

In certain parts of Europe bees are held in superstitious regard. One very interesting custom is that on the death of a bee-keeper the hives are draped in black, and a relative of the dead man whispers into the entrance of the hive the sad intelligence that their owner is no more. It is believed that unless this is done, the bees will leave the hives and will not return. This beautiful old custom is called "telling the bees."

A story that had wide publication some years ago, was the story of the funeral of a famous bee-keeper, whose coffin as it was carried from the house to the hearse was suddenly covered with an envelopping swarm of bees who clustered upon it as a token of their love for their departed keeper. The real truth was that the bees were attracted by the fresh varnish with which the coffin was polished, and were quite oblivious to the fact that their owner had left them.

Having decided to start bee-keeping, the question naturally arises: "How and when shall I start?"

Late spring or early summer is the best time to start. The hives purchased will not be heavy with honey and the beginner will get experience in every phase of the industry before the winter comes in

Purchase your colonies of a pure breed in modern hives from a reputable bee-keeper. The Italian honey-bee is generally accredited as the finest for breeding. Its brain is larger in proportion to that of any other. That may be why it is called the most intelligent "bug" in the world.

Modern hives are made by all the large supply houses and the novice will be wise to invest in good colonies and modern hives. Success in bee-keeping depends largely on making the right start. Investment should also be made in the bee-veil, a combination of muslin and wire net which slips on over the hat and goes all around the head, permitting a current of air to enter, at the same time keeping out all the bees. You will also need the bee-smoker—an apparatus for blowing smoke into the hives. Another essential is a hive tool for prying off the hive lids.

If you intend to produce comb-honey use the hive having the shallow brood nest. A careful reading of catalogues of supply houses will give the beginner much enlightenment and help him to make the right selection of equipment.

Never handle bees or their hives roughly—manifest no sign of alarm or nervousness and the bees will soon learn you are not afraid of them, and will let you have your way with them in peace.

Location of the Apiary

LOCATION of your apiary depends much on the size of the apiary. It is not advisable to place over 75 to 100 hives in the home yard. Additional colonies should be located from three to five miles away. A back yard or an open field is the best place in the world for bees, with open space and plenty of sun. In the extreme hot weather use shade boards on top of the hives.

Arrange your hives in groups of four or five, placing them on stands from five to six feet above contact with the ground and be sure to locate your apiary in a place where surrounding vegetation is profuse. Bees will travel far afield in their search for honey—some having been found as far as five miles from the

(*Continued on page 36*)

No corns exist
with nurses—for they know

Nurses don't have corns. Nor do doctors or their wives.

They know Blue-jay and employ it. So do millions of others now.

It is time that everybody knew this simple, scientific way to end a corn.

Do this tonight

Apply liquid Blue-jay or a Blue-jay plaster. Either requires but a jiffy.

The pain will stop. Soon the entire corn will loosen and come out.

What that corn does, every corn will do. So this way means a life-long respite from the aches of corns.

Corns merely pared or padded rarely disappear. Harsh treatments often cause a sore-

Blue-jay is gentle, scientific, sure. It is a creation of this world-famed laboratory.

It is the right way. It will be the universal way when all folks know it.

Buy Blue-jay from your druggist. Watch it on one corn.

B&B Blue-jay
Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender

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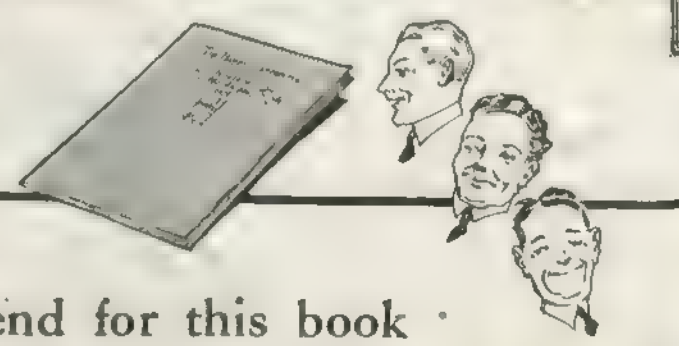
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products



Send for this book
It makes happy folks happier

Makes them happier by making it possible to have happier painting and varnishing results in the home.

Makes it possible, by telling how to go about it in a sure way, that turns fear thought into a pleasure thought.

It's called The Happy Happening Book, because it's a tale of how one home was made the happier. To which was afterwards added a goodly number of helpful hints about painting and varnishing. In keeping with its spirit of happiness, blue birds flit through it and the cover is the color of their feathers.

You will be glad to send 10 cents in stamps for a copy.

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A sexology book of the better kind. Unparalled in interest. Unconventional in plain truths. Fascinating and educating. Everyone over 18 years of age should read this extraordinary book. Mailed, prepaid, in plain wrapper for only
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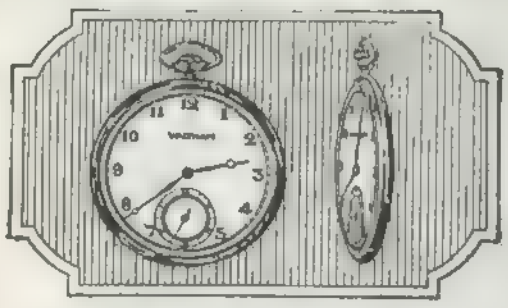

COLONIAL "A"

Thin, without sacrifice of accuracy. At all good jewellers. Priced from $225.00 upwards. Other Waltham models from $25.00 upwards.

Let your watch reflect your character

IT is the quality of your possessions rather than their quantity which gives the true index to your character.

No more than you would consent to wear shabby ill-fitting clothes, should you carry a watch of obscure make and unreliable performance.

When you carry a Waltham you have the satisfaction of knowing that you possess a high-grade watch that commands respect everywhere.

For more than sixty-five years the name "Waltham" has received universal acceptance as the World's highest standard of watch quality

Waltham Grandfather Hall Clocks, Mantel and Leather (all colors) Desk Clocks for homes of refinement. Ask your jeweler.

Every Waltham Watch embodies exclusive improvements in watch construction which have been developed at Waltham during this long period.

Remember this also: an inferior watch is always a liability, while a Waltham is always an asset.

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THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

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LA BAIE DE CHALEUR

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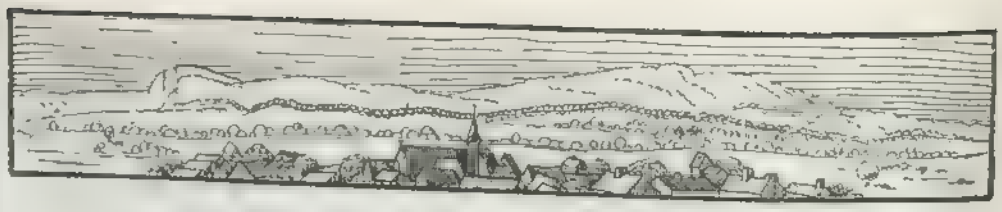

Through Canada With Edward, Prince of Wales

(Continued from page 14)

and ore and lumber in hulls that are all hold. They come and go incessantly. "Soo" indeed, handles about three times the tonnage of Suez yearly, and there is the American side to add to that.

With this brisk movement of commercial life within her, "Soo" has thrived like a colt. Where, in the old days, the local inhabitants could be reckoned on the fingers of two hands, there is now a city of about 20,000 and it is still growing. It is a city of graceful streets and neat houses climbing over the Laurentine hills that make the site. It is breezy and self-assured, and draws its comfortable affluence from its shipping, its paper-mills, its steel works, as well as from lumber, agriculture and other industries.

It met the Prince as becomes a youth of promise. Crowds massed on the lawns before the red sandstone station, and in all the streets there were crowds. And crowds followed his every movement, however swift it was, for "Soo" has the automobile fever as badly as any other town in Canada, and car owners packed their families, even to the youngest in arms, into tonneaux, and joined a procession a mile long that followed the Prince about the town

He then spent some time visiting over the paper mill that helps to make "Soo" rich. He went over it department by department, asking many questions and showing that the processes fascinated him intensely. In the same way he went through the steel works, and was again intrigued by the sight of "doing things." It was, as he said himself, one of the most interesting days he had spent in the Dominion.

Picnics and Prairies

EARLY in the morning of Friday, September 5th, the train passed through the second tunnel it had encountered in Canada, and came to a small stopping place amid trees.

It was a lady's pocket handkerchief of a station made up of a tool shed, a few houses and a road leading away from it. Its significance lay in the road leading away from it. That road leads to Nipigon river and lake, one of the finest trout waters in Canada. Even at that it is only famous half the year, for it hibernates in winter like any other thing in Canada that finds snow and remoteness too much for it.

At this station—Nipigon Lodge—the Prince in shooting knickers and a great anxiety to be off and away, left the train at 8.30, and walking along the road came to the launch that was to take him down river to the fishing camp where he was to spend a week end of sport.

Leaving this little waterside village of neglected fishermen's huts, for the season was late and the tourists that usually fill them had all gone, he went down the beautiful stream to the more than beautiful Virgin Falls. Here he met his outfit, thirty-eight Indian guides, all of them experts in camp life and cunning in the secrets of stream and wood.

The Prince watches R.N.W.M.P. taming wild horses

After the Prince returned to England, and immediately before he left for Australia, he attended this meet of the Pytchely Hounds at Kilworth.

It is true that some of the crowd was America out to look at Royalty. Americans were not slow to make the most of the fact that they were to have a Prince across the river. From early morning the ferry that runs from Michigan to the British Empire was packed with Republican autos and Republicans on foot, all eager to be there when royalty arrived. They gathered in the streets and joined in the procession. They gave the Prince the hearty greeting of good-fellows. They were as good friends of his as anybody there.

There were the usual functions. They took place high on a hill from which the Prince could look down upon the blue waters of the linked lake, the many factory chimneys the smoke of which threw a quickening sense of human endeavour athwart the scene, and the great jack-knife girder bridge that is the railway connection between Canada and America, but above the usual functions the visit to "Soo" had items that made it particularly interesting.

He went to the great lock that carries the interlake traffic. He crossed from one side of it to the other, and then stood out on the lock gate while it was opened to allow the passage of several small vessels. From here he went to the Algoma Railway at the head of the canal, and in a special car was taken to the rapids that tumble down in foam between the two countries.

The train was brought to a standstill at the international boundary, where two sentries, Canadian and American, face each other, and where there was another big crowd, this time all American, to give him a cheer.

In the care of these high priests of sport he left civilization, in the shape of the launch, behind him, and in a canoe fished down stream until the lovely reaches of Robinson's Pool were attained. Here, on the banks of the stream, amid the thick ranks of spruce, the camp was pitched.

At first it had been the intention to push on, after a day's sport, to other camping places, but the situation and the comfort of this camp was so satisfactory that the Prince decided to stay, and made it his headquarters during the week end.

It was no camp of amateur sportsmen playing at the game. It was not, perhaps, "roughing" it as the woodsman knows it, for he lies hard in a floorless tent (if he has one) as well as lives laboriously, but it was certainly a rough and ready life as near that of the woodsman as possible.

The Prince slept in a tent, rose early, bathed in the river and shaved in the open in exactly the same manner as everyone else in the party. He took

(Continued on page 58)

Whole Family Learns Music at Home

Lee David Crawford, aged 8, plays difficult pieces; his parents started to play at 40—never touched piano before

THE ENTIRE musical world is astounded at the marvellous new method of instructing pupils by the U. S. School of Music. Authorities pronounce it the most efficient system on record. Twenty musical instruments besides sight singing, composition and harmony are taught by the clever art of pictures and print, bringing every lesson down to the simplicity of an A B C book. An entire family can participate in each lesson. The remarkable part is they learn with a speed almost unbelievable—yet the training is thorough and complete. Thousands are now going in for this unique method. Musicians who are already trained by other systems prefer this—while those who never knew a note of music suddenly show surprising talent after a few lessons.

There is no doubt it is as essential that every one should learn music as it is that they learn to read. Every man and woman to whom this delightful accomplishment is a closed book, will confess that at times they have felt absolutely stupid when forced to acknowledge their ignorance. How often has such a one been overlooked—or dropped—from social affairs merely because this lack makes them conspicuous. Yet it is a fact almost pathetic. The so-called "unmusical" have an infinite yearning to know something of this fascinating art. They often show a greater love for it than trained musicians. They would rather listen to music than to anything else in the world. Every one of these music-lovers have talent, though they do not know a note. Some of them have talent that almost amounts to genius. This has been proven beyond a doubt by the wonderful picture-and-print method.

Whole Family Learns to Play in a Few Months

A striking instance of how music is being brought to thousands of homes by this ingenious system is brought to light in the following letter from Mrs. C. A. Crawford, Glenevis, Alta., Canada.

Gentlemen:—

On January 1st, we resolved to write again and let you know what joy we have learned since taking your home study music lessons. Also give you the right to use this for advertisement matter, and hope it may be the cause of bringing others to such happiness. We have been married 17 years. We did not become interested in music till after reading your advertisement. We decided to buy a piano and sign up for your 96 lessons. We thought at the time we were sacrificing a great deal economically, but have since laughed over this many a time, and feel it is now the time and our duty to give credit.

My husband became so interested in my rapid progress under your system of teaching, by first reading your lecture course that came along with the music, and he found that so inspiring that he began to study your fascinating print and picture lessons. Now both have accomplished an understanding and appreciation of music that we thought in the beginning to be impossible at our age,

We have been teaching our two boys, 6 and 8 years of age. The older boy has been studying and practising your music for about one year, and plays many other pieces. We feel and hope he will develop into a musical artist. A person's first remark, after hearing him play is "Who taught him?" When, after explaining your system of teaching, they say, "How wonderful." Also they had heard and read of your school, but did not believe it could be done.

Our youngest boy is doing his scales and finger exercises, and chatters while the other boy plays your music, and it turns their games at play into musical games.

We hope everyone will understand how unselfish in principle your home study of teaching is, as it gives all members of a family a chance to acquire a musical education for the cost of only one: and am sure you cannot blame all of us for taking advantage of this under the circumstances

Music has awakened in us a new sense, which brings a deeper feeling of happiness within our home, of which we never possessed before taking and studying your course. Music soothes the mind and gives comfort under affliction so we give music a definite place in our home which has become a social center for all in our neighbourhood.

Very respectfully,

MRS. and MR. C. A. CRAWFORD.

Learn to Play and Sing in Spare Time at Home

The U. S. School of Music's famous home study system. You can learn in your spare time at home with no one around to embarrass you. You will find the lessons so interesting that every moment is a joy. Your progress will be rapid and sure. This system is so radically different from old hard-road methods that thousands who have proven its efficiency have recommended it to their friends. Over 250,000 successful pupils in all parts of the world—all ages, boys and girls and men and women up to 70—are singing its praises. Hundreds of enthusiastic letters testify to its absolute efficiency. It is owing to the recommendation of those successful satisfied pupils that the U. S. School of Music has become the largest in the world.

Prove the Method for Yourself

You need not judge these methods by what others say. Prove them for yourself. You can take any course on trial: Singing or any instrument you prefer—and judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason you are not satisfied with the course, then it won't cost you a single penny. On the other hand if you are pleased with the course, the total cost amounts to only a few cents a lesson with your music and everything included.

When learning to play and sing is so easy, why confine your enjoyment to merely listening? At least send for the Free Book which tells all about these methods. You will find this book absorbingly interesting, because it shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into actual fact.

Just now the U.S. School of Music is making a special short time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two. Why not send your name now before this special offer is withdrawn? There is no obligation. Simply use the coupon or write a letter or on a post card and send it to the U. S. School of Music, 106 Brunswick Building, N. Y. City.

DAVID F. KEMP,
President of U. S. School of Music,
106 Brunswick Building,
New York City.

Please send me your free book, "How to Learn Music at Home," and particulars of your special offer.

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PLEASE PRINT NAME

Address .....

City Province .....

FLEET FOOT

In Town and Country

means the same attractive styles—the same easy comfort, the same sound economy—that Fleet Foot means in the city.

It is good policy to have two or three pairs of Fleet Foot, colored ones for work in the garden or on the farm—white ones when work is over and pleasure begins.

You can have several pairs of Fleet Foot for the price of one pair of leather shoes.

There are Fleet Foot styles and sizes for men, women and children—for week days and Sunday—for work and holiday time.

DOMINION RUBBER SYSTEM

Fleet Foot Shoes are Dominion Rubber System Products

The Best Shoe Stores Sell Fleet Foot

Happiness and Honey

(*Continued from page 33*)

hive—but they always return to the home hive.

In marketing honey, proper grading and packing is essential.

If the apiary is of moderate size, the best place is to develop a home market. If you have more honey than the home market can use a city market should be secured.

One enterprising young bee-keeper took a small cage of live bees under his arm and visited the business offices of a near-by city, taking orders for honey to be delivered C.O.D. to the purchaser and in this way built up a profitable trade.

Putting comb-honey into attractive packages or the extracted honey in bright, clean cans or clean bottles means increased business always. A printed label with half-tone cut of the apiary and a few words about the purity and excellence of your honey may be inexpensively secured and add to the selling strength greatly.

A Modern Bee Veil.

One man, over 70 years old, puts up his honey in quart jars and visits factories and shops at the noon hour, giving a human little talk on bees. He gets 50 cents a quart for his honey and averages a net profit of $2,000.

It is generally acknowledged that wintering bees out-of-doors is the best plan. This, however, necessitates care in the matter of extra packing to bring the bees through their long winter sleep in good condition. The best way, especially for Canadian winters, is to use the winter-proof case—a strong board frame fitting over the hive and packed inside with shavings or sawdust—the top being covered with waterproof roofing.

In wintering indoors, a clean, dry cellar with darkened windows may be used—the temperature of the cellar should be about 40 to 60 degrees.

When you consider the bee season covers a period of a little over six months—the source of revenue to be secured from bee-keeping is both attractive and profitable.

To those who feel the urge either of necessity or desire for sweet-scented fields, to those who would draw new strength from the smiling silence of the warm sun and virility from the good brown earth—turn, then, to the wise little bees and find health and happiness in Honey.

Prize Winners
FOR KIDDIE KUT-OUTS

A BOX of crayons or paints and a painting book have been sent to each of the following prize winners.

First prize—Katherine Fallness, Thief River Falls, Minnesota, U.S.A. Second—Frank Read, 2054 Chateaubriand Ave., Montreal, Que. Third—Zipporah Steele, Burgoyne's Cove, Smith's Sound, Trinity Bay, Newfoundland. Fourth—Ruby Lupton, 2792 Pender St. E., Vancouver, B.C. Fifth—Ada Dunphy, Salmonier, North Side, Newfoundland. Sixth—Dorothy Trollope, 253 Albany Ave., Toronto, Ont. Seventh—Maggie Milling, Tugaske, Sask. Eighth—Ross Culbert, Little Britain, Ont. Ninth—Peggy Fordham, Odsey Ashwell, Baldock, Herts, England. Tenth—Margaret Lyons, Gormley, Ontario.

THE OLD WOMAN'S KUT-OUTS

First prize—Denis Barry, Red Island, Placentia Bay, Newfoundland. Second—M. Blair, 10613 96th st., Edmonton, Alta. Third—Alethea Alexander, Gore Bay, Ont. Fourth—Betty Jones, 222 Regina St., New Westminster, B.C. Fifth—Mary Matheson, Bishop's Court, Winnipeg, Man. Sixth—Beatrice Clarke, 603 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ont. Seventh—Halley Hern, Empress, Alta., Box 36. Eighth—Margaret O'Toole, Louisburg, Cape Breton. Ninth—Elsie Scott, Moorefield, Ont., R.R. No. 3. Tenth—Master Aubrey Rector, Springhill Mines, King St., Comb. Co., Nova Scotia.

Clean your carpets with a

BISSELL'S

Strong Suction

VACUUM SWEEPER

Has greater cleaning suction than the average electric at a fraction of their price. Don't be misled by its outward appearance. It is not to be compared to other cleaners of this type. It runs easier and cleans better. With this Bissell you do not need electricity to keep your carpets and rugs clean; it works like a carpet sweeper—with one hand.

Let your dealer show you one this week. Price $13 to $17.50: "Cyco" Ball Bearing carpet sweepers, many patterns, ranging down from $9.50, depending upon style and locality.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
of Canada, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont. (Factory)
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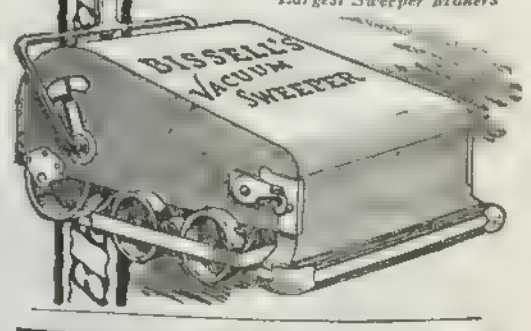
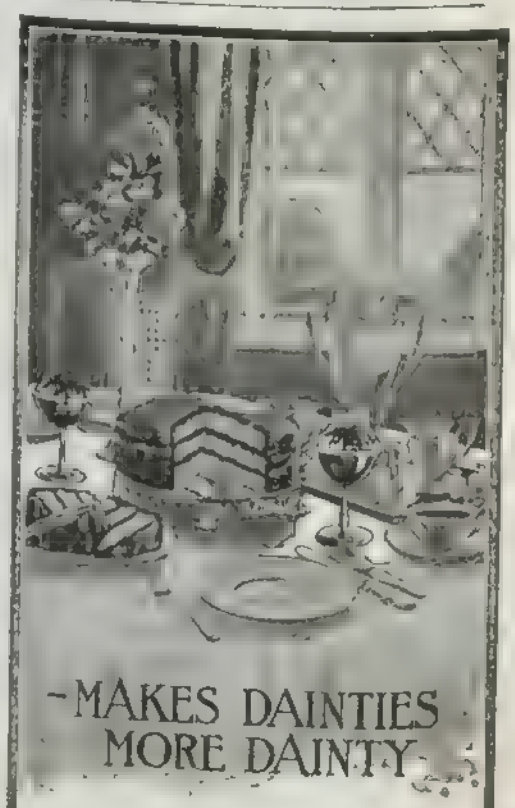
Largest Sweeper Makers





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The next time you prepare a cake, dessert, ice cream or a sundae, use that toothsome flavoring—Mapleine. Your guests will be delighted with the rich old-fashioned maple taste it imparts. It adds greatly to the joy of any occasion. So use

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The Golden Flavor

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2 cups sugar, 1 cup water and half teaspoonful of Mapleine.

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Mapleine contains no maple sugar, syrup nor sap but produces a taste similar to maple

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2 oz. bottle 50c

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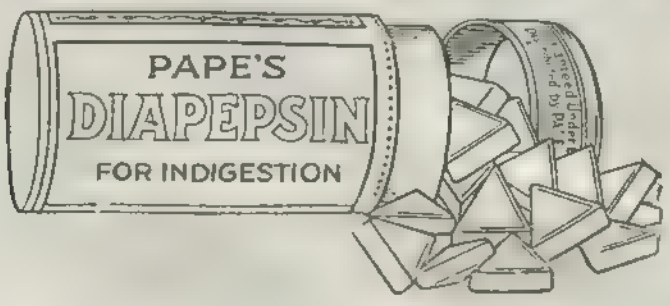

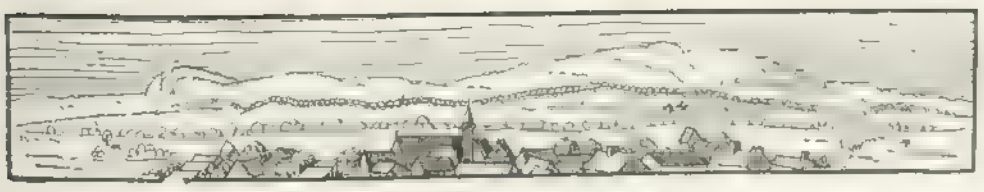

The Home Cooking Class

(Continued from page 17

let rise to double in bulk. Add beaten egg, and ½ cup floured raisins may be added. Sift in sufficient flour to make thick batter. Cover, allow to rise. Pour into buttered bread pans. Just before putting in oven spread top with following mixture:

2 tablespoons butter, 1/3 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons flour.

Melt butter, add sugar and cinnamon. When melted, add flour. Bake in a moderate oven. (Group 3.)

Crullers

QUARTER cup milk, ½ teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon sugar or molasses, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ yeast cake, flour.

Heat milk to blood heat and dissolve yeast in a small amount of liquid and add to remainder; sift in sufficient flour to make a batter, beat well, sift in flour enough to make a soft dough. Turn out on a floured board and knead well. Place in a greased bowl, cover and let rise. When risen to double in bulk, roll out to ¾-inch thickness. Cut into strips 2 inches long by 1 inch wide, or cut with a round cutter. Place on a buttered platter and let rise to half the size again. Fry in deep hot fat and when a golden brown drain on crumpled brown paper Roll in powdered sugar. (Group 4.)

Crumpets

PAT or roll out risen bread dough to ½ inch thickness. Cut with floured cutter. Render out some bacon in a frying pan. Place on dough. Cook slowly on one side. Turn and brown on the other. (Group 4.)

Jumbles

ONE cup flour, 6 tablespoons sugar (fruit), 4 tablespoons butter, ¼ cup chopped nuts, 1 egg.

METHOD—Cream the butter, add the sugar and the beaten egg. Sift and add the flour. Form into balls. Place on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a quick oven golden brown. (Group 5.)

Crumb Cake

TWO cups flour, ½ pound bread crumbs, 1 egg, ¼ pound currants, ½ cup sugar, ¼ cut butter, ¼ cup lard, 1 teaspoon mixed spices, 6 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup milk.

METHOD—Sift the flour, baking powder and spices into a basin. Rub in the lard, currants, sugar and the bread crumbs, then add the beaten egg and the milk. Put into a buttered dish and bake until the straw comes out dry. (Group 3.)

Cheese Straws

ROLL out pastry to ¼-inch thickness. Sprinkle half the dough with cheese, salt and paprika. Fold over other half and press edges together. Roll out and repeat. Cut in strips ½ by 5 inches. (Group 5.)

Oatmeal Date Cakes

TWO cups rolled oats, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup butter, ½ cup lard, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ cup milk, flour to make a stiff dough. 1 pound dates 2/3 cups, and ¼ cup water for filling.

METHOD—Wash and stone dates, place in a saucepan with sugar and water. Cook to a paste.

Cream butter and lard together and add sugar, cream well. Add rolled oats, then flour and baking powder sifted together alternately with milk. Add enough flour to make a stiff dough. Place on a slightly floured board and roll out to ¼ inch thickness. Spread half the dough with the date mixture. Fold over other half of rolled dough and cut into squares or fancy shapes with a cookie cutter. Bake in a moderate oven. (Group 4.)

Graham Muffins

TWO cups flour, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon melted butter.

METHOD—Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add the wet ingredients to the dry. Beat until smooth. Add butter (melted). Pour into greased tins and bake in a moderate oven about 25 minutes. (Group 3.)

Rock Cakes

ONE and one-half cups brown sugar, 1 cup butter, 2 eggs, 1½ cups chopped walnuts, 2 tablespoons hot water, ½ teaspoon soda, 1½ cups raisins, 2 cups flour.

METHOD—Cream the butter, add the sugar. Add slightly beaten eggs Add soda dissolved in hot water. Sift in flour, add floured raisins and nuts with last amount of flour. Drop on floured and greased baking sheet in teaspoonfuls. Bake in a moderate oven 15 minutes. (Group 5.)

Oat Cakes

ONE cup oatmeal, 1 cup flour(pastry) 2 teaspoons salt, 2 tablespoons lard, 2 tablespoons butter, cold water.

METHOD—Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Cut in shortening with two knives. Cut in enough cold water to mix to the stiff dough stage. Roll out to 1/8 inch thickness and cut into triangles. Place on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven until a crisp brown. (Group 5.)

Fruit Rolls

TWO cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon butter, 2/3 cup milk

METHOD—Sift flour, baking powder, and salt into a bowl. Cut in fat and milk enough to make a soft dough. Toss on floured board. Roll out to ½ inch thickness. Spread with soft butter, sprinkle with cinnamon and brown sugar and then currants or chopped raisins. Roll and cut into 1-inch slices. Place cut side down on a floured and greased baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven. (Group 4.)

Dutch Apple Cake

QUARTER cup butter, ¼ cup sugar, 6 tablespoons milk, 1 egg, 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, salt.

METHOD—Mix and sift flour and baking powder. Cream butter the and add sugar gradually beating until smooth. Add well beaten egg and flour and milk alternately. Turn out on a floured board and pat until of ½ inch thickness. Wash and pare and core apples. Cut in dice, inset apples. Sprinkle with cinnamon. Bake in a moderate oven 35 minutes. (Group 3.)

NOTE—In the Home Cooking Class lesson in our April issue the illustration of groups two and three were interchanged by mistake. These illustrations and the captions beneath them should show group two, pancakes, waffles and fritters as examples of medium batter, flour and liquid used in equal amounts. Group three should have illustrated drop doughnuts, muffins and cake mixture as examples of thick batter, two parts flour to one part liquid.

Equipping the Bride's Kitchen

(Continued from page 20)

1½-quart Pudding Pan	.73	Soap Dish	.25
Cake Pans	1.00	Egg Beater	.65
Muffin Pan	1.15	Food Chopper	4.35
Drip Pan	.75	Flour Sifter	.25
Strainer	.45	Can Opener	.35
Glass Measuring Cup	.25	Biscuit Cutter	.05
Ladle	.22	Paring Knife	.20
Spoon, 10-inch	.50	Bread Knife .35 .50	.75
Tea Strainer	.10	Butcher Knife .50 .80	1.00
Potato Masher	.15	Fork	.65
Dish Pan	1.25	Cake Turner	.13
Dish Drainer	1.10	Corkscrew	.25
Lemon Squeezer	.35		

Forty—the Dangerous Age for Men

IT is then that the dread Pyorrhea is most likely to get established in the mouth. It is then that long-continued dental neglect tells.

Pyorrhea—which afflicts four out of five people over forty—begins with nothing more alarming than tender and bleeding gums. But as this insidious disease progresses, the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to free the system of the poisonous Pyorrhea germs that lodge in little pockets around them.

It is to the infection of these deadly germs that medical science has traced many of the ills of middle age—weakened vital organs, nervous disorders, rheumatism, anaemia, and other serious ailments.

End your Pyorrhea troubles before they begin. See your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection, and start using Forhan's For the Gums today

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress, if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices will not do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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For the charm of good furniture lies not alone in the grace of outline, the grain of the wood or the richness of upholstery—rather in the exquisite cleanliness and smoothness of surface that bespeak intelligent care.

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PREPARED WAX

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Paste—The perfect floor finish — wood, linoleum, tile or marble.

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Powdered—For perfect dancing floors.

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But not everyone knows that it can be made in a wide variety of pretty and delicious dishes.

Junket
MADE *with* MILK

can be varied in many attractive ways. Every package of Junket Tablets contains a recipe booklet. Read it carefully and try the recipes.

You will be sure to delight the family—and the children will "want some more".

Nesnah — the Powdered Junket

is the same as Junket Tablets except it is in powdered form and already sweetened and flavored. It comes in 6 pure flavors, delicious in taste and appearance Simply add milk.

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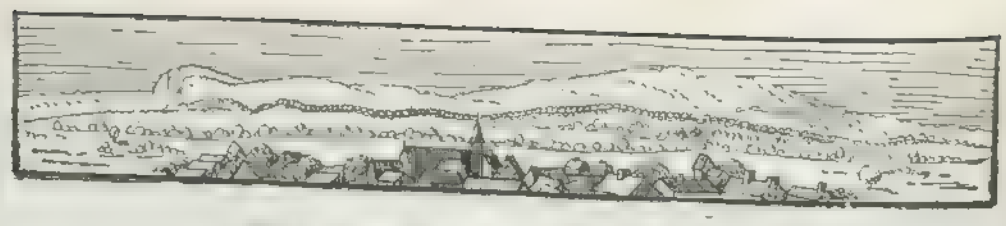


The Reason Why

(*Continued from page 11*)

Mrs. Hollis saw it long before she saw the immaculately-brushed head of hair he bared for her inspection when he opened the door, long before she noticed the Sunday suit which he had donned in honour of the occasion, and her heart gave a little throb of pain.

Hollis had never worn a flower in his coat all day—just an hour or two, and then it was taken out and carefully put on the chimney-piece in a glass of water.

"Flowers have their feelings, same as we have," he would say, and Mrs. Hollis had unquestioningly adopted his belief.

Lush scraped his boots on the mat with exaggerated care, apologized for having a hat to hang up, and modestly chose the peg on the darkest side of the hat-rail whereon to deposit it.

"That's the same peg where George always hung his," said Mrs. Hollis, reminiscently; then she recollected herself, and added hastily: "But you're welcome."

Lush said nothing, but he quietly moved his hat to the next peg before he followed his future bride into the parlour.

Only that evening he had been wondering what it would be like to see Elizabeth's dresses hanging in the cupboard where a certain pink frock had once hung, and he guessed that some such retrospection was exercising the mind of Mrs. Hollis.

His heart warmed with sympathy towards her as he crossed the parlour and deposited his large frame in the most substantial-looking chair the room boasted—an oaken high-backed chair by the window.

Mrs. Hollis had been stopping over a basket of knitting on the table, but now she looked up.

"Won't you be more comfortable over here?" she said hastily drawing forward a small, cushioned chair. "It's a chilly night, and there's a draught by the window."

"I'm very comfortable," replied Joseph Lush. "Thank you all the same."

He pulled out his pipe and tobacco.

"If I may?" he said, apologetically.

"Please do," murmured the widow.

She took up the knitting and began "turning a heel" with feverish fingers. It would all have to be undone later, of course, for what woman can successfully accomplish such a tricky piece of work as "turning a heel" when her thoughts are with an interloper who is calmly occupying the chair where the lover of her youth once sat and smiled at her—an interloper with a dead carnation in his coat—an interloper smoking shag of the strongest description—the scent of which would surely cling for days to the sanctity of the parlour which never before had been sullied by the presence of My Lady Nicotine?

"George never smoked," said Mrs. Hollis suddenly.

She had not meant to say it—the words slipped out quite unconsciously.

Lush took his pipe from his mouth and stared at her with a frown.

"I asked if I might," he said slowly.

Mrs. Hollis dropped her ball of wool and groped after it.

"Oh, I don't mind—I don't indeed," she protested, nervously. "Please smoke, please do! Joe!" She added his name with soft kindliness.

Joseph Lush restored his pipe to his lips with fingers that were not quite steady.

"Joe!"

Another voice out of the past seemed to echo that little name through the silence of the room—seemed to echo it with sad reproach.

Lush cleared his throat nervously.

"Perhaps," he said slowly—"perhaps as we're neither of us young, Elizabeth—it would be better for you to call me 'Joseph.' . . . The—the other name's all right for a youngster, but—but it don't sound respectful to a man of my years! It's just as if I called you Betsy . . . and you wouldn't like that, now, would you?"

Down went the knitting, and up came a flushed, indignant face.

"I should think not!" said Mrs. Hollis, emphatically. "Why—why—"

She broke off, biting her lip—and for a moment the burly, astounded figure of Farmer Lush was blurred and indistinct.

"I—I think Elizabeth sounds better," she added meekly, realizing with dismay that for the third time she had very nearly blurted out some reminiscence of the departed George.

He called her "Betsy" in their courting days, and long after, when he was in particularly high feather; but for the past four years, since the rainy September afternoon, she had always been "Elizabeth" to her intimates and "Mrs. Hollis" to her acquaintances, and this man's somewhat abrupt utterance of her girl's name had brought back the past with painful vividness.

There was silence in the parlour for some moments.

FARMER LUSH sat staring before him moodily. His pipe—though it still hung dejectedly between his lips, had gone out, and he made no effort to rekindle the cold embers. Once he took it from his mouth, looked at it, sighed, and shook his head.

He was a bit of a philospoher in his way, and—mentally, he compared the dead tobacco with the youth he had left behind him. Useless to try to rekindle a fire that was dead—useless to try to force into life old feelings—old memories—to try to live the old happiness over again.

He looked at Mrs. Hollis—she was staring at him—at the dead flower in his coat.

Farmer Lush rose suddenly to his feet.

"I think I'll be going, Elizabeth," he said suddenly.

Mrs. Hollis rose, too.

"It's late," said said, glancing at the clock, which pointed to half-past eight.

She followed him to the door, and stood by silently, whilst he took down his hat and buttoned his coat.

"Well, good-night," he said.

"Good-night," returned Mrs. Hollis.

It was an awkward moment.

Farmer Lush twisted his hat and looked at the peg where the departed George had always hung his.

"We've nothing to wait for, Elizabeth," he said, goaded into speech. How soon will you come up to the farm?"

Mrs. Hollis gave a little gasp and for a moment everything seemed to swim before her—the only thing she saw clearly was the drooping head of the carnation in Lush's buttonhole.

Then suddenly the world about her steadied, and out of the silence she heard herself speak—quite clearly and firmly.

"I don't think, Joseph, that I'll ever come," she said. "I like you very much—but things can't ever be the same as they were when George was alive—I should be always thinking of him and wondering if he knew—and what he thought—and I daresay you'd be thinking of your Ruth in the same way. It don't do! I know there are folks that say a second marriage is often the happiest—but—well——"

She broke off, looking up at him.

"If you spoke the truth, Joseph, you'd say that you, for one, didn't believe it!"

Farmer Lush said nothing. He hardly knew whether he was relieved or disappointed at her words—the only clear point in his mind was that she was refusing to marry him—that her dresses would never hang in the cupboard where the pink cotton frock had once hung.

"If you like to think it over and let me know," he stammered. "There's no hurry for a bit."

Mrs. Hollis shook her head.

"It won't do," she said.

She took her eyes from the drooping carnation and raised them to the empty peg at the end of the hat-rail.

She forgot all the times she and Hollis had had disagreements, even quarrels—she forgot that sometimes even he had been rude and neglectful, and she remembered the man only as he had been in their courting days she was looking back at the *Shadow* and refusing the *Substance* in the large person and larger heart of Farmer Lush.

"It wouldn't do," she repeated.

There was another silence Farmer Lush dropped his hat, picked it up and dropped it again.

"Well, I think I'll be getting along," he said at length.

Mrs. Hollis opened the front door.

"Good-night, Joseph," she said, and—being a woman—there was a small ache in her heart to think that he was taking his dismissal so quietly.

She held a kindly hand to him.

The farmer took it in his big grasp.

The harvest moon was climbing the sky, and its golden light shone down full on the widow's comely face

"You're the best woman in the world—next to Ruth," he said, with a returning memory of a girl's face blushing up at him from a rose-trimmed hat.

Surrounded by the remembered glamour of those far-away days, he forgot that his Ruth had lost her peach-bloom cheeks and that her soft voice had often raised shrewishly—and remembered only the girl he had courted.

Mrs. Hollis smiled.

"And if it hadn't been for George," she said, graciously, "I'd sooner have married you than any man——"

Farmer Lush loosed her hand and stepped out into the garden.

The chill air of the early autumn evening was heavy with the scent of carnations

"Good-night," he said awkwardly and walked away.

Mrs. Hollis went back to the parlour and set wide the window.

"It'll take a week to get the smell of smoke out," she said, as she took up her work.

Then she sighed and smiled together.

"But he's a fine looking man," she added, "and if I wasn't sure George would never have married again if I'd left him, I'd——"

She did not finish her words, but she went over to the open window and looked down the road.

But Farmer Lush was out of sight, round the bend, standing still in the moonlight with a dead carnation in his hand.

"I never could wear a buttonhole," he ruminated. "But—well, it was kind of her to give it to me, seeing what store she sets on 'em—and—if it hadn't been for Ruth——"

He looked at the flower, put it carefully back in his buttonhole, and walked on.

IT WAS the following week that Farmer Lush fell asleep in the train on his way home from Little Helpton market.

It was a thing he had never done in his life, and when, as the train jolted over the level crossing, he awoke with a start, a positive feeling of shame engulfed him.

He felt like a boy who had been caught stealing apples, as he sat up hurriedly and glanced round the carriage to see if anybody were laughing; but there was nobody to laugh—he had the carriage to himself—and with a relieved sigh he sank back in the corner, contemplating a further forty winks, when a voice from the next compartment arrested him, and the mention of his own name.

The railway carriages from Little Helpton on market day were rather of the obsolete pattern—wood having apparently been exhausted when the walls were half-constructed, with the result that by standing up—if one were fairly tall—one could see the whole length of the coach through each of the six compartments.

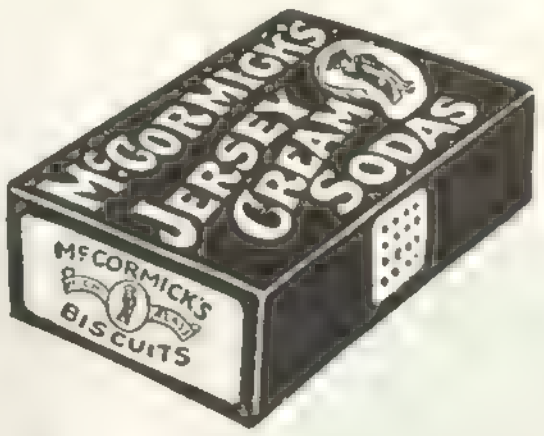
Conversations, consequently, if the speakers were loud-voiced, were public property, and in this case, the speaker was loud-voiced.

He was also a neighbour of Farmer Lush, and one whom the farmer excessively disliked, so he sat up now, very wide awake, listening.

"Get along!" the voice was saying "Don't you tell me! Mrs. Hollis ain't thinking of marrying Lush, and don't you believe it! Why, I believe if she were asked, she'd rather go to church with me than him. But you take it from me that she won't go to church with nobody again; she thought too much of George Hollis, for all that he weren't particular to a kiss or two when she weren't looking! It's wonderful how blind women can be when they're set on a man, now isn't it? Why, I've seen Hollis, with my own eyes, talkin' to Farmer Lush's missus for a hour or more—I've seen him give her bunches of them blessed carnations his widow makes such a set-to about; and many a time since he's been dead, when I've seen her going to the cemetery to put flowers on his grave, I've thought to meself what she'd say if she knew as much as I do. A bit of a humbug, that's what Hollis was, with all respects to the dead, and I reckon if he's anywhere where he can see what's goin' on on this earth now, he's had many a smile to think 'ow he hoodwinked her! But she don't mean to marry Lush, you mark my word."

Farmer Lush sat very still, staring at the dirty floor of the carriage. He had never particularly cared for George Hollis—in fact, he had rather despised him—chiefly because he was a teetotaler and a non-smoker—but that he had ever deliberately deceived Elizabeth—this was news.

(*Continued on page 40*)



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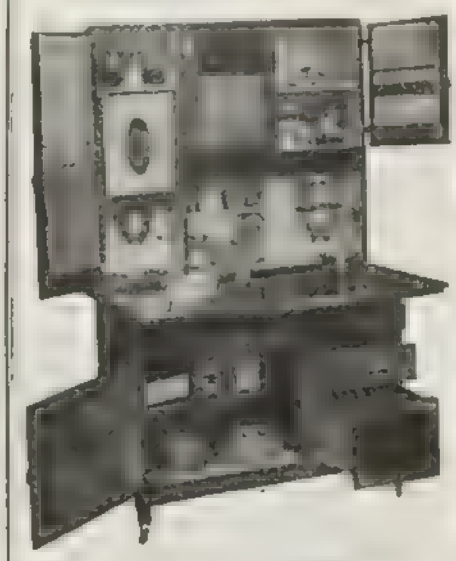

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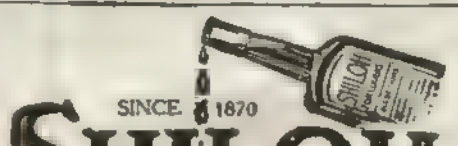

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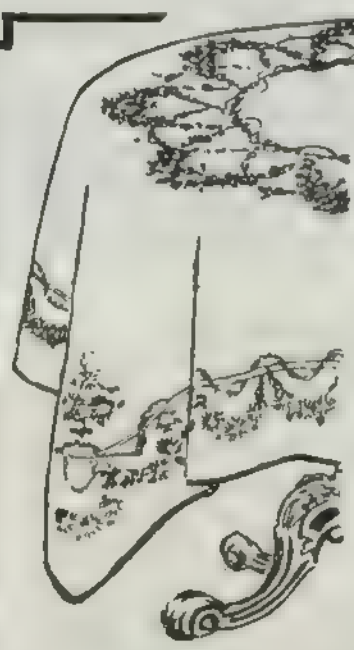

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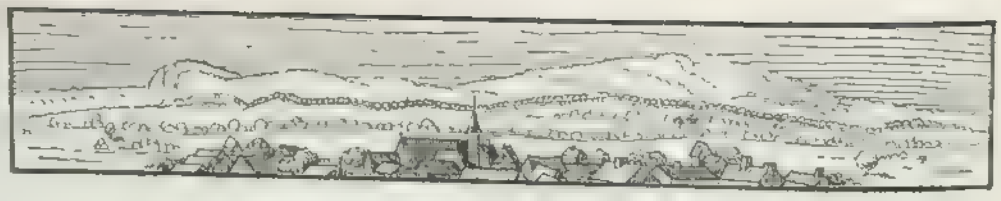

The Reason Why

(*Continued from page 39*)

So he had given Ruth carnations, had he? The farmer frowned as he glared at the floor.

A half-determination to get up and inform the speaker of his presence seized him, but on second thought he changed his mind.

If there were anything to know—he might as well hear it—he could give the speaker a thrashing afterwards, if the occasion warranted it.

Another voice was speaking now—a voice strange to the farmer.

"Yes, it's wonderful how blind folks are, sometimes—not but that the women are the same in their artfulness; and if you can believe gossip—and, to my mind, there's never smoke without fire—Ruth Lush only married her man for the money he could give her. My home was in the same village as hers when we was both young, and all the folks down there knew of a young chap that she was set on, who went off to sea, and forgot her. In a rare way she was, when she heard he was married. She always said she'd never care about another man, and she only took Lush for his money. Why, he must have been years older than she was—she couldn't have been more than six-and-thirty when she died, and married twenty years. It strikes me, mate," the speaker added, with a knowing chuckle, "that we're better off than the married men, after all, for all that they make fun of the bachelors. Hullo! Here we are!"

The train drew up with a great deal of fuss and groaning and Farmer Lush rose slowly to his feet.

The next compartment was empty—away down the platform he could see the two men walking quickly out of the station.

He followed slowly, with a sudden sense of loneliness

Memories may be poor comfort—but, when you take them from a man who has lost all else—the world is a dreary place.

THE WEEK following the breaking of her short engagement was a trying one to the Widow Hollis. Nothing seemed to go right. An early frost killed off her cherished carnations and her landlord threatened to put up the rent. So, when on the afternoon of the market day following the farmer's last visit, a neighbour dropped in for a cup of tea, Mrs. Hollis was unlike her usual cheery self.

The neighbour was voluble and aggressive.

"I've come to hear all about it," she began, loosening her bonnet strings. "I wanted to come over as soon as I heard, only Tommy was down with measles, and then Gracie went and burnt herself and so I've had my hands full. But I've come at last, and now you must tell me all about it."

"I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Hollis, but her hands shook as she poured out the tea, and her cheeks grew pink.

A knowing laugh was the answer.

"Well now, of course, you always was one to have your joke—but don't try to blind me, my dear, when all the village knows, and is talkin' about how soon you're going up to the farm to live!"

Mrs. Hollis set down the teapot firmly.

"I'm *never* going, Jane," she said, but her voice wavered. "He asked me. I'll not deny he asked me, but—well, it won't do. I should always be wondering if George knew, and what he was thinking—it wouldn't do. If I'd died and left him, he's not the man that would have gone and got married again."

She looked away, past her companion through the window, her eyes sorrowful.

There was a short silence, then—

"Stuff and nonsense!" said her visitor heartily. "You talkin' like that, and been married twenty years. Why, bless the woman, I know that if I died tomorrow, Jim 'ud have another wife in my place, long before a year. He's fond enough of me, in his own way, but there, when you're dead and gone, you're *dead* and gone, and that's all about it. It's a wonder to me that Lush hasn't married before, only I suppose he was waitin' for you. And now you go and tell me you've refused him because of what George would think. You take and marry him, my dear, and be thankful. He's a real good sort, is Farmer Lush, and he's got a nice bit of money put by in the bank at Little Helpton, and you'll make him a better wife than that poor, silly little thing he married. Why, he ain't ever known the meanin' of comfort, not rightly; she was all up one day, and down the next. And as for George——"

She broke off abruptly.

"Well," said Mrs. Hollis slowly, "and what about George?"

"Nothing!—except that he wasn't no different from other men, no, nor wouldn't have been neither, if you'd left him a widower. And if you don't marry Lush, Elizabeth—there's plenty that *will*. You should have seen Mary Smee smilin' at him in the market this morning—she'd give her eyes to be mistress up at the farm—and small blame to her. No, you take him, my dear. You're not a young woman now, you know, and when you get old, it's lonely by yourself."

"I've been lonely for four years," said Mrs. Hollis, with soft pathos, but whether her regret was for the days that lay behind those years, or for that day a week ago, when she had watched Farmer Lush walk away in the moonlight, seemed somewhat uncertain.

Her visitor drained her cup, tied her bonnet strings, and rose.

"Well," she said, "you think it over and take my advice, and I shall expect to hear that your house is up to let——"

"Jones has threatened to raise the rent," said the widow, sighing.

"It's Fate, that's what it is," declared the other. "And Jones'll look pretty silly when you tell him you don't care whether he raises it or not, won't he, eh?"

She laughed meaningly and Mrs. Hollis blushed, even though at the same time she shook her head.

"You're talking nonsense," she said. "And I shan't think a word about it."

But she did. She thought of it all the rest of the afternoon, and all the evening, but the only conclusion she could arrive at was that Mary Smee was a designing hussy.

After supper she took out her knitting and tried to work, but the stitches kept dropping, and at length she sat idle, her hands in her lap, while the fire died down and the wind whispered outside over the bed of dead carnations.

She thought of the past and she thought of the future—the lonely future—when she was grown old.

And it was cheerful up at the farm. There were wide, old-fashioned fireplaces and oak-raftered ceilings and a dairy, and chickens—Mrs. Hollis was exceedingly fond of chickens.

And Lush was a fine man, and if she did not have him——

"I never did like Mary Smee," said the widow aloud.

Then her heart gave a little, startled thump, for there was a knocking at the front door.

She put down her knitting and rose to answer it.

Visitors were few in the evenings and she hesitated a moment before she unfastened the latch, then she started back with a little cry, for there stood Farmer Lush.

He still wore the old suit in which he had been to market and he smelt strongly of tobacco, but the widow thought she had never seen him look so handsome.

"May I come in?" he asked, and her voice actually shook as she murmured an assent.

He walked into the parlour without further invitation, hat in hand this time, and his big form seemed to fill the small room in a most overpowering manner.

"I've come to ask you if you've changed your mind, Elizabeth," he said, without hesitation. "It's—it's lonely up at the farm, and—I'm real fond of you," he added earnestly.

"It's lonely here, too," said Mrs. Hollis, almost inaudibly.

The farmer was seized with a happy inspiration—he went around the table to the window and put his muscular arm about her waist.

"Let's be lonely together then, shall we, Betsy?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hollis. "Yes—if you like—Joe!"

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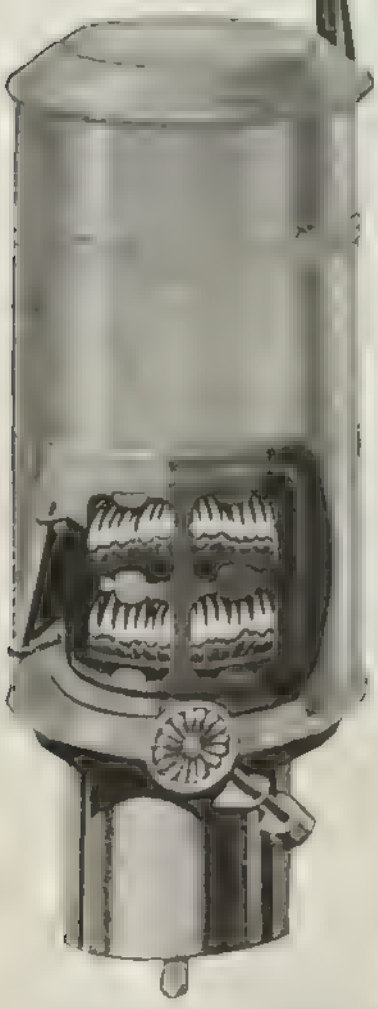

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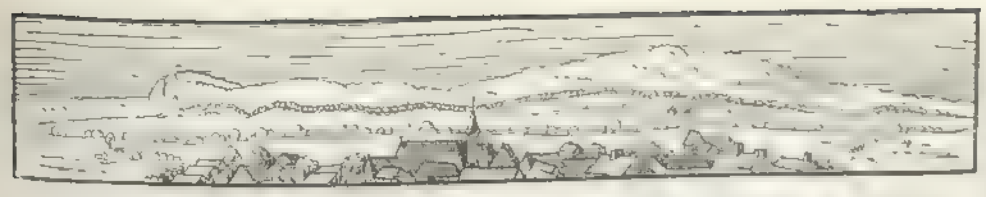

June Vegetables---How To Grow Them

(Continued from page 13)

action. Do not let them trail on the ground, but put some sticks on each side of the rows and run some two or three rows of strings to support them upright. The early peas only grow on an average of 18 inches in height. This method will allow for a row of lettuce plants to grow within 6 inches of the peas. Spinach and lettuce always revel beneath the sheltering foliage of peas.

Sow Some Late Peas

"I MUST have some Marrowfat Peas," says the Amateur Gardener. The first early wrinkled peas are small and prolific, but in the finest Marrowfats there is quality, sweetness and the highest percentage of food value obtainable. Every owner of a garden will admit they are not satisfied with things until they have tasted a dish of Marrowfat Peas. There are two varieties highly recommended for the limited garden—"Stratagem Improved"—1½ feet—good cropper, and "Dwarf Telephone," 1½ feet—splendid flavour and heavy, large pods.

How to Sow Late Peas

NO ONE is going to get success by simply drawing a drill, sowing the seed and then expecting a crop. It must be remembered that the price of good seed is expensive owing to the demand and scarcity. The old garden adage must be the golden rule throughout all garden operations: "If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well." To get profitable returns from late peas, a trench must be made. Put down a garden line, then, with a spade, take out the top spit, the depth of the spade, placing the soil in near proximity. Get some well rotted manure and fork this in deep in the subsoil in the bottom of the trench. The top soil that was removed can be put back, incorporating rotten manure with the soil. Do not fill up the trench, but allow about four inches from the top after the peas are sown for manurial waterings and a top-mulching of manure as a summer treatment later on. This system of improving the subsoil enriches the garden and as all vegetables are gross feeders, it is essential to encourage their roots to go downward and seek manure. Just merely forking manure in the ground is not going to produce a crop. To give a heavy yield it is necessary to allow the plant to make surface roots directly the sun gains power. The crop suffers for want of moisture. Dig deep if you want gold and so with peas. Their roots will often travel two feet in length. Mice are rather troublesome to peas, but a nipper trap or lime sprinkled over the rows will keep away birds and mice after the seed has been sown. Do not introduce poisons about your garden if simple methods will answer the purpose.

Cabbage and Cauliflowers

AN IMPORTANT crop to study are Cabbage and Cauliflower. Plants that were put out in the early part of May should be frequently cultivated. Do not run the teeth of the cultivator too deep so that the fibrous roots are torn off the plants, but about three inches to let in nature's element in the soil, sun and air, to develop the crop. Cabbages and late cauliflowers can still be planted. I do not advise many of the latter, as they take up such a lot of room. It is only on certain soils cauliflower will come to perfection. It needs a stiff loam with a moist subsoil and should come under the system of irrigation. If the garden is limited, do not introduce the large sort, which take a long time to mature.

For late summer cutting, plant now Henderson's Summer—a very compact and solid variety. An early sort, as Jersey Wakefield, planted now, will in turn be very acceptable.

If space permits and some cabbages are required for winter storing, you can purchase plants of Danish Ball Head. This is a reliable variety for small plot cultivation. Very solid and small.

A Wise Motto--"Look Ahead"

ALWAYS try to get a quick growing crop wherever there is a chance. In other words, a "catch crop." In planting cabbages, setting out tomatoes, (which should be placed a good distance apart), and sowing corn, a crop can be taken off the land while the plants are making roots (establishing themselves in their respective quarters)and before they reach development, some Breakfast Radishes or Head Lettuce can be secured without interfering with the other plants. If you have a fence, garden arch or chicken house, let your vegetable marrows and pumpkins trail over such structures. Ground is too valuable for such crops as these, that make such a large amount of vegetable tissue and substance. Plant some artichoke sets along the unsightly fence. They are a profitable crop to grow as a vegetable and for making soups.

Marrows

APART from the ordinary run of the trailing vegetable marrow, the Custard, or Bush Marrow, is most suitable for the small gardens. The plants do not trail over the ground, but grow in a cluster. The product grows from out of the stem of the marrow plant. To get the best result, dig a hole about two feet deep and place some rotten manure at the bottom. In putting back the soil, mix it well with plenty of manure. Sow about three seeds at a distance of six inches apart in this space. Marrow seed quickly germinate and in a short space there will be a good cluster of medium-sized marrows. Do not fill the hole level with the ground. Allow for ample waterings, during the hot weather.

Spinach

I MUST not overlook my spinach crop. The early spinach crop is well advanced. I should like to grow a further supply as this vegetable is only a catch crop and can be grown in between the rows of French Dwarf Beans or young cabbages when they are just planted. Spinach soon runs to seed directly the hot weather sets in. Nevertheless, it is a valuable crop on account of its medicinal properties (iron). Also it matures long before the early cabbages. "Try this."

New Zealand Spinach

THIS variety is very little known, although it is listed in the descriptive catalogue. It should be grown for its usefulness. It is a "cut and come" variety. This species can be grown in June along the edges of our garden. We often want something to give the garden a finishing touch. The seed must be sown about one foot away from the path, as this variety is of a trailing nature. The seedlings should be thinned out to six inches apart. Shortly there will be masses of tender green foliage which makes an attractive vegetable. As fast as the shoots are kept pinched off, the stems will keep on producing lateral shoots and so on throughout the season. If this plant is kept well supplied with manurial waterings, it will go on producing food until cut down by the frost.

Swiss Chard

MENTION must be made of Swiss Chard or Spinach Beet. This is grown for its leaves only. It needs a very rich soil and the best returns can be obtained from sowing in a deeply manured trench, thinning out the seedlings to one foot apart. It is not necessary to grow a large number of plants as it takes up some amount of space, but six food plants and the New Zealand Spinach, as recommended, will furnish a fair sized family of a delicious summer vegetable.

Beans

OUR BEAN crop calls for attention at the present time. The high price of potato sets this year, together with the cost of purchasing Paris Green to exterminate the potato bug, makes it necessary to use plenty of Beans for a good substitute as a staple food. In preserving for winter use and as a summer vegetable, Bean Culture are very easily managed. Do not miss the present time for sowing but get in as large an amount as possible. The crop can be grown in between your bush fruits. Plant a few seeds amongst your strawberry patch at various positions and also amongst the sweet corn.

Immediate sowing should follow in succession to those now above the ground. The pioneer of all the Bean family is "Canadian Wonder." The green pods measure 10 inches in length. It is a compact bush bean for every garden. The stringless beans of late years have come into great prominence

(Continued on page 45)

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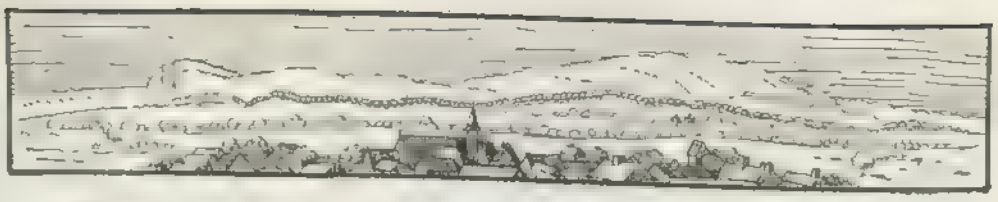


The Duke, the Slipper and Dolores

(*Continued from page 8*)

a distant voice replied, "Adieu, Edouard." Could anything have been more delightful? From that hour I admired my name.

However, when she was gone, it occurred to me that I was wet and cold and sorely tired. I turned my steps towards my friend's chateau.

This time better luck attended me and about three o'clock in the morning I reached home to find de Lausanne just starting out to search for me.

Naturally, I was annoyed. I had reached years of discretion and I told him so with some asperity, saying I had walked over to the convent.

"The convent! Why, that is five miles!" he said in surprise; and I noticed the men standing by looked at me curiously.

I withdrew to my room in a temper. If he had not been my host I would have quarreled with him. It suits me not to be stared at as though I were a wild beast.

I ROSE early next morning, and, bidding Pierre saddle my horse, I used the time I was waiting in examining Dolores' gift. Truly it was remarkable that she should give it to me, and more strange yet that she should wish me to return it, for her souvenir was a slipper —a tiny thing of blue satin with a jewelled buckle and little roses painted on it; so small it was that I marvelled any woman could wear it.

The sight of the dainty thing filled me with an impatient longing to see its mistress, and mounting my horse, I started on a gallop for the convent. But to my disappointment and chagrin, I could not find it; indeed there was no building in the forest except a ruined tower that was utterly unfit for human habitation.

In deep disgust I rode home, and at breakfast I asked de Lausanne where the convent was, mentioning carelessly that I had seen it the night before, but could not find it in my morning ride.

He looked surprised, saying any peasant could have directed me. "Although," he laughed, "they would not have led you there last night."

"Why not," I asked.

"Because they believe it is haunted. Did you not see how the servants looked at you when you said you had been to the ruin?"

"The ruin!" I cried. "I was at the convent!"

"Exactly; the ruined convent," he replied. "There is no other."

I stared at him in hopeless bewilderment.

"No other," I repeated blankly. Then, seeing his curiosity, I told him my story, and as proof showed him the slipper.

We went together to examine the old building, and my host pointed out the insecure balcony on which Dolores must have stood while she talked to me One thing we found that proved to us my lady was not a ghost; the ground within the tower was trampled and the grass destroyed as though horses had been kept there.

Perhaps Dolores had been waiting for one lover while she amused herself with another. The thought set me wild with jealousy, for I loved her. I confess that had she wished, I would willingly have married her in the dark, knowing no more of her than that she had the sweetest voice it was ever my privilege to hear.

I still had a hope of meeting her, for she had promised to ask for the slipper herself, and firmly was I resolved to yield it to no one else.

Surely this time I would see more of her, would learn her name and station, for I was determined that she should be my wife.

De Lausanne was most interested in my adventure. He, however, had not my confidence in Dolores and his suspicions and suggestions were very annoying. One of them was, I remember, that it was some Spanish plot, of indefinite purpose, and that I should notify the Regent; another, that she was a waiting maid who had robbed her mistress, and against whom the slipper was incriminating evidence. At that I lost all patience and declaring I was weary of the country, I left that night for Paris. I had forgotten Dolores' interest in that city and thought she might have been going there. The slipper I carried in my pocket, not wishing it to be roughly handled, and knowing all things entering Paris were inspected, for the rival claims of Louis' sons kept everything in a ferment.

My precaution was well taken; my baggage was ruthlessly searched. The officer in charge said it was because I had been so close to the frontier and they feared trouble with Spain.

There were constant bickerings, plots and counterplots between Philip of Orleans and Philip of Spain, added to by discontent and ambition of the Duc de Maine. Truly it seemed a vain struggle for a regency that I believed would be brief, for the baby king was very delicate.

These things, however, worried me but little. I never meddled much in politics, being a soldier, and disgusted with the trickery of both sides.

I rode gaily into Paris that sunny afternoon congratulating myself that the cares of princes were not mine and never dreaming in what a tangle I was involving my fortunes.

But for the first few days I spent my time in walking the streets and looking for Dolores; the second week I would scarcely leave my rooms, expecting a message from her every minute. My friends thought me out of my mind and frankly told me so; but I did not learn what my enemies thought until a little later.

One day, about three weeks after I returned to the city, my cousin Germain came to see me; he had not been with me two hours before he informed me the house was watched, pointing out an unwashed vagabond on the other side of the street as a member of the police force.

Naturally, I laughed at him. Why should the Regent be interested in my movements? In reply he invited me for a walk. He was right; the man followed us. My first impulse was to ask him how he dared annoy two gentlemen thus; but this Germain would not permit, advising me to leave Paris at once. I refused, of course, even if it were not for Dolores. It is not my custom to run from danger. I was surprised at his giving such advice, and told him so, which he retorted by suggesting that the police did well to watch me. In the end, Germain went home in a temper and I sulked the rest of the day, struggling with a desire to go out and drive the spy from his position before my house.

TOWARD evening it became unbearable, and as soon as it was dark I slipped out the back door and away with a delightful sense of freedom. I walked rapidly and in a short time I was at least a couple of miles from home.

It was a poor part of the city and I was considerably surprised to see a handsome Sedan chair cross one of the streets ahead of me. As I came up to the cross street I saw the porters had set it down, and a woman, wrapped in a long cloak, stepped out, hesitated a moment, then walked swiftly down the street.

I have said it was a bad neighbourhood and I was amazed to see a woman enter it alone. It was no place for her and I decided to follow her a little distance.

She did not go far. About a block from where she left the chair she met a man who, after exchanging a few words with her, handed her a letter and turned to leave her.

Just then a party of men came out of a house nearby, shouting, singing and evidently intoxicated. The lady cast a glance in their direction and called faintly to her companion, but he hurried on, disregarding her appeal. By this time I had caught up with her and drew her into a doorway until the crowd passed by.

"Fear nothing, madame," I said, as gently as I could, as she looked at me in terror. "Let me take you to your chair."

She gave a little exclamation, then said with a nervous laugh:

"I am not afraid, Monsieur de Guier." Surely I knew that voice and that charming ripple of laughter.

"Dolores!" I cried.

"Monsieur remembers, then," she murmured. "You will give me my souvenir again?"

My feelings overpowered my courtesy. "Madame," I said eagerly, "do not go away again leaving me no way of finding you. I love you; do not

(*Continued on page 46*)

June Vegetables—How To Grow Them

(Continued from page 43)

owing to their crispness and prolific qualities. The plants also hold out longer during a drought than the general varieties. The Large Marrowfat is an excellent sort of bean for preserving dry for winter purposes

Golden Wax is an early summer bean and is a good yellow stringless variety. The White Wax Bean can be grown for harvesting in the fall when the pods are ripe. They can be very admirably stored away in a glass jar for winter use.

About Watering Crops

TO GROW the bean successfully, it requires a rich soil and the frequent use of the cultivator. In using the hose pipe in watering the vegetable crops, do not make it a practice of saturating the bean foliage every night with cold water, or "rust," a disease, will threaten the crop and cause disaster. Water beans at the root often, especially during the bearing season. Many amateur gardeners make a vital mistake. There is a promising crop in the garden, but the hose pipe is often applied when the crops are in their young, active growing stage. Let your garden look dry on top, but before watering try the underneath with a fork or hand trowell. Even the inexperienced can judge the soil to see if watering is necessary. Cultivating will make your crops grow, not cold water, which chills and rots the roots.

My Hot Bed

MY EARLY hot bed looks depleted with all the plants put out in their respective positions. What shall I do with it? First we must consider that a certain amount of manure is required during the hot month of July for mulching purposes. The old hot bed manure could be reduced, wheeled in some remote part for the time being and some seeds of the out-door cucumber for the table or Chicago Pickling for winter preserving can be planted. Some melon seed as Paul Rose, a heavy cropper of a salmon flesh colour and of a melting character can be sown now. The old disused heap of manure which has answered one purpose can now produce a second crop. The trailing habits of the melon will soon take possession of it.

Thinning the Crops

TAKE out some of the quick-growing heads of lettuce and with the soil that is thrown out can be used for earthing up the celery. Late celery should be planted in trenches. If you desire early lettuce for use in salads, do not wait while the seeds already planted are coming to a head, but draw a shallow drill and sow thinly some Grand Rapids variety when it is in its rough leaf. Cut it off level with the ground (for the use of the leaves only) like the early spinach. A good point to remember is, that in thinning out all seedling vegetable plants, especially in such times as these in which the price of food stuffs is very high, the seedlings can be washed and eaten. A good example of this is the Early Globe, or any other variety of beet. Beet tops are a delicacy. If you want some quick maturing carrots and beets, do not sow the long varieties, as they are for the fall and winter use. For a rapidly growing carrot, the Early Scarlet Horn is a good sweet table carrot. The Early Eclipse Beet will soon mature for the table. Do not hurry over thinning crops. This operation needs patience and judgment. Some persons expect to thin out a crop in one thinning. It is a lot of trouble to go over the crop three or four times, but this must be done if you intend to master the art of vegetable growing. Never thin out your vegetables when the sun is shining or when the ground is dry. It means ruin at some later stage of growth. A gardener in the active months of the year must be up with the robin to catch the early snails and wood lice that feed on tender subjects and must renew activity after sunrise for thinning, cultivating and watering. After all is summed up, what does gardening afford besides a little back-aching work? It affords a healthful occupation, mentally and physically. A well kept garden adds the finishing touch to a dwelling as nothing else can.

The Use of Fertilizers

I AM afraid space does not permit of my dwelling upon this important subject in full. There is a lot to learn for the beginner, such as when and how to apply the different manures for the various crops. It has been said that fertilizers, used largely, can produce

(Continued on page 47)

CANADIAN SHOES FOR CANADIAN PEOPLE

To the People of Canada

THERE are many things which you need not buy unless you choose. But footwear is not among them. You must have shoes. From the standpoint of your health, as well as for comfort and appearance, *good* shoes are a *necessity*. And that fact alone places upon the manufacturer of shoes a responsibility which he must at all times appreciate.

That responsibility to the Canadian public is shared by the 158 manufacturers of shoes in Canada, from whom you buy nearly $50,000,000 worth of footwear every year.

The fact that we have built up an industry of such magnitude is the best evidence that we do appreciate this responsibility. One may think that our responsibility ends when we have produced footwear of honest value and sincere workmanship, and have placed it on the shelf of the retail store where it is accessible to you. That is one essential service which our industry is called upon to render.

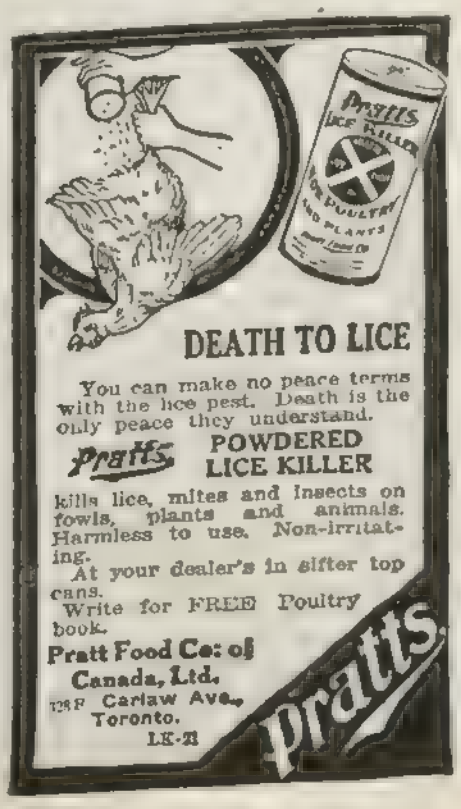
But we cannot dismiss our responsibility quite so easily. We believe that we should do more than that.

Good shoes are of such daily importance that we ought to make public certain facts and conditions which govern the quality of the product we make, and the value which you receive for your money. We ought to point out clearly, the part which *you* play, and the influence which *you* exercise, in establishing those conditions. We should urge upon you, *your own responsibility* in the matter, and show you just how you can help to maintain the quality of the footwear which we offer you.

This is the first advertisement of a series which will be devoted to that purpose.

¶ *Canada produces footwear of every desirable type, and of standard quality in all grades. When you buy Made in Canada Footwear you are assured, at fair prices always, of the utmost that modern skill can produce in Comfort, Service and Style.*

SHOE MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION OF CANADA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kills lice, mites and insects on fowls, plants and animals. Harmless to use. Non-irritating.
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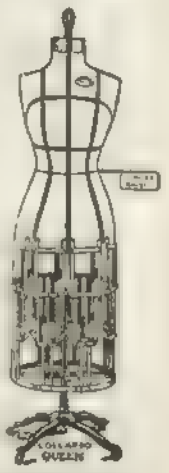
BY fitting your dresses on our "Collapso Queen" Adjustable Dress Form, you effect a saving in dressmaker's cost that will often pay for the material as well—giving you an exquisitely beautiful garment for only the time taken in making it. And in the same fashion you can remake your last season's clothes into the latest styles at no cost for labor.

The marvellous construction of the "Collapso Queen" makes it possible for you to duplicate *any* figure with it. Every section can be changed without affecting the others, and the "patented" Hinged Waist allows one hip to be made larger than the other—the waist to be adjusted without altering the hips—and half a dozen other combinations. Fitting *any* figure is a pleasure with the "Collapso Queen."

Then the form may be "collapsed" for fitting blouses or waists and for storing.



You Can Purchase on Easy Payments

If you do not wish to pay cash for the "Collapso Queen," simply send us an express or money order for $10.00, and the form will be sent at once. Then pay the balance of the instalment price ($31.50) in easy monthly instalments. Before the final instalment is paid, the form will more than have earned its cost. The cash price is $30.00. Order at once, or send for our booklet describing other adjustable dress forms. **Address Dept. E.**

What Size Form to Order

If your bust measurement is smaller than 35 in., order No. 1 Adjustable Form. If your bust measurement is larger than 35 in., and you have no occasion to use the form for any other member of the family, who has a smaller bust measurement, order size 2 form. For those whose bust measurement is 40 in. or over, we make a special size, No. 3.

ADJUSTABLE DRESS FORM CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED

14 Millstone Lane :: Toronto

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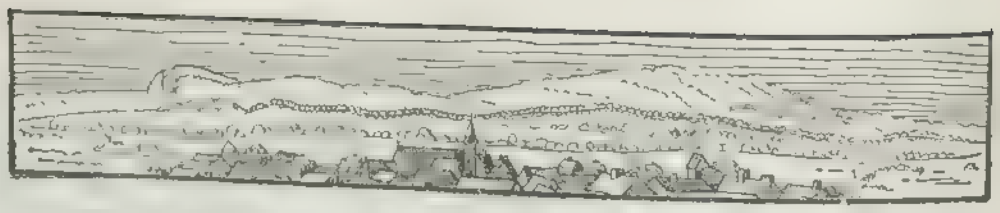
For tired, aching, irritated, itching feet warm baths with Cuticura Soap followed by gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment are most successful.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lymans, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal.
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.



The Duke, the Slipper and Dolores

(*Continued from page 44*)

laugh at me; I know I have never seen your face, that I am ignorant even of your name, but I love you and that is enough! Will you be my wife?"

She was silent for a moment, then answered quietly:

"Yes; take me now to my chair."

"Dolores," I cried, in incredulous delight, but she waved me away with a small white hand and repeated: "Take me back." I took her back in dazed bewilderment, nor did she speak again until she was safely placed in the Sedan chair. Then she leaned out of the door saying: "Give me the slipper, Monsieur. I will return it," she added, seeing my reluctance. I took it from my vest pocket and gave it to her.

"I will see you again?" I asked. She nodded and said, "Yes. Please do not follow me." I stepped back. The porters took up the chair and carried it away.

I watched it out of sight, then started home. As I turned around to go, to my intense disgust, I saw the spy was concealed in a small alley that ran between two neighbouring buildings. His eyes were fixed on the corner round which Dolores had disappeared, with an expression of evil triumph and exultation. Evidently he had followed me, in spite of all my precautions. A wave of anger swept over me. Was I to have him always at my heels? A way occurred to me to rid myself of him for a while, at least, and without waiting to think of consequences, I crept up behind and, grasping his shoulders, I flung him backward so he struck his head with sufficient force to stun him. I used my sash to tie him hand and foot and made him a gag out of my handkerchief; then I dragged him into the alley, concealed him behind some ash-barrels and went home much exhilarated by the little adventure.

I had no doubt of what Germain would think of my actions, and perhaps I was a thought too rash; but no man likes to be followed and spied upon, and I was ever a trifle impetuous. Moreover, Dolores' promise had gone to my head like new wine.

I retired to my room and spent half the rest of the night in laying plans for the future. Toward morning I fell asleep, only to be awakened about six o'clock by a furious knocking at the door. "Who is there?" I called with some asperity. "Will Monsieur le Chevalier open the door?" asked a suave voice.

"I do not wish to receive visitors. What do you want?" I demanded.

"I have a message from the Duc d'Orleans for monsieur."

"Wait, then," I answered, and as I dressed I wondered what the Regent could have to say to me. When I opened the door I found four gendarmes and an officer camped in my hall. They immediately surrounded me, and, to my amazement and indignation, marched me to a closed carriage, which drove off at full speed as though I were a dangerous criminal liable to escape. Not one of my excited questions would they answer, but gravely escorted me to the Bastille, and, informing me the Duke would see me that evening, they left me to my meditations, not very pleasant ones when I considered that men had grown old waiting for a trial.

I had no doubt that I was arrested for my ill-treatment of the spy, and most earnestly I wished I had followed Germain's prudent advice. Suppose Dolores sent for me, would she be offended at my absence, not knowing where I was? Suppose they left me in prison a month, a week even, where would she be by that time?

That was not my fate, however; that evening, after dark, I was again escorted to the carriage and driven to the palace. There my guard left me, and a gentleman I did not know requested me to follow him to the Duke. I obeyed in silence, and he led me through the brilliantly lighted salons, filled with gorgeously dressed people, where a ball was in progress. Surely it was a strange place to take a prisoner, I thought. I was keenly alive to the fact that I wore the suit I had put on in the morning, and that it was badly rumpled. The different little groups of laughing people became silent as we passed, looking at us curiously.

Never had I seen such long rooms, and we crossed three of them, elbowing our way through that dainty crowd, until at last my guide said:

"We are there, Chevalier."

Before me was a small, clear place, and on a large rug that gave the appearance of a dais without actually being so pretentious, were two armchairs, one empty, that I inferred belonged to the Duchess, the other occupied by the Regent.

He was talking to a lady who was standing near, and whose beauty was so striking that even my unpleasant situation could not prevent my admiration.

I HESITATED for a moment; my guide had left me; no one had noticed me as I joined the little circle; and, indeed, so out of place seemed a serious investigation in that brilliant ballroom that I had almost decided my arrival was due to some blundering official, when the Duke looked up and saw me.

"Ah, Monsieur de Guier," he said, "it is a long time since you have honoured us with your presence at one of our little gatherings. We are glad to see you."

"I supposed you would be, your highness, since you sent for me," I replied, drily. He opened his eyes in affected astonishment.

"I sent for you! You are surely mistaken, Chevalier; nevertheless, I have wished to see you; I have to restore some of your property that has fallen into my hands." And as he spoke he took from a table near him a small object, and gave it to me. An uncontrollable exclamation rose to my lips as I received it. It was Dolores' slipper.

The Duke leaned forward in eager interest.

"It is yours, then?" he cried; "did you bring it into Paris?"

"Certainly, monsieur," I answered, calmly putting it in my pocket. There was a movement of surprise among those around me. I noticed some one had dropped the curtains that separated the room we were in from the gay dancers in the salon. There were a half dozen of us together, all looking in curious expectancy; evidently they knew more about the affair than I did and thought they knew less, for the Duke said, sternly:

"Give us your explanation, monsieur, and first of all, who told you to bring that slipper here?"

"I have nothing to explain, your highness," I replied, more truthfully than he guessed. "No one told me to bring the slipper to Paris; I usually carry my souvenirs with me."

"Monsieur, this is dangerous trifling," warned my haughty questioner. "Who gave it to you?"

I paused in embarrassment, and before I could answer, the beautiful woman I had noticed on my entrance broke into a little peal of laughter.

"Monsieur le Chevalier is too gallant; doubtless it is a lady's gift."

"Madame, please do not interrupt us," said the Regent, angrily. "Monsieur, will you answer me?" But I was far too completely bewildered to speak. For the third time I recognized Dolores' voice; vaguely I heard the question repeated.

"Will you tell me who gave you the slipper?"

With an effort, I gathered together my scattered senses. "No, your highness," I said firmly.

A gasp came from the surrounding courtiers, and the Duke fell back in his chair. Dolores laughed again. The sound seemed to electrify the Duke.

"Madame," he cried, "you are about to return to Spain, I believe; I advise you to start at once. Monsieur de Guier, I will say farewell to you, also, as you are about to leave France for many years. The air of Paris does not agree with you."

I bowed with a sense of relief. Exile was better than the Bastille, but as I turned to depart, Dolores signed to me to wait.

"Your highness will not object to our going together?" she said gaily to the Duke.

"Together!" he exclaimed.

She blushed adorably. "I have the honour to be Monsieur de Guier's fiancee."

For a moment he could not speak. The evident happiness of the two people he had just banished from his court was almost too much to endure; he had thought he was making us wretched.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet. One petty annoyance he could inflict.

"Open the curtains," he called to one of the gentlemen present. "Open the curtains and announce the engagement of Donna la Marchesa de Hernando y Perez to the Chevalier de Guier. The marriage will take place at once in the chapel; we go there at once."

So in my rumpled riding suit I led the Spanish beauty and heiress through the staring, curious court, and we were wedded by the Duke's own priest. Never did he marry a happier couple, nor one whose happiness was more lasting.

"Dolores," I said, a few hours later, as our carriage rolled out of Paris; "Dolores, what was wrong with that slipper?"

She looked at me in charming confusion. "Do not be angry," she murmured; "I would not have given it to you if I had dreamed the Duke would find it. I knew they would search my belongings, for they suspected me, while you would be safe. That night I met you in the old convent my party was delayed by the storm. When you said you were going to Paris, the temptation to give you the slipper was irresistible. Forgive me, dear; I will meddle no more with politics.

"Do you think I would quarrel with anything that brought us together?" I asked. "You felt by instinct that I was ready to help you, Dolores, but what was in the slipper?"

"That," she answered, "is the only thing I cannot tell you; it involves too many others. Let us forget it."

But I have not forgotten it; it is my most cherished possession except my wife

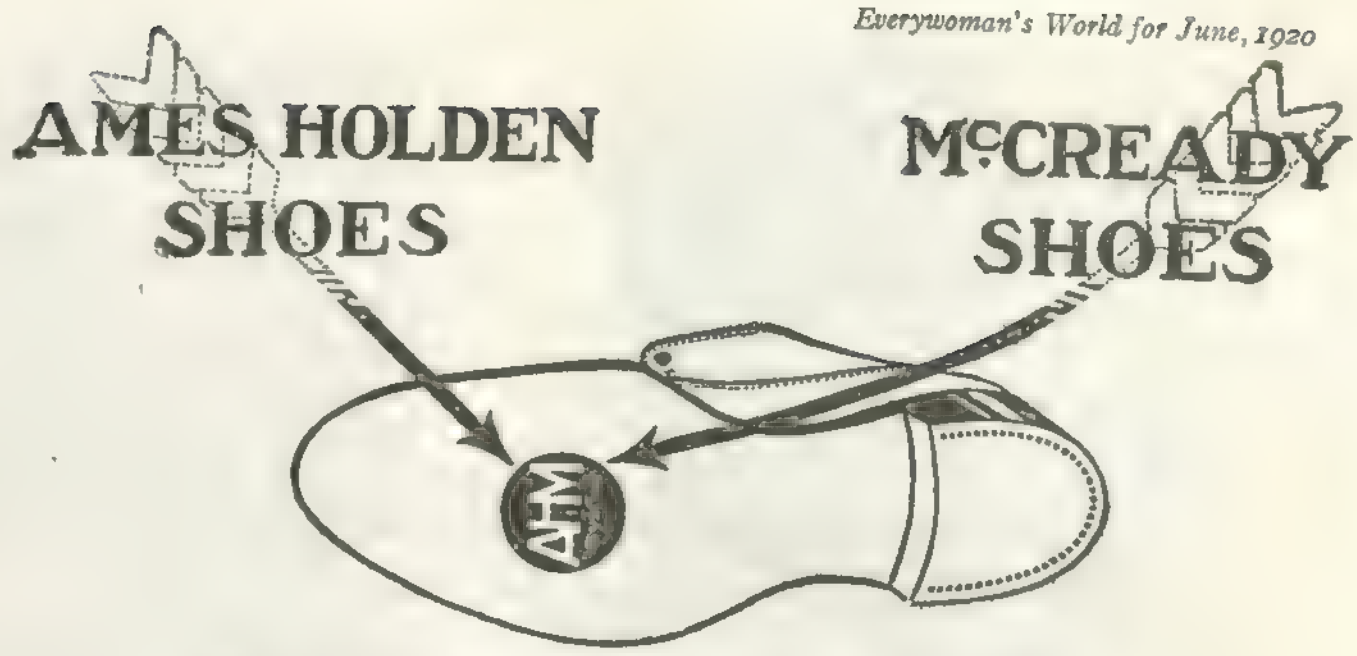
June Vegetables—How To Grow Them

(Continued from page 45)

a profitable crop. Do not believe it. A good load of well rotten manure costs only about $2.00 and there is plenty in one load to enrich an ordinary-sized back yard garden. The cost of artificial manure is double that sum. In producing crops, we must economize. What benefit is there in growing vegetables to reduce our weekly expenditure if we have to purchase fertilizers costing money beside our own labor? What is a fertilizer? Merely a stimulant made up of chemical compounds. If your vegetable garden has been dug and heavily manured just before the time of sowing or planting, you have an investment for your money. No crops should have artificial manure applied to them in their young stages of growth. From the middle of July onward is the best and most practical time to give a stimulant. Artificial manure will never take the place of organic manure. Some soils need more than others. The hot July sun will soon exhaust a crop on such soils. Mulch a top dressing as much as possible. On medium soils chemical manure can be cultivated in at frequent intervals when the crop is half grown. Do not use nitrate of soda. It hurrys a crop. Only the experienced gardener should handle this powerful chemical. Bone meal is not always to be recommended if sown too thickly in the soil. Mildew will develop a disastrous disease. One of the mildest fertilizers to be used for most general purposes is pulverized sheep manure. It can also be used in a soluble form. Do you know the value of chimney or stove pipe soot? You have in soot—lime, potash, salt—ingredients that suit all classes of vegetables. Cultivate it in the ground just before a rain. It not only promotes healthy roots, but luxuriant foliage. Soot can be used also as an insecticide By sprinkling it over the foliage of your celery plants, it will check the celery grub. It will also keep away the turnip and carrot fly which appears this month. The onion bed will revel in a natural fertilizer as soot). Use it frequently. It costs nothing If you do not have any valuable soot on hand, you can purchase a good general-purpose vegetable manure from any seed house

Butterflies A New Idea Try It

THE MONTH of June often brings about an invasion of butterflies a beastly pest which eats up the cabbage patch and turnips, laying their eggs in the heart of the green stuff. A simple remedy has just come to my notice from a well-known vegetable exhibitor (who won a silver cup). His method is as follows: Get a piece of muslin, saturate it with coal oil, then procure some lumps of ammonia and tie up in the muslin. Fasten this to the end of some sticks and place them about the garden, leaving the muslin bags about one foot above the plants. The butterflies will soon find a new location.



Canadian Shoes for Canadian Feet

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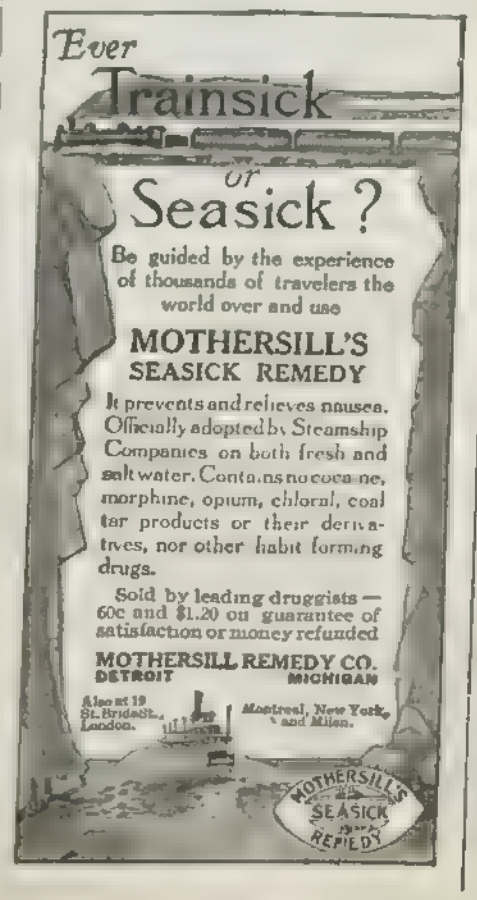
Make the **"Ames Holden"** *trade mark your guide in buying shoes and you will secure the best possible shoe value*

AMES HOLDEN McCREADY LIMITED

"Shoemakers To The Nation"

Look for this Trade Mark ☞ AHM System *when you buy your next pair of Shoes*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Builds up Strength whilst it reduces Fat

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No irksome restrictions with "Antipon," but within 24 hours there is a reduction of 8oz. to 3lb., and the subsequent reduction satisfies all expectations. It is a remedy in itself, and by itself, and requires no help from violent exercises, sweating, purging or other harmful and exhausting processes. You can eat what you like and as much as you like. It acts as a wonderful tonic and strengthener, building up health and vitality, restoring energy and nerve power.

Antipon can be obtained or ordered from most Druggists or Dealers.

Wholesale Agents:
The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, 34 Gabriel St., Montreal. Lyman Bros. & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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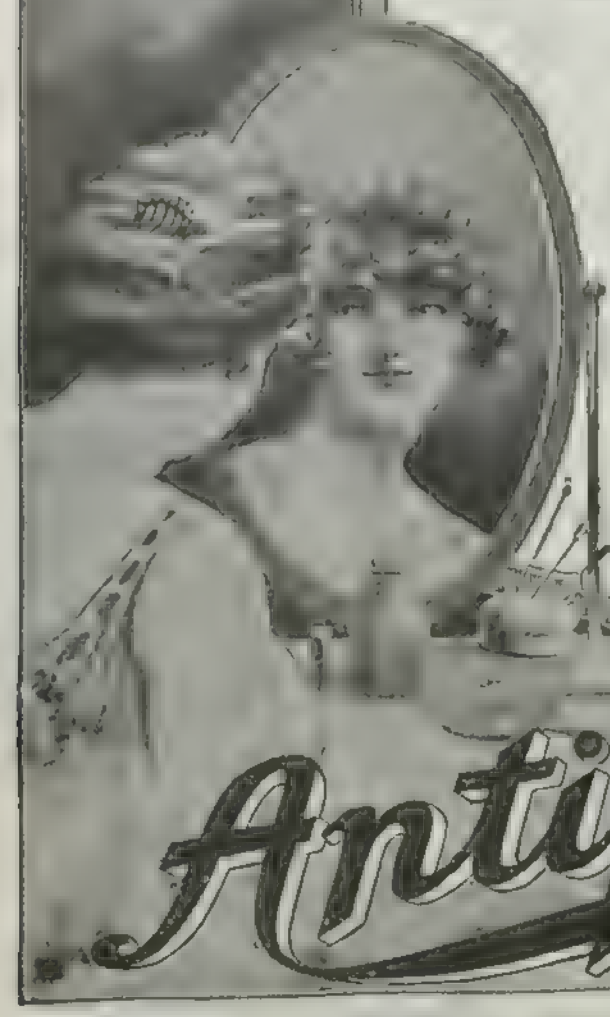

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CREX GRASS RUGS

THE IDEAL FLOOR COVERING IN TOWN AND COUNTRY ALL YEAR ROUND

WITH NAME WOVEN IN SIDE BINDING

CREX CREX

Their Second Wedding Anniversary

(*Continued from page 20*)

cooking class, where they were used to illustrate the thinnest of the flour mixtures—pour batter. The popovers are split in two, or the top of each one is removed and the hollow filled with creamed chicken and mushrooms. Dice the white meat of boiled chicken, fry the mushrooms lightly in butter and add them, broken, to the chicken. Make a cream sauce: 1 tablespoon flour and butter blended and cooked a few minutes without browning, to each cup of milk used. Season delicately and turn in the chicken and mushrooms and fill, hot, into the popovers. Patties of puff pastry may be used instead of popovers, or a jellied salad course, if a cold dish is preferred.

Cress Rolls

CUT buttered bread very thin. The loaf should be quite fresh, in order to roll the slices. Trim free of crusts, sprinkle with chopped water cress, cut three or four inches wide and roll carefully. Thrust a small spray of water cress into an end of each roll and arrange daintily on plates with lacy doilies.

Grape Celery and Pecan Salad

PEEL and halve hot-house grapes, removing the seeds. Chop celery fine and break or chop the pecan nuts fairly small. Mix all lightly with salad dressing—either a boiled cream dressing or mayonnaise—into which some whipped cream has been folded. Arrange on crisp heart lettuce or endive and drop a spoonful of the fluffy dressing on each one; top with a half grape or pecan nut.

The First Fruits of the Summer Harvest

(*Continued from page 18*)

strawberry shortcake—very hot and accompanied by plenty of rich table cream. If individual cakes are made, serve each on a washed strawberry leaf.

Strawberry Sauce

MAKE a syrup with ¾ cup sugar and ½ cup water; boil ten minutes, cool and add 1½ cups crushed strawberries.

When this sauce is used with puddings, frozen desserts, etc., a few whole berries carefully selected may be used as a garnish.

Strawberry Salad

DRAIN 6 slices of canned pineapple from the juice (which should be saved for dressing) and slice them. Free a large orange from skin and membrane and cut the pulp in small pieces. Put both into a bowl, with two cups of hulled strawberries and chill thoroughly.

When it is time to serve, rub the inside of individual sherbet glasses with crushed leaves of fresh mint. Fill with the chilled fruits and add a dressing made of the fruit juice and a salad oil added drop by drop.

Delicious Things They Make In Belgium

(*Continued from page 18*)

finally of the ordinary pastry thickness. Shape it as required. Put it in a warm place to rise for ¼ hour. Then bake it in a very hot oven.

It puffs up, layer on layer, as light as a feather. You would say that it was made with equal amounts of fat and flour.

Boules de Paris

THESE are like very light choux pastry. They can be used either for savouries or sweets.

¾ pound flour, ½ ounce yeast, 1 tablespoonful of lard, 1 egg, a tablespoonful of white sugar, if the boules are to be used for sweets.

Rub the fat into the flour. Cream the yeast and sugar. Add enough warm water to make a dough of the consistency of bread. Knead well for ¼ hour. Form into tiny balls, each about the size of a walnut. Put them in a warm place to rise for ½ hour. Drop them into a pan of deep fat heated to frying point, and let them brown. They will puff up tremendously and become nothing but crisp brown shells, almost if not quite empty inside. Cut them open while they are still hot and fill them.

Jam, jelly, whipped cream or a very solid custard is the best for sweet boules. Sprinkle them with sifted sugar and serve them piled high on a plate covered with a lace paper.

Well seasoned mince, lobster or salmon stirred up in very thick white sauce, or any other kind of patty filling is the thing for savoury boules. Pile them on a lace paper in a silver dish and garnish them with parsley.

Every Blemish Removed in Ten Days

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YOUR COMPLEXION MAKES OR MARS YOUR APPEARANCE

Pearl La Sage, former actress who offers women her remarkable complexion treatment

This great beauty marvel has instantly produced a sensation. Stubborn cases have been cured that baffled physicians for years. You have never in all your life used anything like it. Make a muddy complexion, red spots, pimples, blackheads, eruptions vanish almost like magic. No cream, lotion, enamel, salve, plaster, bandage, mask, massage, diet or apparatus, nothing to swallow. It doesn't matter whether or not your complexion is a "fright," whether your face is full of muddy spots, peppery blackheads, embarrassing pimples and eruptions, or whether your skin is rough and "porey," and you've tried almost everything under the sun to get rid of the blemishes. This wonderful treatment in just ten days, positively removes every blemish and beautifies your skin in a marvelous way. You look years younger. It gives the skin the bloom and tint of purity of a freshly-blown rose. In 10 days you can be the subject of wild admiration by all your friends, no matter what your age or condition of health. **All methods now known are cast aside.** Your face, even arms, hands, shoulders are beautified beyond your fondest dreams. All this I will absolutely prove to you before your own eyes in your mirror in ten days. This treatment is very pleasant to use. A few minutes every day does it.

Let me tell you about this really astounding treatment free. You take no risk—send no money—just your name and address on coupon below and I will give you full particulars by next mail—Free.

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Please tell me how to clear my complexion in ten days, also send me Pearl La Sage Beauty Book, all FREE.

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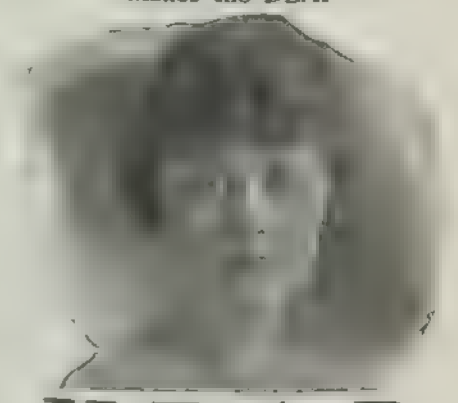

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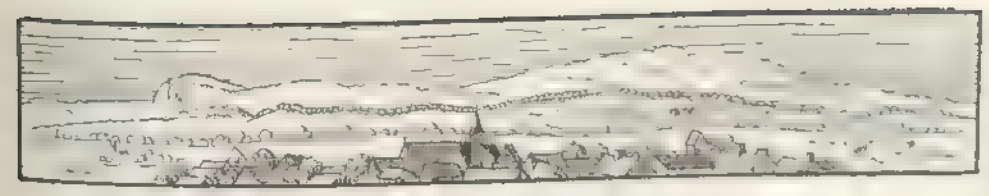


Why Are We Neglecting the 160,000 Canadians Who Are Mentally Sub-Normal?

(Continued from page 15)

to the class of the mentally handicapped unless obvious physical disabilities exist. Unfortunately, this important phase of the problem of dependency has frequently been overlooked. Two outstanding examples come to mind in this connection.

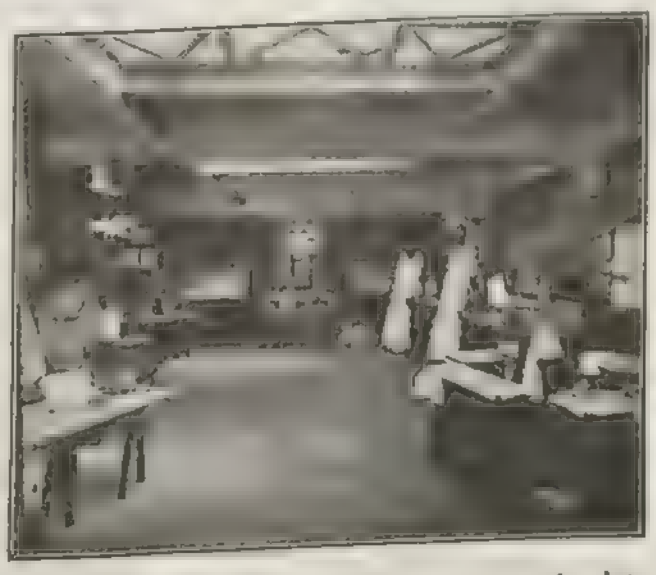
In the city of Winnipeg one family drew from the civic coffers over $1,000 for relief in a single year. At the end of this term the family was in as great a state of want and distress as at the beginning. It was found that the father, mother and five children were all feeble-minded, and that financial relief was therefore of no value. In this particular instance the thousand dollars could hardly have been expended to greater disadvantage, because it helped support two mentally deficient prostitutes, and thus enabled them to carry on their profession of vice.

The other case of pauperism was that of a family residing in the city of Toronto. This family had at its disposal a modern brick dwelling, but chose to occupy one room only. In this room eight individuals slept, ate their meals and spent their time. All the dictates of sanitation were ignored. The floor was littered with garbage and refuse and the mattresses were alive with vermin. On two occasions the women of a nearby church cleaned the house and re-clad the children, but

To the left is one of the pupils in an "observation" class, where the little minds are taught to observe, and little hands kept busy make life worth while.

Vancouver deserves praise for the attention it has given its mentally abnormal children. Below is an exhibition of work done by a class of backward children.

the relief proved to be only temporary. A mental examination revealed the fact that all the members of the family were mentally deficient. The mother was dead and household responsibilities fell upon the shoulders of a sixteen year old girl who had a mental age of five. The shocking condition of affairs was thus readily explained.



Mental Deficiency in Public Schools

A SURVEY of many thousand school children has shown that approximately 2 per cent. are so deficient mentally as to render them quite incapable of measuring up to the requirements of regular classes. The presence of these children in the school-room acts as a retarding influence upon the normal pupils, and often results in the spread of moral contagion. In one school investigated, fifty children had been eye-witnesses of most serious immoral practices, and the chief actors in the tragedy were a feeble-minded boy and girl.

Canada's Past Neglect

A STUDY of the whole problem of mental abnormality demonstrates clearly the fact that Canada has in large measure neglected, not only to appreciate the significance of the issue involved, but has neglected to handle the matter in an intelligent fashion.

In the past we have done little to curb the growth of our abnormal population. Statistics prove that over half of our mental unfits have come from countries outside the Dominion, and that adequate measures have not been employed at our ports of entry to debar undesirables from our shores. The Dominion has indeed been the dumping ground of the degenerates and undesirables of Europe. A few years ago I stood with an Immigration official on the gang plank of a newly arrived passenger vessel at Ellis Island, New York. The inspector picked out an Italian who showed obvious signs of imbecility. I was informed that this man would be deported, but that probably he would take ship from Italy to Canada, and be admitted. At the close of this article, I will show that some of the defects of the past, as far as Canadian immigration is concerned, are being corrected rapidly.

Not only have we been remiss in connection with our new arrivals in Canada, but in addition we have neglected to provide early diagnosis for existing cases of mental abnormality and have not meted out intelligent care and treatment for them.

Probably more has been done for those suffering from insanity than for any other class of mental abnormals. At great expense the various provinces have erected asylums and sometimes great pride is taken in these institutions. It would be quite unfair to belittle what has been done in this connection, but if we would criticize our asylums from the standpoint of modern scientific requirements, we could hardly be satisfied. For the most part Canadian Hospitals for the Insane act merely as humane custodial institutions. This is commendable as far as it goes, but there is great need for the further employment of occupational therapy and other devices that are known to be of great curative value. One of the most depressing sights I know of is to see rows of patients in certain Canadian asylums, sitting on benches, staring into space, vegetating and deteriorating.

One great lesson of the War has been the alleviation of mental disorders by means of intelligent and energetic treatment. It would be a great pity if the Provincial Governments of Canada did not take advantage of this fruitful experience to improve existing mental hospitals.

The feeble-minded have been left in a worse plight than have the insane. There are few institutions for them in Canada, and from the standpoint of training these organizations are quite inadequate.

While training schools for mental defectives will always be required, there is a still greater need for special classes in our primary schools. It is a well established fact that the majority of our feeble-minded, if taken at an early age, and given suitable school training, will emerge as useful citizens. Unfortunately, outside of the city of Vancouver, little has been done in the Dominion in this regard.

(Continued on page 51)

Which supper would you like best?

Wheat bubbles or bread?

Millions of children now get Puffed Wheat in their milk dish.

They get whole wheat, with every grain a tidbit. The grains are toasted bubbles, thin and flimsy, puffed to eight times normal size. The taste is like airy nut-meats.

Every food cell is exploded, so digestion is easy and complete. It is better liked and better for them than any other form of wheat.

These grains are steam exploded

Prof. Anderson has found a way to puff wheat and rice. All are steam exploded, all shot from guns.

So these grains are at your service in this ideal form.

Serve both of them, and often. Not for breakfast only, but all day long.

Use in every bowl of milk. Use as nut-meats on ice cream, as wafers in your soups. Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children after school.

Puffed to 8 times normal size

Keep both kinds on hand. These are the best-cooked grain foods in existence and the most delightful.

Mix with strawberries

Puffed Rice makes a delightful blend. The texture is flimsy, the taste like nuts.

It adds what crust adds to shortcake, tarts and pies. It adds as much as the sugar or the cream.

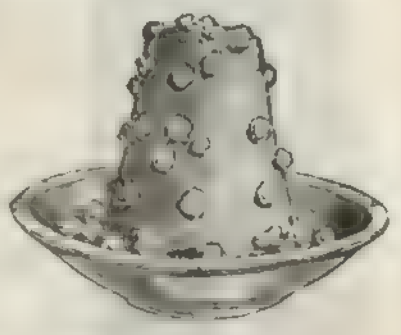
Like nut meats on ice cream

These flimsy grains taste like nut-meats puffed. Scatter them on ice cream. Use them also in home candy making.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Whole-Grain Bubbles Puffed by steam explosion to eight times normal size.



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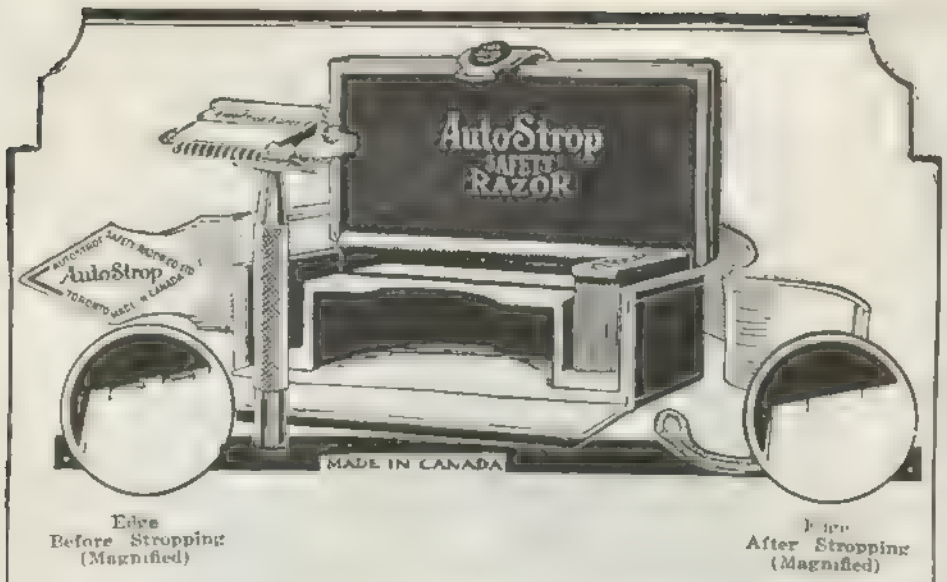

Edge
Before Stropping
(Magnified)

Edge
After Stropping
(Magnified)

ONLY a sharp blade gives a perfect shave. An unstropped blade cannot give as good a shave to-day as it did yesterday and must soon be discarded.

The exclusive self-stropping feature of the AutoStrop Razor ensures from each blade as perfect a shave each day as the day before. It is as easy to clean as to strop—nothing to unscrew or take apart

Any dealer will gladly demonstrate the AutoStrop Razor to you, guarantee satisfaction, or refund of purchase price.

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—sharpens itself

Carhartt Overalls

THERE is offered real economy regardless of the high cost of labor and materials in Carhartt Overalls. Consider for example these advantages:

1—Seams double stitched.
2—Every button riveted.
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4—Angular rule pocket.
5—Pockets roomy and convenient.
6—Give-and-take suspenders.
7—Tough, durable denim cloth that wears like leather, and ignores washing and rubbing.

You can be sure of getting my overalls by looking for the car-heart button.

President

HAMILTON CARHARTT COTTON MILLS, Limited
Toronto Montreal
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TRADE MARK

F2

The Shuttle of Destiny

(*Continued from page 9*)

arranged, and he could see her nearly every day. They spoke of the afternoons at Kensington and Kew; of the evenings that drew them, in common with the pleasure-loving public, to the maelstrom of Piccadilly and its surrounding theatrical attractions; of one or two visits to Westminster and the first impressions of the crowded pokiness of the Commons, that soon were lost in visions of its illustrious and historic past that the very atmosphere seemed to conjure up. They spoke of these and many other impersonal things but of themselves not at all. This was typical of Carey, as Constance could have confirmed, for he rarely spoke of himself—his past or future.

By and by they fell silent again—filling in, perhaps, the personal things into the impersonal backgrounds their words had sketched. A little gleam of moonlight, more venturesome than its fellows, came peeking through the vines and found the girl's face, resting on her glossy hair, touching her mobile features with a compelling beauty. Carey had eyes for little else. Constance broke in upon his reverie.

"I'm going back home to-morrow, Carey. Won't you drop down and see me sometimes? It's not so many hours away, you know. If you do, young man, I'll really try and forgive you for neglecting me so shamefully." The attempt at gay raillery was not convincing. "Jerry brought me on just for the concert to-night, you see."

"Oh, so Jerry was at the bottom of it. He might have told me he was going to do it. I've known you longer than he has."

"By twenty-four hours, Carey. Don't you remember bringing him to the second night's show at the Kursaal? Good old Jerry—he's a jewel, isn't he?"

A most unreasonable little flicker of jealousy sent a pucker to Carey's brow; he told himself it was quite ridiculous. Connie could never be anything but a friend to him. If Jerry's violent flirtation following that first introduction should eventuate in something deeper, why it would be the finest thing in the world for both of them. The only trouble was Jerry was a bit too generous with his affections, falling hard with great frequency. Perhaps, however——

"Carey! Don't look so distressed. You look just like——" She paused.

"Like what, Connie?"

"Like that time we motored to Hampton Court and came back in the moonlight, and it went to your head and made you get quite—romantic and serious. I really thought, Carey, you were going to ask me to—marry—you—that night."

He sat forward, staring with immobile features across the shimmering reach of water. From the club house came the strains of a waltz—they were beginning to dance. A paper lantern nearby flickered and swayed in a vagrant breeze.

"I might have known," she added slowly, "that Carey Slessor would never—let himself go as far as that. There—I'm sorry, Carey,—I didn't mean to hurt you. I don't know what possessed me. I guess I'm just a little . . cat'"

At the end he wasn't listening to her, but his eyes were on her so that even the shadow could hardly veil the tender passion in them.

"Connie—Connie—let myself go?" He took her hand in his, hardly realizing what he did. For a moment all thought of time and space and the duties of life vanished, as he looked at her there sitting with downcast eyes before him.

"Connie," he said again, and stopped. Confession trembled on his lips. The flickering Chinese lantern tipped again in the breeze, it's flimsy material caught fire. Carey Slessor rose suddenly to his feet, seized the burning lantern, crushing the blaze out with his hands. It was only next morning that he realized, by the faint scars on them, that he had been burned.

When he turned to the girl again his face was composed, though the lines were rigid.

"Shall we join the others?" he suggested.

"If you—wish, Carey," she said dully, and went with him, groping her way as though the verandah was not almost as bright as day.

From the doorway Jerry's deep bass rumbled in a call.

"Oh, Carey!" He saw them approach. "Oh, there you are, the two of you. Hello—who's dead?"

"Constance felt it rather cold," Carey informed him. "Look, Jerry, I'm going now. I've got a lot to do before morning."

"The devil you are," said Jerry. "Pardon, Connie, but it's true. You'll not leave, young man, till I'm good and through with you. Show the lady inside like a gentleman and I'll be with you in a jiffy. They're waiting for you."

HANDS were clapping an insistent demand for an encore; the music started again. Carey swept the girl into the swirl of the waltz, it seemed the only thing to do. When the music stopped again it seemed as though an eternity had intervened—an eternity spent in Paradise. Now, of course, he knew it to be a fool's paradise. There was Jerry mounting the platform; Carey hoped he was not going to pull any more of his everlasting jokes—he could not stand them just now, be they ever so good.

Someone called for silence, the ladies found seats among the chairs that had been hastily thrust aside in the clearing of the floor for dancing. Jerry began speaking in the hush that followed. It took Carey a moment or two to comprehend that Jerry was speaking of him, telling all these people about the thing he was facing. Dull red mounted to his cheeks; he did not wish to be exploited this way, much less before these people, most of whom had known him just as "Carey" ever since he had come to Montreal as a medical student, later to open a practice. Besides, dozens had done this very thing before him.

Someone gripped his arm—tightly. It was Connie, she was regarding him with curious eyes.

"They want you to speak, Carey?" she told him.

The demand was insistent, clamorous. From where he was Carey made reply, meeting the emergency with his usual quiet composure.

"There's nothing to make a fuss about," he said. "I'm awfully obliged to old Jerry and all of you, but, well, I'll flay the old blighter afterwards for betraying a confidence. I've never breathed a word of this to a soul but Jerry—maybe because I didn't want my friends divided into two camps—one indulging in mock heroics and the other dubbing me plain fool. There are just two reasons why I'm doing this thing—one because doctors are falling over each other here compared with out there where folks die like flies for want of medical help. The other is—it was all settled twenty years ago. My father died in the Boxer rising." Carey's eyes were on the crowd, but unseeingly. A twenty-year-old tragedy was being re-enacted on memory's stage. He almost forgot his surroundings, speaking in a low voice that was yet distinct enough to carry to them all. "They—they tortured him—God! I can still remember how we found him—dying—mother and I. He gripped my arm and made me promise, boy that I was. 'You'll come out some day and take my place, lad? They need help—so much.' I just nodded my promise, for I was past speaking. He smiled then, sighed, and lay back breathing forgiveness for them with his last breath." Somebody leaned against an uptilted chair and it crashed on the floor. Carey started, flushing, hastening to say: "Of course, it's different now. Things have changed since then. There's really nothing at all to make a fuss about. I—I shall miss all the bunch, and often think of you all."

His voice trailed off. Someone started, "For he's a jolly good fellow," in an impossible key, but they sang it lustily in spite of that, old Jerry waving his arms from the platform to give the time. Carey knew it was time to go; he would slip away and avoid further fuss—he hated anything that savoured of emotionalism.

"Connie—I'm going now. I've a lot of packing to do. I'm afraid, Connie, it's good-bye. And—thanks—for—everything." He hurried off then, because he knew he could not trust himself longer, her low cry, "Carey" still sounding in his ears.

Old Tonkins helped him into his light coat, smiling urbanely and remarking on the fineness of the night, as though

(*Continued on page 52*)

Why Are We Neglecting the 160,000 Canadians Who Are Mentally Sub-Normal?

(*Continued from page 49*)

A Mental Hygiene Programme for Canada

THE WHOLE problem of mental abnormality would lose the greater part of its sting if such a programme as the following were adopted:

(1) Immigration

THERE must be placed at Canadian ports of entry trained psychiatrists (mental specialists) who will assume the obligation of deporting the mentally handicapped. Further precautions should also be taken in establishing examination bureaux in the various countries from which many emigrate to the Dominion.

At the present time we have an excellent Immigration Act, and thanks to the Department of Immigration and Colonization and the Federal Department of Health, our laws are gradually being put into operation. In the course of the next few months we will possess for the first time in our history a Medical Inspection Department at Canadian ports of entry, in which are included examiners with psychiatric training.

(2) Diagnostic Agencies

THE TIME has arrived when every court, hospital and public school system should have the advantage of the services of a mental clinic. To date judges, school teachers, social workers and others have been working largely in the dark. They have been dealing with many mental abnormals, and since they have not been cognizant of the fact, they have often dealt with their charges in an unwise fashion. When, for example, a judge is called upon to deal with a prostitute, and this individual happens to be mentally deficient, the judge is acting imprudently when he commits the unfortunate for a short period in jail, only to return to the general community to perform further offences.

(3) Psychopathic Hospitals

EVERY populous community needs the advantages of a psychopathic hospital for the observation and early treatment of all cases of suspected or beginning mental abnormality.

There will always be reticence on the part of the general public to commit relatives and friends to hospitals for the insane. This reticence would not exist as far as psychopathic hospitals are concerned, and there would thus be achieved early treatment, which is so much needed. It is a fact that cases suffering from mental diseases are generally allowed to become chronic before treatment is commenced, and such neglect results so often in our failure to cure the condition. If we were to employ the same dilatory tactics with tuberculosis as we now employ with mental disease, the death rate of the former would immediately rise to its original high level.

(4) Institutions for Insane and Feeble-Minded

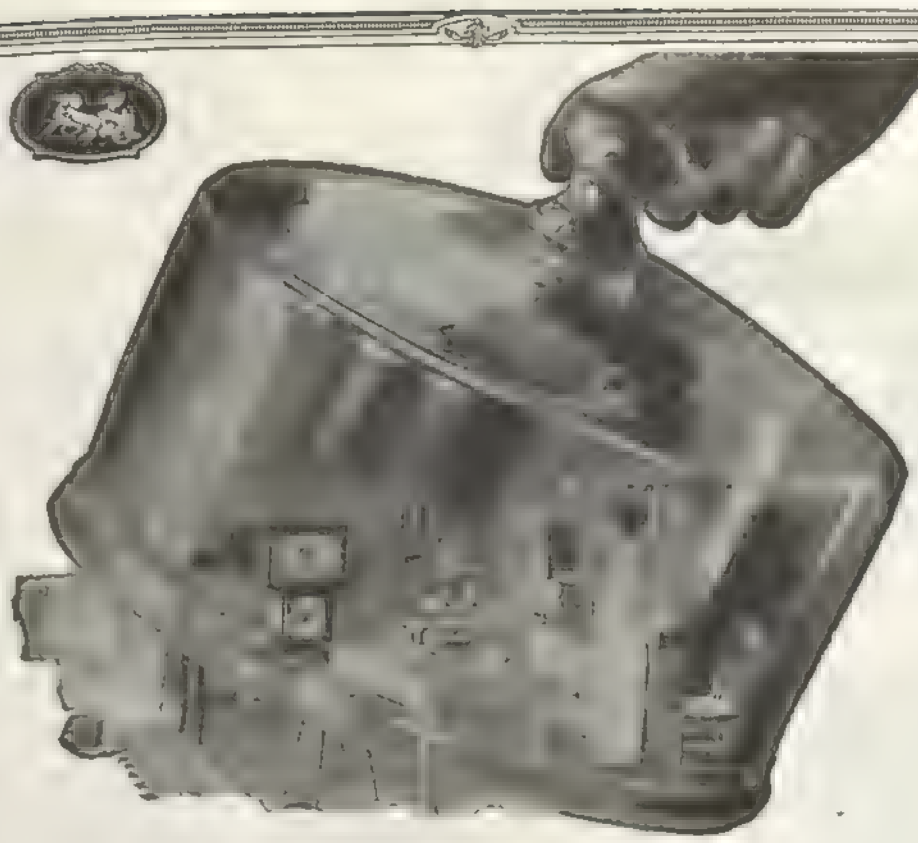
MONEY will be well spent in bringing up to date our present institutions for the insane and feeble-minded, and for building new ones where they are needed. These organizations should be placed upon a modern hospital footing, and our aim should not be merely custodial care, but, rather, intensive scientific treatment.

(5) Special Classes in Schools

THE MOST important single phase of the mental hygiene programme is that pertaining to work in the schools. In every school district where there are present ten or more mentally abnormal the special class system should be inaugurated. The ideal special class should have an intelligent, well-trained teacher, and should devote one-third of the time to formal academic work and two-thirds of the time to manual work and games. The aim should be to instil at an early age habits of good living and industry, and the production of citizens with respect for law and order. In this connection a study of the special class system in the city of Vancouver is well worthy of consideration.

Conclusion

IF CANADA neglects the problem of mental abnormality the country will be drained to the extent of many million dollars per annum and our whole social order will be in constant danger. There is urgent need for the awakening of the public conscience in connection with the whole matter, and our Canadian electorate must insist upon immediate action by our Governments.



A Glass-like Protection for Kitchens

UNIVERNISH is a Dougall varnish—so hard and elastic that it gives a surface as durable and impervious as tough glass would be. Impervious especially to water, even though boiling hot. You can easily Univernish all the woodwork in kitchen, pantry and bathrooms, including floors or linoleum; also porch furniture and outside doors; any surface that is to receive hard usage. No special skill is needed.

It will be like moving into a brand new home—everything bright and smooth—easy to sweep or wash—no grease-spots or damp, smelly wood. Univernish absolutely prevents decay, for when you save the surface you save all.

Ask your dealer for UNIVERNISH, either clear or in the following transparent wood colors: Dark Oak, Light Oak, Bog Oak, Mahogany, Walnut and Green.

If you have any difficulty—write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Dougall Univernish — One Varnish For All Uses

"Save the surface and you save all" Paint & Varnish

The DOUGALL VARNISH CO. Limited
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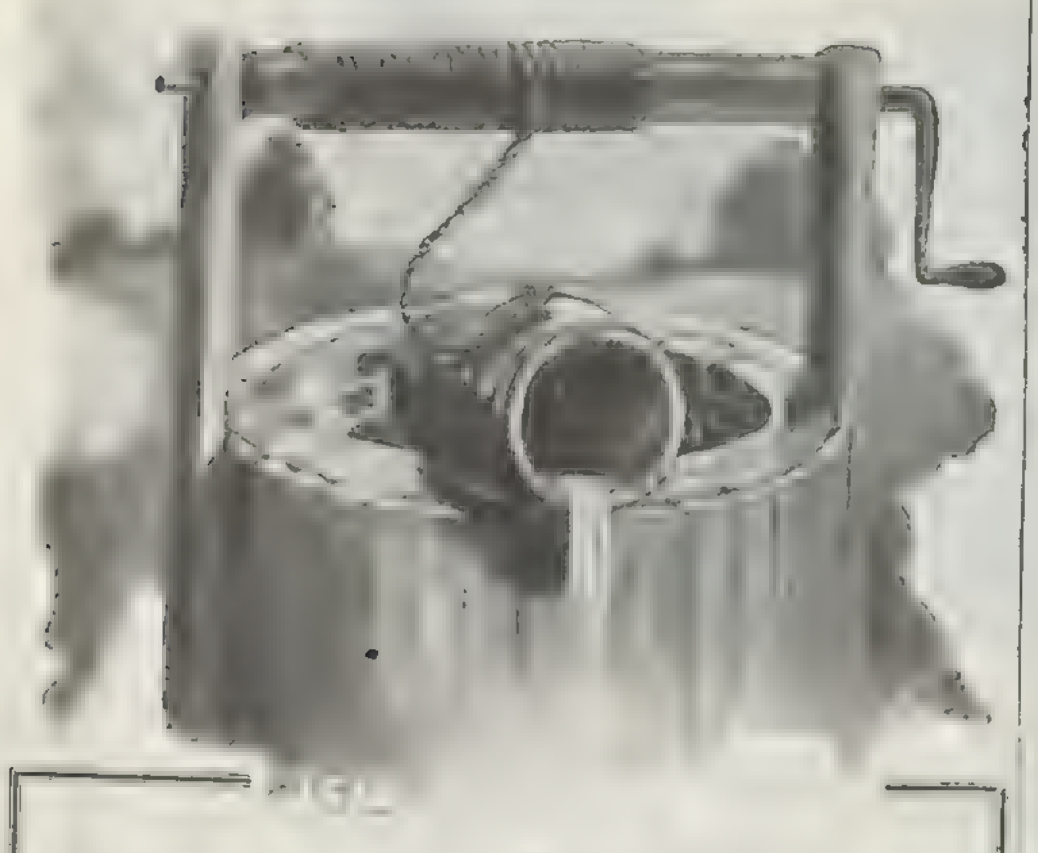


The high cost of water

This is one reason why Quaker Oats will often cut breakfast cost ninety per cent.

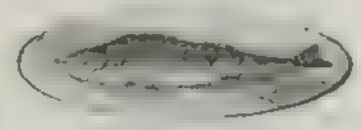
Quaker Oats is only 7 per cent water. It yields 1810 calories of food per pound. Many costly foods are largely water. Note this table.

Percentage of water

In Quaker Oats	7%	In hen's eggs	65%
In round steak	60%	In oysters	88%
In veal cutlets	68%	In tomatoes	94%
In fish	60%	In potatoes	62%

6 cents
Per 1000 calories

45 cents
Per 1000 calories



50 cents
Per 1000 calories

60 cents
Per 1000 calories

The cost of your breakfasts

Here is what a breakfast serving costs in some necessary foods at this writing:

Cost per serving

Dish of Quaker Oats	1c
Serving of meat	8c
Serving of fish	8c
Lamb chop	12c
Two eggs	8c

In cost per serving these other good foods run from 8 to 12 times Quaker Oats.

In cost per 1,000 calories—the energy measure of food value—they will average nine times Quaker Oats.

* * * *

Quaker Oats is the greatest food that you can serve at breakfast. It is nearly the ideal food—almost a complete food.

Young folks need it as food for growth—older folks for vim-food.

Yet it costs only one cent per dish.

Serve the costlier foods at other meals. Start the day on this one-cent dish of the greatest food that grows.

Quaker Oats

World-famed for its flavor

Quaker Oats dominate because of the flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. You get this extra flavor without extra price when you ask for Quaker Oats.

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

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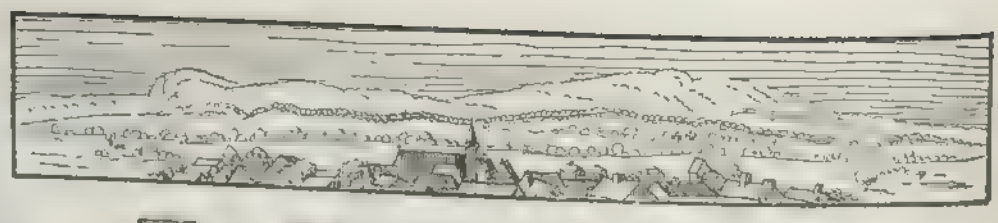

The Shuttle of Destiny

(*Continued from page 50*)

the world had not suddenly grown black and the future blank. Carey slipped him a five-dollar bill, leaving him speechless with amazement and quite tearful with gratitude.

At the side door Jerry's restraining arms cut off escape.

"Huh! I thought I'd catch you slipping out this way. I can read you like a first primer. Here, give me those parcels, I'll stick them in the car for you. And then—about turn, and don't be a blamed fool."

Carey smiled, not altogether grasping the significance of the manœuvre until a low voice spoke behind him,

"Carey, you're not going to say good-bye to me—like that?"

SHE STOOD on the low step by the white lilac bush, with the moonlight full upon her, biting nervously at a corner of her handkerchief, meeting his glance though her eyes were full of mist. Such a pitiful little girlish figure—he just wanted to forget everything and take her in his arms and comfort her. Only—it wouldn't be fair.

"Carey,"—he had to bend a little to catch her words—"you won't think . . . badly of me, will you, if I ask you to . . . kiss me good-bye before you go?"

He moved impulsively toward her, then drew back irresolute.

"Carey!" Quick triumph was in her voice. "You're afraid to," she challenged.

He turned away in silent acknowledgement.

"Listen, Connie," he said finally. "You heard me tell inside the story of my father. I didn't tell them, though, that my mother never could bear the life out there—she hated it, loathed it. She was brought up to all the comforts of life—a society favourite, if you will, though with a heart of gold. She stood it all—the change of life and all it meant, without a grumble, but after father's death she wasted away. Connie, I promised her I'd never ask a girl to leave home and friends and all the things she had been brought up to and go to the interior of China. It was easy to promise then, and I've never worried over it since until . . . one day I met the only girl I'd ever ask to do me the great honour of facing life with me. Connie, this girl's life has been one of comfort and luxury—even if she did some war work, and bumped around a bit in ancient red cross cars—" he smiled a little, though his heart was not in the smile—"and it wouldn't do. It's not easy, but it's for the best. Surely you can see that?"

Constance shook her head slowly.

"I'm afraid, Carey, you don't really know what love is after all. Is it going to be hard to . . forget, Carey?"

"Forget," he stared across towards the river, where the poplars were whispering in the gentle breeze. "I shall never forget, Connie. But I daren't let myself think—the future seems like blankness just now."

"For yourself you mean—how about the girl's viewpoint? If you feel . . . as you do, and know that she . . . responds, don't you think it only fair to find out if she values . . . love more than the lesser things of life? Carey, you may think me brazen if you like, but I . . I loved you from that first night at the old *chateau* on the Meuse, and have thought and dreamt of you all these days . . . Carey, why do you make it so hard for me . . . ?"

He stood there with the look in his eyes of one who longs to be convinced against his judgment.

"It's not easy to change one's convictions after thinking one way for years," he said, "and it's so easy to let the heart warp the judgment. I vowed I'd never ask any woman—"

She stamped her foot impatiently.

"Carey, you dear, stupid, matter-of-fact old fool. You're not asking a woman—she's asking you to take her. And, Carey, she can give you good reasons for it, too."

He looked his question.

"The best of all reasons, Carey, is because we . . . love each other."

"A woman's reason, and valid except in special cases——"

"Listen — there's another reason. Carey, you never spoke of these things, and I never told you that my Dad was American consul out there during the Boxer affair. My mother was with him all the time, and I was born when the trouble was at its height. We came home when I was very young, but I have a vague remembrance of strange people and places. Perhaps that's why I've always felt the fascination of the East, and wanted to go. Carey, don't you think perhaps —Carey, Carey, there's somebody coming, and the moon's right on us."

Jerry came whistling up the walk, just in time to see the consummation of it all.

"Excuse me," he said apologetically, "but your chauffeur's waitin' out there to take you back to the city."

"Jerry—" said Carey, "tell him to wait some more. You see—Connie and I——"

Jerry wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"I do," he said. "Good Lord, man, I've been doin' something very like prayin' out there behind the hedge where I was watchin' you two."

"Jerry"—in united protest.

"Well," grinned Jerry, "when a man spends money for staging a shindig like to-night just to prevent two youngsters from wrecking their fool lives, I guess he's got a right to get his money's worth."

Healthful Exercises Before Retiring

IF, before retiring, you feel a slight discomfort from indigestion, or you consider that you have eaten something for dinner rather hard of digestion, it is well to assist the stomach and intestines by a simple exercise. Placing the hands on the hips (as shown to right) and keeping the hips stationary and using them as a pivot, swing the body in a circle, leaning as far forward, as far to each side and as far backward as you can. Swing first to the right and then reverse the motion by swinging to the left.

IF your feet are sore from long walking or standing, or burn, massage them with olive oil. They respond to care very quickly and all soreness will leave them. For feet that swell from long standing dissolve one ounce of alum, two ounces of rock salt and two ounces of borax in the foot tub and bath.

Is It or Isn't It—Art?

(*Continued from page 13*)

as to what it is all about. He scorns the catalogue, or if he accepts a number he merely vouchsafes a cryptic description such as "landscape," "painting," "statuary," "mountains," etc.

In more indulgent mood he sometimes throws out hints to help the Philistines to guess his solemn riddle. Buttons and the end of a fiddle indicate a pierrot—or at least you think it does, although your companion insists that it is boat with sails full set. A lemon and a leaf, and you are supposed to know that the artist had a bad dream about a lemon tree. To show the ocean he paints a boat as ungainly as our inimitable virgins, dots it with large portholes and decorates it with clouds of smoke and nice little pointed waves. Then comes a smooth piece of blue, across which is stretched a ghastly fish. All the characteristics are there in a row, drawn in as carefully as those first sketches we used to make to our immense satisfaction at the age of five.

A TOWN gives endless possibilities, for one can add a street every way without breaking the rules and slant it in any direction. There is a familiar look to these streets, for they are lined with none other than the famous "house that Jack built," with rows of dots for windows, such as we used to scribble in the margins of our copy books long before we knew we couldn't draw. Cobble stone roads are an immense excitement, especially if they terminate abruptly in a patch of green (grass?), or blue (sky?), or yellow (sun?) or purple (earth?).

In these aboriginal cities there are people, of course—that is to say, there are shadows slanting across the houses wherever there is room. Why draw people when you can draw shadows all long and distorted with elongated hats and no arms whatever? Everyone knows there must be a person attached to every shadow, and really drawing the shadow is far the most intriguing!

But we must pass on, for the *Indépendants* are long and time is fleeting. Here is a group of sunsets which look as if they had been fished up from the bottom of a pond with the colours running horribly together. Beside them is a bacchanale so violent that a week in the pond would be a decided assistance.

We reach the gem of the collection, and here let us pause to learn the message of Science and Art in the year 1920. A nice little brass wheel salved from a decrepit alarm clock is sewn on to the canvas and about it are drawn a whole series of pulleys, circles and lines: "Continent," says the catalogue enigmatically. A mixture of a barometer, a circle and a square is called "Certitude," and a glorified undemonstrable problem from Euclid is no less than "Her-Hin." Then another mystery with two slightly curved pieces of brass inset—"*Cette chose est claire comme le jour*," ("This thing is as clear as daylight.") He doth but jest, this artist! Or again, more cynical than ever, "*Très rare tableau sur la terre*," ("Rarest picture on earth"). A message from Mars perhaps? Then: "*Machine sans nom*," ("Machine Without a Name"), "*Petite solitude au milieu des soleils*," ("Little Solitude amidst the Suns"), "*Cannibalisme*," "*Objet qui ne fait pas l'éloge du temps passé*," ("Object that praises not times that are passed,") "*Réverences*," ("Reverances")—but what's the use, it's an alienist we need, not an art critic.

ONE LAST shock before we leave the unhealthy atmosphere of the Independents to enjoy the old fashioned beauty of the Champs Elysees. A large canvas shows the "Three Graces" against a background of circles. Such an orgy of circles of every colour that the paint box holds! They swoop around to form the curves of the body, they curve across the ladies like so many soap bubbles. The effect is a cross between a jig-saw puzzle and a sheet of penmanship practice. The picture is one of the treasures of the exhibition, nevertheless!

In spite of our superficial merriment, the efforts of the *Indépendants* have left us cold and depressed. There is something wrong somewhere, either with us, or the artists themselves. Perhaps we have never appreciated the secret of real true art, we argue, but our academic ideals of poetry are hard to surrender to this. The only satisfaction is that France is not altogether responsible for the new disease, and England is almost blameless. The artists hail from Russia, Italy, the Balkans and those torrid states where the sun is apt to play havoc with the intelligence.

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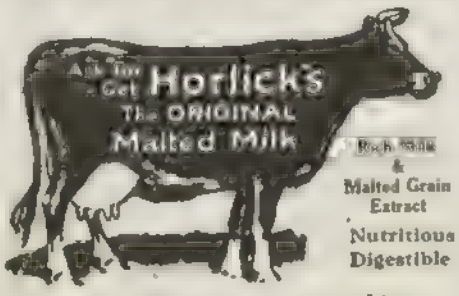

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G. J. DESBARATS,
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Ottawa, February, 1920.

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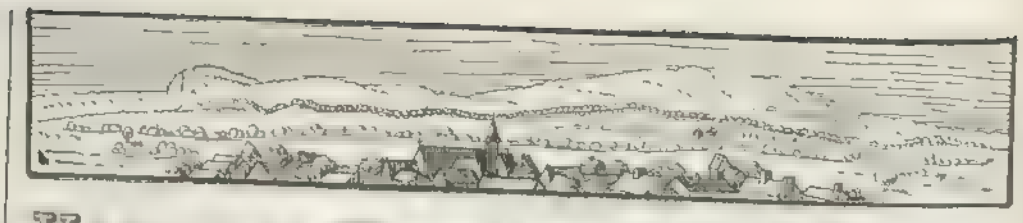

Vanessa: Two Days In Her Life

I.—THE WATER PICNIC

(*Continued from page 12*)

Mr. Brown fell into a Wordsworthian rhapsody, and passed his large hand over Vanessa's head, ruffling her curls.

"But why, why," thought Vanessa, prodding her mind desperately to make it come to a conclusion, as Mrs. Brown leaned over and laid her hand on Mr. Brown's arm with a smile that was the quintessence of love, "why does Mother pat him so?" In Vanessa's judgment it was inappropriate to pat her father. She could not understand why he needed to be patted. That was it.

The picnic ground slid up and down several hills. In an open space the boys were carefully instructed by their guileless elders how to play ball and to run races, the speed of which might be calculated from the ease or difficulty which the more experienced found in securing an early meal on the plea of having been unable to eat any breakfast before they started. Three prizes were given as a rule in each race, and a few more if anyone, who was comparatively young, wept. Mrs. Brown had forbidden Vanessa either to race or to weep.

The adjacent landscape was dotted with groups of girls who were engaged in the pursuit of wild flowers, and, incidentally, of a communion with nature from which they would return elevated by the possession of some grubbed-up ferns in a pocket handkerchief to a degree that caused them to shed balm on the minds of all their biblical instructors

THESE halcyon days will never return when one first embraced the country from the vantage ground of a Sunday School picnic. Never more, for the past generation, will the young lady who gave prizes of small, unintelligible books to the scholars who could repeat hymns for the longest consecutive time, lead her flock across the mead to re-appear later, garlanded with vines and crowned by adoring looks, when the athletic superintendent beat upon a tin pan to signify that for no one would he longer delay his departure. Eaten are the cakes, the surplus sandwiches have crumbled into dust, the lemonade has ebbed away from the barrel that slaked the youthful thirst of thirty years ago! Even the picnic ground is no more; a boom in building lots brushed it aside in the end of the last century. It was all a suburb of Paradise to Vanessa once. But, although she could have absorbed gallons of it if she had chosen, she found that she could not like lemonade.

Behind the unpainted pavilion, whence provisions and directions were issued by charitable ladies indiscriminatingly, the picnic ground sloped to a stream, a little innocent brook, too small to be crossed by a bridge which, in any case, could have led nowhere but to the centre of a swamp rapidly ceasing to exist under the influence of a few well-directed drains. It was not a dangerous place, being merely soft ground where any Sunday School child might wet his feet if he so desired. The younger scholars were forbidden to go near it, but since they were Sunday School children and had heard enough about the consequences of disobedience to distrust themselves, one or more of these nurslings fell into the stream year by year and were conveyed shrieking, in irretrievable disgrace, to be rough-dried by the fire where water was being boiled for the elder philanthropists' tea. It was a point of honour before one was promoted from the infant class to cross the brook on stepping stones without falling in—one fell in, of course, if one had to—and place triumphant feet upon the tufts of grass growing in the swamp on the further side.

Vanessa had divined in her own understanding that the brook was a temptation and had made a vow to avoid it. She was not ambitious; she had no confidence in her legs or her equilibrium. There would be plenty of time another year. How sweet it was to be obedient. But she had reckoned without her immediate brother and sister, Hector and Maud. They had experienced the brook in their own day and knew that Vanessa must meet it sometime. The sooner, therefore, the more interesting, especially for Hector and Maud.

After the first excitement of recognizing the picnic ground and of localizing the provisions had subsided, her brother and sister showed Vanessa the way to the brook. Vanessa, her young heart beginning to palpitate, hung back.

"Has someone to fall in every year?" she faltered.

"Every year," they responded cheerfully, "sometimes two or three fall in."

"I don't think I had better go," said Vanessa, digging her toes into the side of the slope to counterbalance the moral suasion of the stream."

"Oh, it's lovely at the brook," said Maud, with the air of one who has visited countries where few of her acquaintances have been, "and when you have gone over once, why, you haven't fallen in; or you won't fall in again. And then you can say that you have been in the swamp."

The trial by water had to be faced. There was no escape for Vanessa. No one could grow to be as old as Maud was without crossing the brook on these stones and being able to say that one had stood, a very monument of adventurous achievement, in the swamp.

The stream was before them, harmless as far as one could see, winding through the picnic ground, hardly able to wet its own stones; but for all that a very dragon of a brook that caught little children by the heels and laid them low in its treacherous bosom.

Vanessa went down the slope with her heart in her mouth. A meagre line of children, bent on immortalizing themselves, tottered over the stones. But as the Browns approached, one of these daring pedestrians slipped and in another moment was led past them roaring, all the picnic gayety dumped out of his shoes, stockings and small linen trousers. The horror of his appearance turned Vanessa's head.

"Must I fall in?" she said piteously. "Oh, I don't want to go. I don't feel as if I could cross any stones to-day. I'd rather wait until another year. Oh, Hector and Maud, I'd rather!"

Would she fall in? Never! None of the Browns had ever fallen in. Vanessa was regarded by her family as a successful person and this attitude of hers towards the brook struck them as an affectation. To show her the way they cheerfully skipped over the brook in front of her.

With arms outstretched and benumbed feet, she ventured out upon the stones. She succeeded in reaching the middle of the stream, surrounded by the triumphant outcries of Hector and Maud. Then the world moved too rapidly for her; she was falling; no effort, angelic or otherwise, could stop her. The water embraced her feet; she sat down irresistibly in the stream.

There was a sob in the picnic day after that. The disgrace of sitting in the pavilion with the lower half of one's body concealed in a table-cloth till one's own clothes were dried was too much for Vanessa. What did it matter to her that she was invited to help herself from a hamper full of tarts; or that milk was poured out of a jug for her exclusive benefit? She was an object of passionate envy to a collection of young gourmands who were unable to leave the neighbourhood of such a fabulous store of provisions and who stated bitterly that Vanessa was where she was, not because she had fallen into the brook and needed to be dried, but because she was the child of M. Mark Brown.

WHEN the ladies of the church had superintended the children's last meal, counted the broken dishes and providently filled sundry baskets for the poor, they washed their hands, dried them with pronounced attention to the ring-finger, put on the bonnets, hats and silken shoulder coverings which had been laid aside during the day and fluttered out from the pavilion to take a late afternoon walk under the trees. Vanessa, who was no longer trusted to go anywhere by herself, went with them, pressing close to her mother's skirt and loudly admired by the younger ladies who regarded all children, as long as their personal peculiarities remained unknown, as certain of a passport to heaven.

The interest of the walk was indescribably heightened by the attendance of all the gentlemen present who praised the scenery and the picnic with each

alternate breath. Mrs. Brown and Vanessa were joined by the uplifted editor. But when Vanessa heard her mother's sigh of happiness (Mrs. Brown had nothing left to wish for as long as her husband was within touch of an adoring hand on his arm) her heart was full of bitterness. It was all very well to admire her father for having created a picnic without a blemish; but was her own conspicious failure to have no share in her mother's attention'. She stalked on solemnly, insignificant in appearance, but bursting with the injustice of being ignored in the general sum total of the picnic because her father had covered himself with glory.

"How happy I will be," sighed Mrs. Brown, "when everyone is safely home."

"Nature herself is the great reward," replied her husband, failing as usual to connect his remarks with the conversation of other people. "I see a distinct improvement in the moral tone of every child who has come under my observation since the morning."

"But if there should happen to be a thunderstorm?" suggested Mrs. Brown Why should they not all walk quietly down to the wharf and be ready to go on board as soon as the boat came in? She called him "dear," but it meant dearest, it meant everything! And Vanessa, still bursting, was fain to content herself with holding her mother's skirt and being quite sure that her father was a very great man. He had never seemed more remote, or less likely to care for the love of a little girl, than at that moment.

Why should there be a thunderstorm? Mr. Brown observed the horizon loftily. He could see no necessity for one. The finite mind, in Mr. Brown's opinion, was too prone to regard life from the standpoint of chance and forgot to trace the laws of moral sufficiency. Mrs. Brown understood what he meant although no other lady in the church membership would have thought of presuming to such an extent. She knew that it was her duty to agree with him. The thunderstorm was made light of. The happy children were allowed to disport themselves up to the last moment. And Vanessa, awe-srtuck by the possession of such a parent, was permitted to spend the remainder of the picnic in a swing.

Thence she was gathered hastily by her father when the first raindrops began to fall. Mrs. Brown's idea had been carried out by nature without any regard for what had been a dutiful submission on her part.

It was a good half-mile to the wharf and the distracted editor strode over the rapidly filling pools on the way, his successful picnic in ruins about him. Why had he ever consented to guide a Sunday School away from its home? Why had heaven sent a thunderstorm? Vanessa wasn't the only person with feelings in the family; she had no monopoly of a water picnic; water had been the destruction of them both. Mr. Mark Brown had all his life been a prey to unnecessary humiliation; it is a fatal tendency, as far as happiness is concerned, to hold one's self responsible for the vagaries of nature. An exhuberant procession of children, full of cake, sandwiches and lemonade and embellished with raindrops, followed him. One glance was sufficient for Mr. Brown; he looked no more.

Vanessa, meanwhile, was being carried rapidly over the ground, the side of her body which was next to her father elevated considerably above the other, for Mr. Brown was a tall man and he was doing what he considered his duty towards his youngest in a thunderstorm. Her feet struck the earth occasionally; she crossed the widest pools with leaps and bounds. It is a painful process, flying through the air, suspended by one arm from a victim of fate; but Vanessa was not hurt by it Her attention was distracted from anything purely physical; a wild illumination had filled her mind with regard to her father Hadn't she fallen into a brook? Had she not worn disgrace and publicity like a garment? She knew how he felt; she was the same kind of person herself. But it would have been of no use for Vanessa to pat the rain-smitten editor of a weekly religious paper on the arm. That kind of thing had to be left for one's mother.

— —

A Mud-Pie Philosopher

I WISH I were a plain mud pie,
Just baking in the sun,
With none to fret and none to sigh
If all my work's not done.

What fun to be a plain mud-pie,
Not difficult to fix;
This recipe is always nigh:
"Take dust and water; mix."

If I could be a plain mud-pie,
When baking time is o'er,
I'd sit awhile—get nice and dry
And turn to dust once more.

—LISLE BELL.

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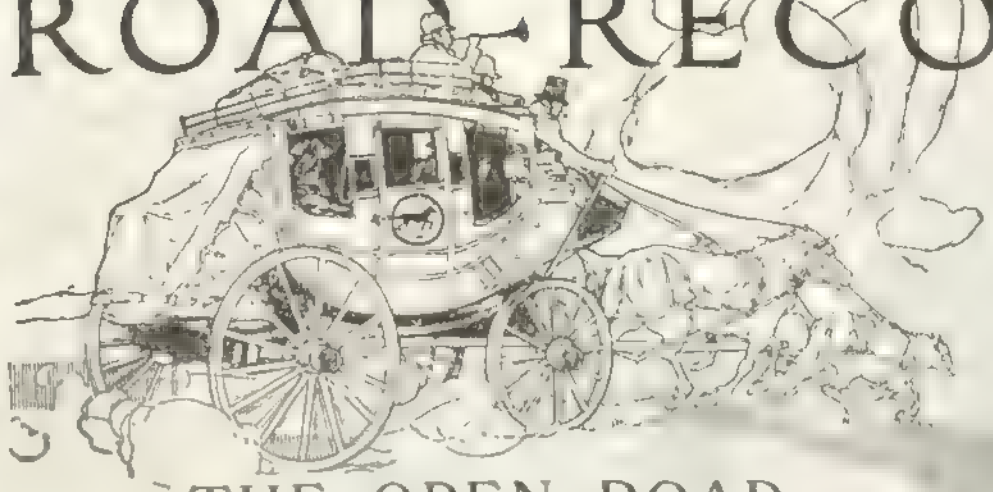

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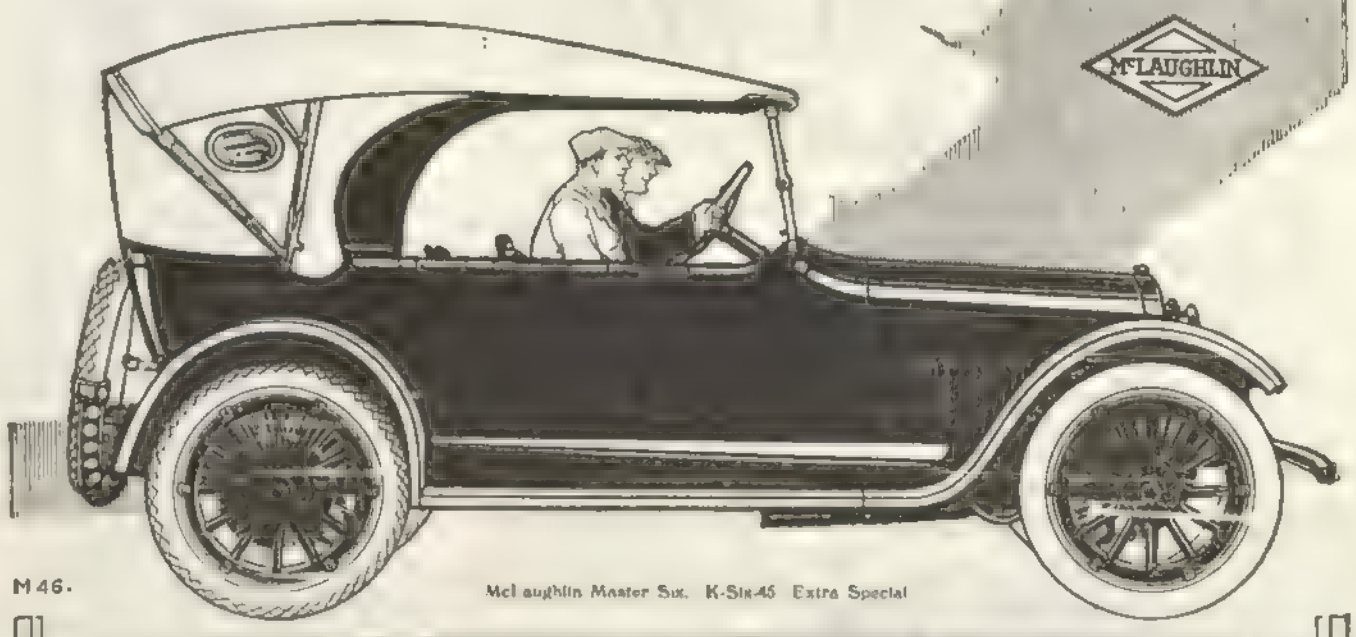

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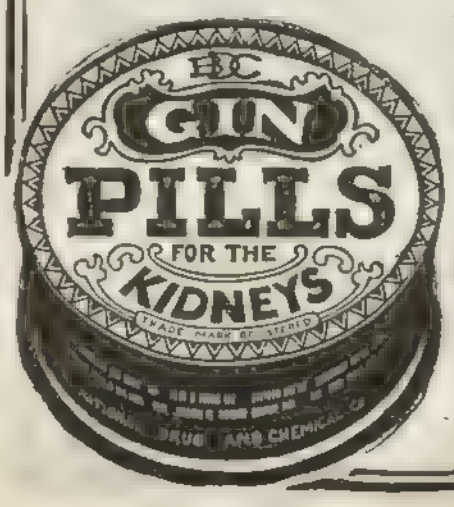

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Vanessa: Two Days In Her Life

II.—THE TOY ROMANCE

Continued from page 12

with rigour and eye-flashing precision. The head became the tail after each gallop. This was what should have happened. But Vanessa didn't know that. George Pride, being larger than the largest boy of the procession, took advantage of his position. But no one had ever warned Vanessa that she might find herself in such a position with regard to other people through no fault of her own.

THERE is something of a soothing, yet exhilarating, nature in being conveyed rapidly over the sidewalk by a large boy, preposterously older than one's self. Vanessa realised by degrees that she was the unalterable head of what seemed to be an endless procession. She began to be conscious of an impression that she and George were performing some kind of social duty together. Would it not be polite for the head lady, through no act of her own, but called to that honour by George—to extend some civility to the ladies immediately behind her? She would do so.

Although George didn't go up and down, the rest of the procession did punctiliously behind him after each heat. This took some time and afforded Vanessa the opportunity she desired of speaking to the ladies behind her. The sleigh next to George's at that moment contained two ladies closely entwined. Vanessa reflected that doubtless they preferred riding together. They seemed to be older than she was. The boy who furnished the motive power for that sleigh was of fair size, and had a noncommittal countenance. Vanessa perceived this later when she had reached the point of observing countenances. She had not analyzed the expression of the ladies before she spoke.

"It is a very nice day, don't you think so?" she enquired in her best approximation to Mrs. Brown's manner with the outside world.

The young ladies looked at each other and laughed—or snorted—either description would do. Then one of them said "It's very likely you should think so."

Vanessa looked back at the young ladies and remarked simply "Why?"

"Because you have been on the front sleigh all the afternoon. Because you have got a sleigh all to yourself. Because George Pride is the biggest boy."

The head lady had not been given credit previously by her family for possessing any degree of social tact. But to preserve the dignity of her position she felt that it would be better to ignore this. Strong feelings should not be dealt with in public or between strangers.

"Aren't you having a good time?" she asked with sincere regret. "I am."

"Very likely you are," exclaimed the lady who had not spoken before, apparently in complete agreement with her companion's form of reply. And such was the concentrated chill and dislike with which they gazed at Vanessa, who was innocently unaware of any reason why the rest of the world should not regard her in precisely the same light as that in which she was contemplated by her family, that she made up her mind in the turning of George's sleigh to have nothing more to do with the procession.

It could not be dangerous however, to speak to George.

"They are cross," she remarked as soon as the ladies on the next sleigh were out of hearing. She didn't appear to wish to know anything. But there was a world of pathetic enquiry in the statement. Why should anyone be cross?

"Don't you mind," answered George in an agreeable manner. "Why should you care? All you have got to do is to ride on my sleigh."

True, that was what her mother had sent her out for. Vanessa recalled the firmness in which Mrs. Brown had spoken of George's kindness. The responsibility was his. She was nothing but a Sunday School opportunity for George. Any enjoyment that fell to her lot while he was engaged in being good was merely so much thrown into the bargain. It was fortunate that there was a great deal of it.

Instead of finding herself, when the procession faded away, deposited at the Brown gate with an immediate prospect of tea, Vanessa discovered that she was to take tea with the Prides. George said she was; and he seemed to know. Vanessa herself hadn't expected anything like this and felt a strong natural doubt in her own mind as to the advisability of taking tea with the Prides. It didn't strike Vanessa as being like Mrs. Brown, this staying out to tea without any previous arrangements. She informed George that she didn't think she could stay because her mother hadn't told her to.

"That's alright," said George. "My mother will tell you to."

Mrs. Pride, who wore a floating silk dress and seemed to Vanessa to have a circumambient effect on that account, fulfilled her son's expectations to the letter.

"Mama," said George with an informing look in his eye, "hasn't Vanessa got to stay to tea with us?"

Mrs. Pride was shocked. Vanessa hadn't been thinking of going home to tea! She would find her mother hadn't intended anything of the kind. Propriety demanded that Vanessa should stay where she was.

Reproachful indeed was the attitude of George's mother; she repeated many things that a supposed Mrs. Brown would say on the subject. But Vanessa didn't believe a word of it; when in doubt, however, it is better to succumb to an elder.

George's mother took off Vanessa's hat and coat herself and giggled all the time. Vanessa didn't know what the giggling meant; but she suspected it of being something she would not like.

In the meantime there was fearful joy in observing the customs and possessions of another house. At last one could feel on an equality with the orphan of a story book who goes through the world constantly in other people's houses. And in the present case one had the additional advantage of its being permanent. This was life.

The Prides had oyster soup for tea. Vanessa liked oyster soup; but before she could get a mouthful something happened. Mr. Pride asked who she was; and the entire Pride family explained with one voice, all except Benny, that she was——! that she belonged to George!

What Mrs. Pride said was worse, because she waited until the rest were through for the sake of greater effect. She had known that she must expect it from George sometime. But what a thing to happen at her age!

George, who understood how little it all meant, expanded; and the Pride father, who wasn't altogether like his family, said that whoever she was she looked like a nice little girl.

Vanessa glared about her wildly. She had been entrapped into this. No one had explained it to ther. She looked at Benny; but he was too young, and at the other end of the table, quite away from her public sentimental difficulty. Benny occupied himself with tea. He knew quite well that there was a great gulf between the way his family looked at these things and the way Vanessa looked at them. But Benny's family was his family. If he had had the making over of Vanessa he might have made her over a little different. This was one of the many things which she knew best how to attend to herself.

One couldn't be rude to the Prides—Vanessa hastily tabulated her few principles. But what could be done? Oh, she had been abandoned by her family! She couldn't believe that her mother had known about this. Well, in the meantime, while she was thinking, it could not do any harm to follow Benny's example.

Vanessa was still in the act of attempting to balance one of Mrs. Pride's largest silver spoons, with the intention of at least tasting the oyster soup, strong on the surface of her mind, when Rafe, who had refused to be coerced into the drawing room until tea was over, appeared like a familiar landscape in the doorway behind Mr. Pride.

Although Vanessa had not known it until that moment, she recognized instantly when she fixed her eye on Rafe, that she had become a criminal by staying to tea at the Prides. The Prides hadn't kept her; she had probably asked them if she might stay, although she had forgotten doing so. Who could have kept Vanessa Brown anywhere unless she had wanted to stay herself? She knew this was what her brothers and sisters were saying; and she felt with guilty pangs how true it was.

It would have been helpful to believe, when it came to settling with her family, that George and his mother had something to do with her staying, but she saw now how absurd it would be to say so; which shows the remarkable effect on one's mind of meeting with a person who knows you very well and thinks your character—young as you are—has a monumental strength even in wickedness, which it does not possess. Rafe looked extremely executive. No reasonable person of his age can deny himself the pleasure of guiding the erring sinner back up the steep incline to where she ought to be.

"Mother says that Vanessa has got to come home right away." "After tea," begged Mrs. Pride. No, indeed, Vanessa's tea was at home waiting for her. Nothing had been said about its being all right if she stayed.

But this wasn't at all the view which the Pride family wished to cherish of the situation. They looked at George; he was the one to speak.

"She doesn't want to go," George said in a tone of remonstrance. "She would rather stay where she is, wouldn't you, Vanessa?"

Ah, that was it, wouldn't she rather?

It is possible that Vanessa might have known what to say if she had had the chance, but she hadn't. The Prides, in Rafe's opinion, had forgotten something.

He smiled derisively. "Do you think, "he said, speaking to George, but implicating the entire family, "that I am the kind of person to come for anybody and then go to home without her?"

That settled it. Vanessa might be appropriate, even satisfactory, as a sister, but she wasn't everybody. To go this way might be ignominious, but it was safe.

And at home they would never need to know about the disgraceful error into which she had been led, the situation having been torn up by the roots through a merciful exercise of parental discipline. Altogether it had been a very chastening experience but she had escaped.

Besides, as Benny knew, George was not the one.

The Proper Feeding of Babies

(Continued from page 4)

starch). In breast milk there is present about 7 per cent. sugar. In these foods under discussion, there is present when diluted, according to directions, anywhere from 10 to 20 per cent. In other words, it is not a balanced diet. Now, too much carbo-hydrate causes loose stools and in the warm months of the summer this may develop into a summer diarrhœa. Not all cases but a large percentage do develop this.

Danger of Patented Foods

REMEMBER that one-fifth of infant deaths under two years are caused by digestive disorders, and that these are largely preventable. In the City of Toronto about ten years ago, the deaths from summer diarrhœa alone used to amount to 500. In 1918, this death rate had been reduced to 175—showing how much progress can be accomplished towards preventing infant deaths.

By keeping away from patented foods, with their high carbo-hydrate feedings, one is avoiding a possible gastro-intestinal unrest which may end in death. The writer is not so foolish as to claim that every child fed on a patented food is heading that way. What is claimed is that these foods are such as tend to produce diarrhœal conditions, and that, judging from a large hospital experience, a large number of them do end this way.

Why take a chance when a well-balanced feeding may be made from cows' milk, water and sugar?

2nd. Because these foods are deprived of the vitamin element in the heating process of their preparation. The vitamin may be described as the element without which proper growth does not take place. It is the absence of vitamin from the food that causes such conditions as scurvy and rickets to occur. The proper bone-forming elements are absent, resulting in rickets—or the blood vessels may be weakened, resulting in hemorrhages in different organs.

Remember that all cases fed on these foods do not develop these diseases—but a large number do. Any cooked feeding will tend to produce them. The proprietory foods are cooked foods and so are in this group of foods in which the vitamin is destroyed.

These are sufficient reasons for not using patented foods:

I. The tendency toward summer diarrhœa.

II. The tendency toward rickets and scurvy.

III. The expense.

In our next article, our ideal artificial food will be considered.

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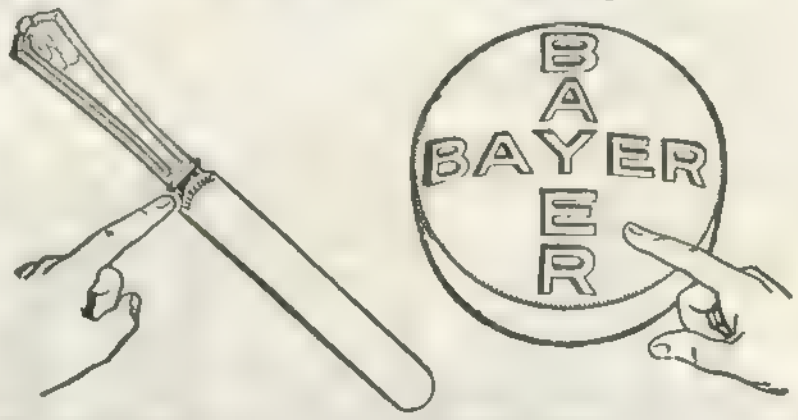

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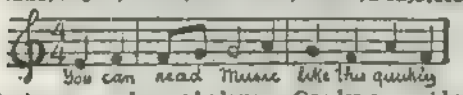

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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles

Through Canada With Edward, Prince of Wales

(*Continued from page 34*)

his place in the "grub queue," carrying his plate to the cookhouse and demanding his particular choice in bacon and eggs, broiled trout, flapjacks or the wonderful white flat bread which the cook, an Indian, Jimmy Bouchard, celebrated for open fire cooking, knew how to prepare.

Sometimes before breakfast the Prince indulged his passion for running. Always, after breakfast, he set out on foot, or in canoe for the day's fishing, returning late at night, hungry and tired with the healthy weariness of hard exertion, to the camp meal. There were spells round the big camp fire burning vividly among the trees, and then sleep in the tent.

The fishing was usually done from the bass canoe, two Indian guides being always the ship's company. And fishing was not the only attraction of the stream and lake. There is always the thrilling placid beauty of the scenery, the deep forests, the lake valleys and austere, forest clad hills that rise abruptly from the enigmatic pools. And there is the active beauty of the many rapids, those piled up and rushing masses of angry water, tossing and foaming in pent up force through rock gates and over rocks.

He tried the adventure of these rapids, shooting through the tortured waters that look so beautiful from the shore and so terrible from the frail structure of a canoe, until it seemed to him as though not even the skill of his guides could steer through safely. He got through safely, but only after an experience which he described as the most exciting in his life.

The fishing itself proved disappointing. The famous speckled trout of Nipigon did not rise to the occasion, and the sport was fair, but not extraordinary. The best day brought in 27 fish, the largest being 3½ pounds, not a good specimen of the lake's trout, which go to 6 and 7 pounds in the ordinary course of things.

And the disappointment had an irony of its own. The man who caught the most fish was the man who couldn't fish at all. The official photographer, who had gone solely to take snapshots, also took the maximum of fish out of the river. Indeed, he was so much of an amateur that the first fish he caught placed him in such a predicament that he did not play it, but landed it with so vigourous a jerk that it flew over his head and caught high in a fir. An Indian guide had to climb the tree to "land" it.

Nevertheless he caught the most fish, and when he returned with his spoil the Prince said to him:

"Look here, don't you realize I'm the one to do that? You're taking my place in the programme."

The reason for the indifferent sport was probably the lateness of the season; it was practically finished when the Prince arrived, and the fact that Nipigon had had a record summer with large parties of sportsmen working its reaches steadily all the time. The fish were certainly shy, particularly, it seemed, of fly, and the best catches were made with a small fish, a sort of bull-headed minnow called cocotoose, that creeps about close to the rocks.

Walking and duck shooting were also in the programme, and there were other excitements.

The weather, delightful during the first two days, broke on Sunday, and there were bad winds, rainstorms and occasional hailstorms, when stones as big as small pebbles drummed on the tents and bombarded the camp.

So fierce was the wind that the Royal Standard on a high flagstaff was carried away. A pine tree was also uprooted and fell with a crash between the Prince's tent and that of one of his suite. A yard either way and the tent would have been crushed. Fortunately the Prince was not in the tent at that moment, but the happening gave the camp its sense of adventure.

During this rest, too, the Prince suffered a little from his eyes, an irritation caused by grains of steel that had blown into them while viewing the works at "Soo." His right hand was also painful from the heartiness of Toronto, and the knuckles swollen. To set these matters right the doctor went up from the train, and by the Indian canoe that carried the mail and the daily news bulletin reached the camp.

When he returned on Monday, September 8, the Prince was looking undeniably fit. He marched up the railway from the lake in footer-shorts and golf jacket with an air of one who had thoroughly enjoyed "roughing it."

"Nipigon a Little Germ Culture of Humanity"

WHILE the Prince and his party were camping the train remained in Nipigon, a tiny village set in complete isolation on the edge of the river and in the heart of the woods.

It is a little germ-culture of humanity cut off from the world. The only way out is, apparently, the railway, though, perhaps, one could get away by the boats that come up to load pulp wood, or by the petrol launches that scurry out onto Lake Superior and its waterside towns. But roads out of it there appear to be none. Follow any track, and it fades away gently into the primitive bush.

It is a nest of loneliness that has carried on after its old office as a big fur collecting post—you see the original offices of Revillon Freres and of the Hudson Bay Company standing to-day—has gone. Now it lives on lumber and the fishing, and one wonders what else.

Its tiny station through which the transcontinental trains thunder, is faced by a long, straggling green, and fringing the green is a row of wooden shops and houses equally straggling. They have a somnolent and spiritless air. Behind is a wedge of pretty dwellings stretching down to the river, falling off into an Indian encampment by the stream, where, about dingy tepees, a dozen or so stoic children play.

There are three hundred souls in the village, mainly Finns and Indians become Canadians. They are not the Indians of Fenimore Cooper, but men who wear peaked caps, bright blouse shirts or sweaters with broad yellow, blue and white stripes (a popular article of wear all over Canada), and women who wear the shin skirts and silks of civilisation. Only here and there one sees old squaw women, stout and brown and bent, with the plaid shawl of modernity, making up for the moccasins of her ancient race.

Small though it is, or perhaps because it is so small and observable, Nipigon is an example of the amalgam from which the Canadian race is being fused. We went, for instance, to a dance given by the Finns in their varnished brown-wood hall on the Saturday night. It was an attractive and interesting evening. The whole of the village, without distinction, appeared to be there. And they mixed. Indian women in the silk stockings, high heels and glowing frocks of suburbia danced (and danced well) with high-cheek-boned, monosyllabic Finns in grey sweaters, workaday trousers and coats and bubble-toed boots. A vivid Canadian girl in semi-evening dress went round in the jazz with a guard of the Royal train. A policeman from the train danced with a Finnish girl demure and well dressed, who might have been anything from the leader of local society to a clerk (i.e., a counter hand) in one of the shops. For all we knew the plumber might have been dancing with the leading citizen's daughter, and the local Astor with the local dressmakers' assistant.

In any case it didn't matter. In Canada they don't think about that sort of thing. They were all unconcerned and happy in the big, generous spirit of equality that makes Canada the home of one big family rather than the dwelling place of different classes and social grades. This fact was not new to us, naturally; we had seen and mixed with Canadians in hotels and on the street elsewhere. In those gathering places of humanity, the hotels, we had lived with the big, jolly, homely crowds without social strata, who might very well have changed places with the waiters, and the waiters with them without anybody noticing any difference. That would not have meant a loss of dignity to anybody. Nobody has any use for social status in the Dominion, the only standard being whether a man is a "mixer" or not.

By way of a footnote, I might say that waiters, even as waiters, are on

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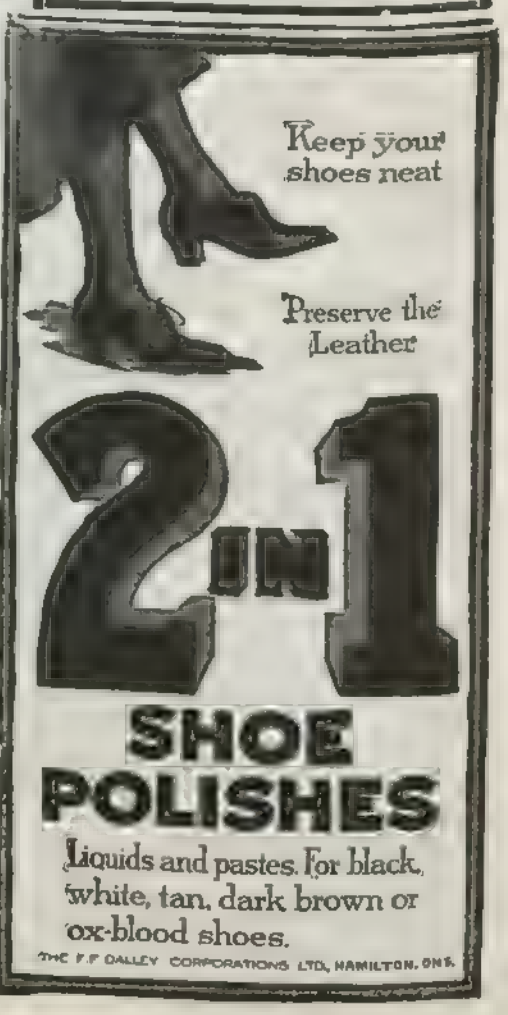
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the way to take seats as guests, since apparently, waiting is only an occupation a man takes up until he finds something worth while. Not unexpectedly, Canadian waiting suffers through this.

What we have seen in the large towns and in the large gregarious life of cities we saw "close up" at Nipigon. The varied crowd, Finns, British, Canadian and Indian (one of the Indians, a young dandy, had served with distinction during the war, had married a white Canadian and was one of the richest men present) danced without social distinctions in that pleasant hall to Finn folk songs that had never been set down on paper, played on an accordion. It was a delightful evening.

For the rest those with the train fished (or rather went through the all ritual with little of the results), walked, bathed in the lake, watched the American "movie" men in their endeavours to convert the British to baseball, or endeavoured, with as little success, to convert the baseball "fans" to cricket. The recreations of Nipigon were not hectic, and we were glad to get on to towns and massed life again.

I confess our view of Nipigon of the hundred houses was not that of the Indian boy who discussed it with us. He told us Nipigon was not the place for him.

"You wait," he said. "Next year I go. Next year I am fifteen. Then I go out into the woods. I go right away. I can't stand this city life."

The Twin Cities Welcome H. R. H.

CANADA, on Monday, September 8, demonstrated its amazing faculty for startling contrasts. It lifted the Prince from the primitive to the ultra-modern in a single movement. In the morning he was in the silent forests of Nipigon, a tract so wild that man seemed no nearer than a thousand miles. Three hours later he was moving amid the dense crowds that filled the streets of the latest word in industrial cities.

He stepped straight from Nipigon to the twin cities of Port Arthur and Fort William. These two cities are really one, and together form the great trade pool into which the traffic of the vast grain-bearing West and North-West pours for transport on the Great Lakes.

These two cities sprang from the little human nucleus made up of a Jesuit mission and a Hudson Bay Company depot of the old days. They stand on Thunder Bay, a deep-water sac thrusting out from Lake Superior, under the slopes of flat topped Thunder Cape. The situation is ideal for handling the trade of the great lake highway that swings the traffic through the heart of the Western continent.

Port Arthur and Fort William have seen their chances and made the most of them. They have constructed great wharves along the bay to accommodate a huge traffic. Over the wharves they have built up the greatest grain elevators in the world, not a few of them, but a series until the cities seemed to be inhabited solely by these giants. These elevators and stores collect and distribute the vast streams of grain that pour in from the prairies, at whose door the cities stand, distributing it across the lakes to the cities of America or along the lakes to the Canadian East and the railways that tranship it to Europe.

These places gave the Prince the welcome of ardent twins. Their greeting was practically one, for though the train made two stops, and there were two sets of functions, there are only a few minutes' train time between them, and the greetings seemed of a continuous whole.

Port Arthur had the Prince first for a score of minutes, in which crowds about the station showed their welcome in the Canadian way. It was here we first came in touch with the "Mounties," the fine men of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, whose scarlet coats, jaunty stetsons, blue breeches and high tan boots set off the carriage of an excellently set up body of men. They acted as escort while the Prince drove into the town to a charming collegiate garden, where the Mayor tried to welcome him formally.

Tried is the only word. How could Prince or Mayor be formal when both stood in the heart of a crowd so close together that when the Mayor read his address the document rested on the Prince's chest, while at the Prince's elbows crowded little boys and other distinguished citizens? Formal or not it was very human and very pleasant.

Returning through the town, something went wrong with the procession. Many of the automobiles forcing their way through the crowd to the train—which stood beside the street—found there was no Prince. We stood about asking what was happening, and where it was happening. After ten minutes

(*Continued on page 60*)

A Most Trying Time In A School Girl's Life

"NOTHING is more common with physicians," writes Hon. Dr. W. H. Roberts, Minister of Health, New Brunswick, "than to find that during the few weeks preceding the closing of the school term, we are visited by mothers having with them their daughters who have been cramming for final examinations and in the majority of instances the story related is something like this—'Doctor! I have brought Mary to you to see if you cannot do something for her. You know she has been leading her class nearly all of the term; she is competing for the Governor-General's Medal, and we are so anxious that she be successful; but of late it is so hard for her to study, her head aches, she has no appetite, we cannot force her to partake of food, her bowels are constipated, she is so nervous, Doctor; she cannot get to sleep, sometimes for hours after she retires.'

"She is so white and frail looking. We also notice her twitching her face, eyelids and mouth a lot, and of late tossing her head to and fro and we are fearful, if something is not done, she will not hold out and we do so much want her to take the honours she has worked so hard for all winter.'

"We take a look at the girl and find that in almost every particular the word picture of the mother quite correctly describes the condition found. We find she is truly very anaemic in appearance, tongue quite heavily coated, generally far below the average weight. We notice, too, the nervous symptoms spoken of by the mother, simulating a beginning of chorea, or St. Vitus' dance. Upon examination of the heart, which she complains about as beating rapidly at times, there is revealed a functional murmur, and suspecting from her headache some possible eye complications, we have her see an oculist, who reports severe condition of astigmatism. At the same time, bear in mind, nature is doing her best to shapen and perfect her scheme of physical economy."

Such remarkable results are being obtained by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, under conditions so well described by Dr. Roberts, that it becomes a duty as well as a pleasure to tell others about it.

This letter from Mrs. Parks, of 72 Picton St., Hamilton, Ont., is very interesting in this connection. She writes:—"Five years ago my little girl was taken ill with St. Vitus' dance, and for four years we doctored her, trying several doctors and different remedies without curing her. She could not walk or get around at all, and we had to feed her, as she was unable to hold a spoon in her hand. Her tongue was affected so that we could scarcely understand her when she talked. One day a friend of mine who knew of the benefits of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food advised me to give my little girl some. I acted upon her advice, and soon could notice a difference. She was quieting down and commenced to eat better. I continued the treatment for some time, and she gradually got stronger and healthier. She recovered from her nervous trouble and was able to get around nicely. We are very grateful to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for the cure it effected for our daughter."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. Be sure to see the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on the box you buy.

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Courses leading to degrees in Arts, separate in the main from those for men, but under identical conditions; and to degrees in Music.

Applications for residence should be made early as accommodation in the College is limited.

For prospectus and information apply to **The Warden.**

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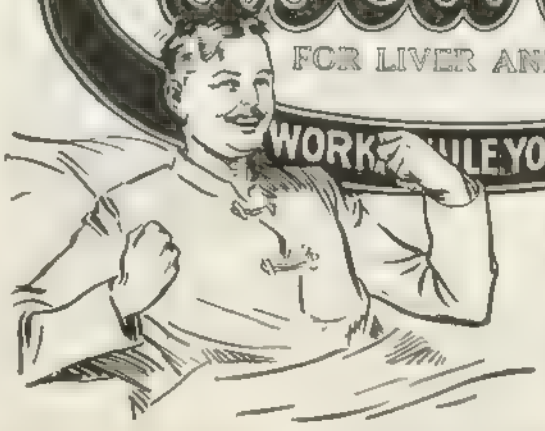
WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP



Never Shake you up, Gripe or Inconvenience.

All that Headache, Biliousness and Constipation is gone!

Have You Heard Them?

Two beautiful ballads that will live beyond the songs of fleeting fancy—

"I'M LONGING ALWAYS, DEAR, FOR YOU, *by* Caro Roma;
"I DID NOT KNOW," *by* Frederick Vanderpool.

Both given FREE with a Subscription to Everywoman's World. Use Coupon on page 1.

Royal Patterns

are hand made throughout and draped on the form by style experts. Each section of a Royal Pattern is plainly and unmistakably marked—there is no need of memorising needless symbols. Even though the design be elaborate the actual construction is simple.

If you are looking for a pattern only—machine-made patterns will do; if you want style and exclusiveness—buy Royal Patterns.

The amount of material required is specified on all patterns. All patterns allow for seams.

Royal Patterns are cut in the following sizes:

Bust	Waist	Hip	Bust	Waist	Hip
34	24	38	40	30	43-44
36	26	40	42	32	45
38	28	42			

Other sizes cut to measure, for which an extra charge is made. Patterns are supplied only of the designs which bear numbers.

PRICES OF ROYAL PATTERNS

Flat Pattern of Waist	$1.00
" " " Skirt	1.00
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" " " Gown with Train	2.00
" " " Bathing Suit	2.00
" " " Separate Sleeve, Collar or Vest	.50
" " " Child's Garment, up to 10 years' size	.50
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REMEMBER: When ordering, enclose check or money order for the amount of patterns ordered, as we make no provision for charge accounts or C.O.D. delivery. When your order is ready to mail, look it over once more to see that *it is correctly made out.* We do not exchange patterns.

Send all orders for Royal Patterns to

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Pattern Department, 253-259 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

(Cut out and mail with remittance)

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Date.....

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Pattern Dept.,
253-259 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Enclosed find $..... for which please send me Royal Patterns listed below:

	*Pattern Number	Bust Measurement	Price
Costume			
Costume			
Suit			
Suit			
Waist			
Waist			
Coat			
Coat			

	*Pattern Number	Waist Measurement	Price
Skirt			
Skirt			
Skirt			

Name .....

Street.....

City..... Province .....

Before mailing your order, look over once more to make sure that you have given the right number, or numbers, and stated the sizes correctly. When sizes are not specified, 36-inch bust and 26-inch waist measurement will be sent. To avoid delay, enclose full remittance with order.

**Patterns are supplied only of the designs which bear numbers.*

Through Canada With Edward, Prince of Wales

(Continued from page 59)

of this an automobile driver strolled over from a car and asked "what was doing now?"

We consulted programmes and told him that the Prince was launching a ship.

"He is, is he?" said the driver without passion. "Well, I've got members of the shipbuilding company and half the reception committee in my car."

In spite of that the Prince launched a fine boat, that took the water broadside in the lake manner, before going on to Fort William.

Fort William had an immense crowd upon the green before the station, on the station, and even on the station buildings. Part of the crowd was made up of children, each of them a representative of the nationalities that come from the Old World to find a new life and a new home in Canada. Each of them was dressed in his, or her national costume.

There were 24 children, each of a different race, and the races ranged from France to Solvenia, from Persia to China and Syria. There were negroes and Siamese and Czecho-Slovaks in this remarkable collection of elements from whose fusion Canada of to-day is being fashioned.

The Prince drove through the cheering streets of Fort William, and paid visits to some of the great industrial concerns, before setting out for Winnipeg and the wide-flung spaces of the West.

Winnipeg and Silver Slippers!

WE HAD a hint of what the Western welcome was going to be like from the Winnipeg papers that were handed to us with our cantaloupe at breakfast of Tuesday, September 9. They were concerning themselves brightly and strenuously with the details of the visit that day, and were also offering real Western advice on the etiquette of clothes.

"SILK LIDS AND STRIPED PANTS FOR THE BIG DAY," formed the main headline, taking the place of space usually given to baseball reports or other vital news. And pen pictures of Western thrill were given of leading men chasing in and out of the stores of the town in an attempt to buy a "Silk Lid" (a top hat) in order to be fit to figure at receptions.

The writer had even broken into verse to describe the emotions of the occasion. Despairing of prose he wrote,

Get out the old silk bonnet,
Iron a new shine upon it,
Just pretend your long tailed coat
does not seem queer;
For we'll be all proper
As a crossing "copper"
When the Prince of Wales is here.

The Ladies' Page also caught the infection. It crossed its page with a wail, "GIRLS! OH, GIRLS! SILVER SLIPPERS CANNOT BE HAD!" and it went on for columns to tell how Silver Slippers were the only kind the Prince would look at. He had chosen all partners at all balls in all towns by the simple method of looking for silver slippers. The case of those without silver slippers was hopeless. The maidens of Winnipeg well knew this. There had been a silver slipper battue through all the stores, and all had gone it was, so one felt from the article, a crisis.

A rival paper somewhat calmed the anxious citizens by stating that the "Silk Lid" and the "Striped Pants" were not necessities, and that the Prince himself did not favour formal dress—a fact, for indeed, he preferred himself the informality of a grey lounge suit always, when not wearing uniform, and did not even trouble to change for dinner unless attending a function. The paper also hinted that he had eyes for other things in partners besides silver slippers.

These papers gave us an indication that not only would "Winnipeg be polished to the heels of its shoes," at the coming of the Prince, but to continue the metaphor, it would be enthusiastic "to well above its hatband." And it was.

Certainly Winnipeg's welcome did not stop at the huge mass of heels—high as well as low—that carried it out to look at the Prince on his arrival. It mounted well up to the heart and to the head as he left the wide-open space in front of the C.P.R. station, and, with a brave escort of red-tuniced "Mounties," swung into the old pioneer trail—only it is called Main Street now—towards the Town Hall.

The exceedingly broad street was lined with immense crowds that, on the whole, kept their ranks like a London rather than a Canadian throng for at least 200 yards.

Then this imported docility gave

The Most Famous Talcum in the World

"Just any kind of Talcum" is not good enough for baby's tender skin, for such generous quantities are required that a pure, safe powder is imperative.

MENNEN BORATED TALCUM—the *original*—has been the standard nursery powder for forty years. Doctors and Nurses and Mothers all the world over recommend it, because of its quality and purity.

Moreover, Mennen's original formula has never been successfully duplicated.

So that whatever Talcum you use yourself—you choose wisely when you insist on MENNEN BORATED TALCUM for Baby.

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MENNEN TALCUMS—all with the original borated formula—include a variety to satisfy every need. Borated, Violet, Flesh Tint, and Cream Tint, each charmingly perfumed; and the new Talcum for Men, a boon after shaving.

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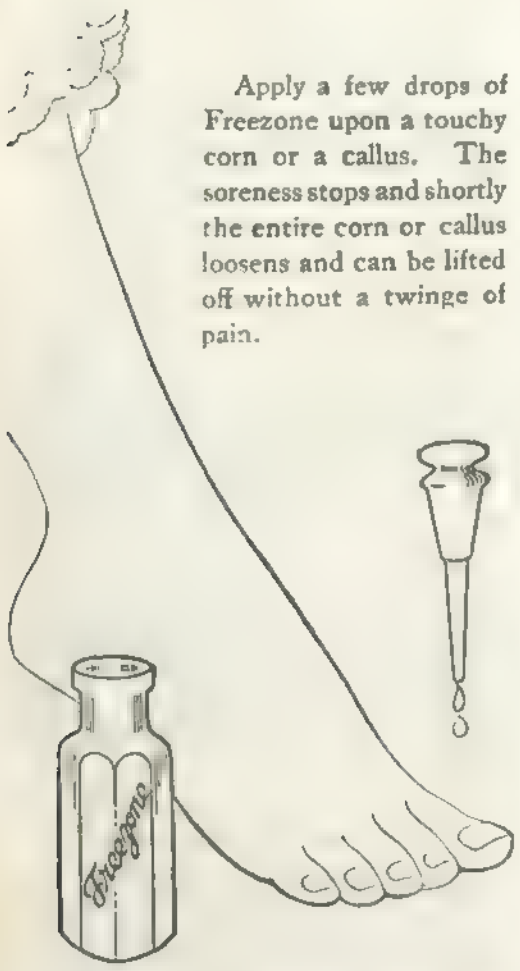
Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they lift off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Tiny bottle costs few cents at drug stores—anywhere

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Near Detroit; Interurban Cars pass the door.

THE mineral baths are endorsed by the highest medical authorities for efficacy in rheumatism, neuralgia, blood and skin diseases, stomach disorders, nervous diseases, locomotor ataxia and run-down conditions.

The beautiful Colonial Hotel is strictly modern. Mineral baths characterized by every nicety of appointment. The rooms are large and furnished in excellent taste. Many forms of amusement. $31.50 a week and up, including meals. The service is excellent at all times, including the late fall, winter and early spring. *Write for Booklet.*

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HAS BEEN USED WITH SUCCESS FOR MORE THAN 40 YEARS

RESTORES COLOR AND BEAUTY TO GRAY AND FADED HAIR

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

HISCOX CHEMICAL WORKS
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way, and the press of people became entirely Canadian. The essential spirit of the Canadian, like that of the citizen, is that "he will be there." Or perhaps I should say he "will be *right* there." Anyhow, there he was as close to the Prince as he could get without actually climbing into the carriage that was slowing down before the dais among trees in the garden before the City Hall.

It was the usual function, but varied a little. Winnipeg has not always been happy in the matter of its water supply, and the day and the Prince came together to inaugurate a new era. It was accomplished in the modern manner. The Prince pressed a button on the platform and water-gates on Shoal Lake outside the city swung open. In a minute or two a dry fountain in the gardens before the Prince threw up a jet of water. The new water had come to Winnipeg

Through big crowds on the sidewalks he passed through an avenue of fine, tall and modern stores, along Broadway, where the tram-tracks fringed with grass and trees run down the centre of a wide boulevard that is edged with lawns and trees, and so to the new Parliament Buildings

Here there was a vivid and shining scene before the great, white curtain of a classic building not yet finished

In the wide forecourt was a mass of children bearing flags, and up the great flight of steps leading up to the impressive Corinthian porch was a bank of people jewelled with flags and vivid in gay dresses. Against the sharp white mass of the building this living, thrilling bed of humanity made an unforgettable picture.

The Formal Reception

THE CEREMONY in the spacious entrance hall was also full of the movement and colour of life. In the massive square hall stairs spring upward to the gallery on which the Prince stood. On the level of each floor galleries were cut out of the solid stone of the walls. Crowded in these galleries were men and women, who looked down the shaft of this austere chamber upon a grouping of people about the foot of the cold, white ascending stairs. The strong, clear light added to the dramatic dignity of the scene.

The groups moved up the white stairs slowly between the ranks of Highlanders whose uniforms took on a vividity in the clarified light. The Prince, in Guards' uniform, with his suite in blue and gold and kakhi and red behind him, stood on the big white stage of the stair-head to receive them. It was a scene that had all the tone and all the circumstance of an Eastern levée.

But it was a levée with a fleck of humour, also.

As he turned to leave, the Prince noticed beside him a handsome arm-chair upholstered in royal blue. It was a strange, lonely chair in that desert of gallery and standing humanity. It was a chair that needed explaining.

In characteristic fashion the Prince bent down to it to find an explanation. The crowd, knowing all about that chair and understanding his puzzlement began to laugh. It laughed outright and with sympathetic humour when, abruptly handing his Guards' cap to one of his Staff, he solemnly sat down in it for a second instead of going his way.

The chair was the chair his father and grandfather had sat in when they came to Winnipeg. Silver medallions on it gave testimony to facts. The Prince had not time to adopt a fully considered sitting, but he was not going to leave that building until he, too, had registered his claim to it.

In the big Campus that fronts the University of Manitoba and ranked by thousands in a hollow square, were the veterans in khaki and civvies who had fought as comrades of the Prince in the War. To these he went next.

As the Prince left the field the great crowd swept after him, until the whole mass was jammed tight against the iron railings at the entrance of the Campus. The Prince was in the heart of this throng surrounded by police who strove to force a way out for him. The crowd fought as heartily to get at him. There was a wild moment when the throng charged forward and crashed the iron railings down with their weight and force.

There were cries of "Shoulder him! Shoulder the boy!" and a rush was made towards him. The police had a hard struggle to keep the people back, and, as it was, it was only the swift withdrawal of the Prince from the scene that averted trouble, for in a crowd that had got slightly out of hand in its enthusiasm, the presence of so many children and women seemed to spell calamity.

This splendid ardour is more remark-

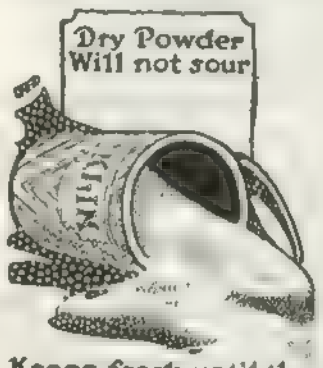
(*Continued on page 62*)

For Cooking or Baking

It gives the milk flavor

KLIM

1 lb tin makes 4 quarts of pure separated Milk



Keeps fresh until the last particle is used

is pure pasteurized separated milk in the most convenient and economical form in which you can buy it—a dry powder.

You can buy Klim from your nearest grocer. It is packed in handy blue and white striped tins in half pound, one pound and ten pound sizes.

Get a tin today. Read the directions. Lift off the cover. Scoop out eight level tablespoonfuls of Klim and place it on top of a pint of water in a bowl. Whip briskly until all is dissolved. It takes just a few seconds. Taste it. You'll be delighted with the natural flavor.

Klim makes delicious biscuits, cakes, sauces, and milk soups. Use it wherever you have been using liquid milk in cooking and baking and get the advantage of its convenience and economy. The lack of fat in Klim powdered separated milk is not detrimental when it is used for cooking and baking, because it is more economical to use fat in the form of butter. It is the general custom for the housewife to use the balance of the milk for cooking after taking the top off the bottle for the table.

Klim remains fresh and sweet down to the bottom of the tin. Keep the cover on and keep the tin in the kitchen cabinet or wherever it is handy. No need to put it on ice. Hot weather does not affect its goodness. Go away over the week-end, or for a month; when you come home there's a supply of sweet separated milk all ready by adding the water.

For summer houses and for camping-out trips, take a generous supply of Klim along. It's light to carry. Clean to handle. Use as you need it. Always good.

KLIM Brand Powdered Whole Milk contains all of the fat of the original rich whole milk from which it was made. Because of its richness in fat the product is not sold by grocers, but is sold direct to the user. Clip out the order form below and send to our nearest office with one dollar. You will receive by return parcel post a trial pound and a quarter tin with price list and free cook-book.

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Please mail a pound and a quarter tin of Klim Brand Powdered Whole Milk, price list and cook-book. Enclosed is one dollar.

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CANADIAN MILK PRODUCTS LIMITED.

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The Economical Covering for Your Furniture is Craftsman Fabrikoid

ARE you the mother of kiddies whose romping about the house has played havoc with the furniture? Upholstery torn, cut, stained? Frames good, but coverings in a horrible state? Craftsman Fabrikoid will replace the old coverings and make the furniture good as new—in fact it will probably outlast the furniture itself.

Half the furniture you have seen covered with what you believed to be leather was Fabrikoid. It is difficult to distinguish between the two as far as appearance is concerned, for Fabrikoid is grained, pebbled and colored the same as leather. But it has advantages that leather does not possess. Leather must be accepted as it comes from the cow—Fabrikoid is built up to a fixed standard. Leather is hard in some spots, soft in others, absorbs grease and water, becomes stained and frequently rots and tears. Fabrikoid is uniformly the same, yard after yard—pliable, tough and absolutely impervious to water or grease—and above all, costs far less.

Make your furniture upholstery permanent with Fabrikoid. Save money and make the chairs, cushions, lounges and couches kiddie-proof with this attractive covering.

Your furniture dealer can supply it—he can do the work. Write us for further information about Fabrikoid and what can be done with it in your home.

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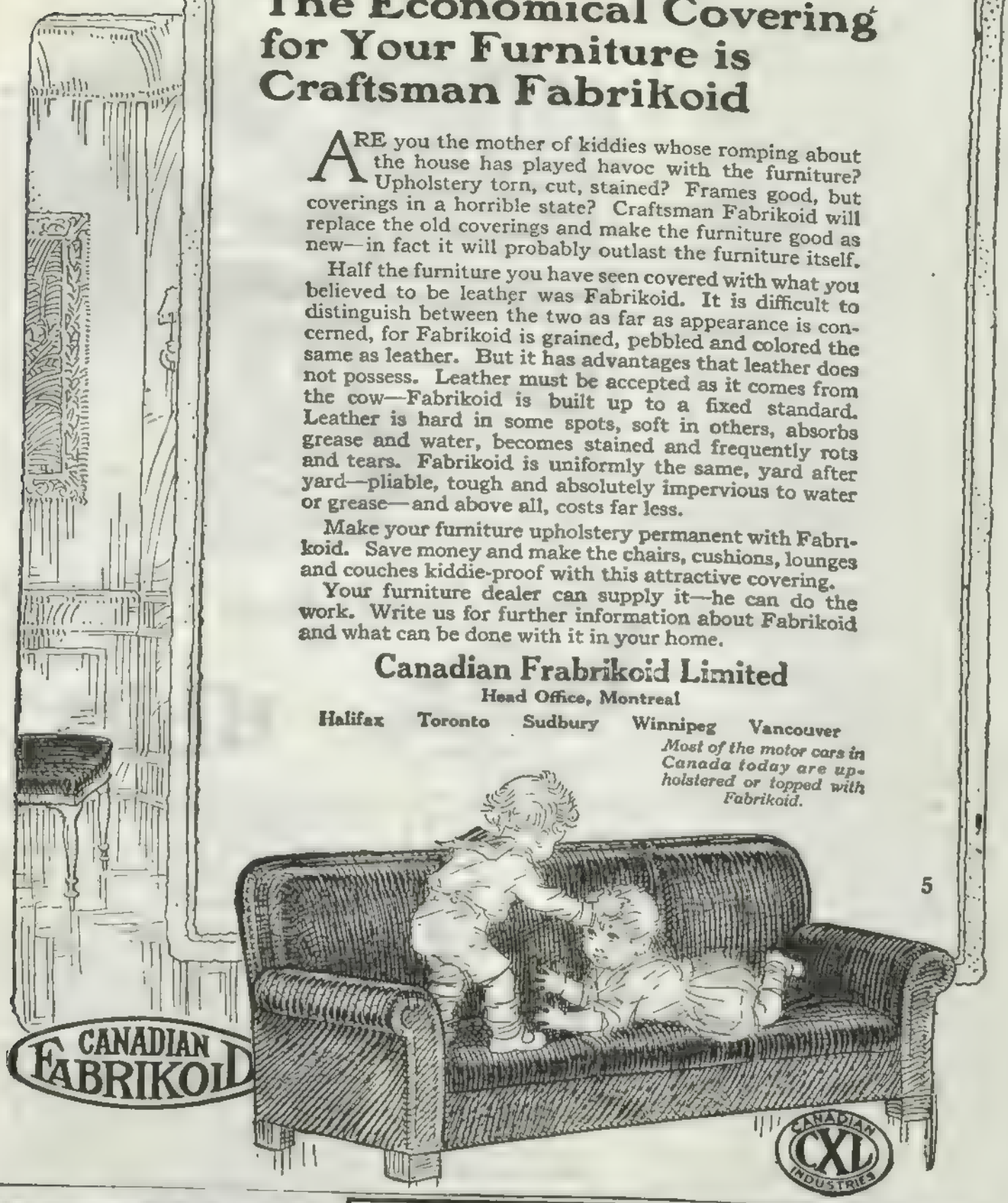
Most of the motor cars in Canada today are upholstered or topped with Fabrikoid.



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FREE Send today for a free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's and one of our special combs. State the exact color of your hair.

Try it on a lock of your hair. Note the results. Then you will know why thousands of women have already used this scientific hair color restorer.

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Accept no Imitations—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Borrowed from "DANGEROUS DAYS"

"MANY a woman never listens to her husband till he begins to talk in his sleep."

"A woman may be shocked if you make love to her, but she is shockingly disappointed if you don't."

"DANGEROUS DAYS," by Mary Roberts Rinehart, may be secured with every $2.00 subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and 50c additional.

Send only $2.50 and secure 12 months of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and "Dangerous Days."

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It makes them appear much longer, thicker and more luxuriant than they really are—easily applied and perfectly harmless.

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a pure harmless cream, applied right y aids Nature in a marvelous way in nourishing and promoting the growth of the eyebrows and lashes. Dark luxuriant eyelashes and well formed eyebrows, how wonderfully they bring out the deep soulful expression of eyes, adding great charm and beauty to any face. These famous Maybell Beauty Aids are used and recommended by Stars of the stage and screen and beautiful women everywhere. Why not you?

"LASH-BROW-INE" price 50c, "MAYBELLINE" price 75c. AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us. To avoid disappointment with imitations always look for "THE MAYBELL GIRL" same as above, on every box of both preparations. We guarantee you will be delighted or refund price. Tear out this ad right now so that you will not forget the correct names.

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4303—39 Grand Boulevard CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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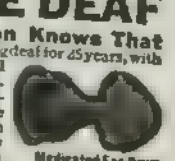
—Every Deaf Person Knows That

I make my self hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address



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GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
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BUNIONS!

Hump Vanishes — Pains Stop

TRY IT AT MY RISK New, marvelous way to treat bunions. Stops pain almost instantly—banishes the ugly hump and tired, swollen, burning condition. You can wear a smaller shoe with comfort—Test it at my risk. First trial convinces. No apparatus, no plaster, no shield or pad. It is PEDODYNE for Bunions. You will say it is wonderful—amazing, so quick, so sure does it act. Don't waste time and money on useless methods. Don't suffer. Try PEDODYNE at my risk. Write today before you do another thing. Just say "I want to try PEDODYNE" Address KAY LABORATORIES, 538 So. Dearborn St., Dept. A-536 Chicago, Ill.

Through Canada With Edward, Prince of Wales

(*Continued from page 61*)

able, since only a few months before, Winnipeg had been the scene of an outburst which its citizens describe as nothing else but Bolshevik.

That outcrop of active discontent—which, by the way, was germinated in part by Englishmen—had a loud and ugly sound, and its clamour seemed ominous. People asked whether all the West, and indeed, all Canada, was going to be involved. Was Canada speaking in the accents of revolt?

Well, on September 9 there arose another sound in Winnipeg, and it was but part of a wave of sound that had been travelling westward for a month. It was, I think, a most significant sound. It was the sound of majorities expressing themselves.

It was not a few shouting revolt. It was the many shouting its affection and loyalty for tried democratic ideals.

When minorities raise their voices our ears are dinned by the shouting and we imagine it is a whole people speaking. We forget those who sit silent at home, not joining in the storm. The silent mass of the majority is overlooked because it finds so few opportunities for self-expression. Only such a visit as this of the Prince gave them a chance.

It seemed to me that this display of affection had a human rather than a political significance. It impressed me not as an affair of parties, but as the fundamental, human desire of the great mass of ordinary workaday people to show their appreciation for stable and democratic ideals which the peculiarly democratic individuality of the Prince represents.

Visits the Grain Exchange

THE PRINCE made the usual round of the usual programme during his stay, but his visit to the Grain Exchange was an item that was unique.

He drove on Wednesday, September 10 to this dramatic place, where brokers, apparently in a frenzy, shout and wave their hands, while the price of grain sinks and rises like a trembling balance at their gestures and shouts.

The pit at which all these hustling buyers and sellers are gathered has all the romantic qualities of fiction. It is, as far as I am concerned, one of the few places that live up to the written pictures of it, for it gave me the authentic thrill that had come to me when I first read of the chicago wheat transactions in Frank Norris' novel, "The Pit."

The Prince drove to the Grain Exchange and was whirled aloft to the fourth storey of the tall building. He entered a big hall in which babel with modern improvements and complications reigned.

In the centre of this room was the pit proper. It has nothing of the stygian about it. It is a hexagon of shallow steps rising from the floor, and descending on the inner side.

On these steps was a crowd of supermen with voices of rolled steel. They called out cabalistic formulæ, of which the most intelligible to the layman sounded something like:

"May—eighty-three—quarter."

Cold, high and terrible voices seemed to answer,

"Taken."

Hundreds of voices were doing this, amid a storm of cross shoutings, and under a cloud of tossing hands, that signalled with fingers or with papers. Cutting across this whirlpool of noise was the frantic clicking of telegraph instruments. These tickers were worked by four emotionless gods sitting high up in a judgment seat over the pit.

They had unerring ears. They caught the separate quotations from the seething maelstrom of sound beneath them, sifted the completed deal from the mere speculative offer in uncanny fashion, and with their unresting fingers ticked the message off on an instrument that carried it to a platform high up on one of the walls. On this platform men in shirt-sleeves prowled backwards and forwards—as the tigers do about feeding time in the Zoo. They, too, had super-hearing. From little funnels that looked like electric light shades they caught the tick of the messages and chalked the figures of the latest prices as they altered with the dealing on the floor, upon a huge blackboard that made the wall behind them.

At the same time the gods on the rostrum were tapping messages to the four corners of the world. Chicago and Mark Lane altered their prices as the finger of one of these calm men worked his clicker.

When the Prince entered the room the gong sounded to close the market and amid a hearty volume of cheering

he was introduced to the pit, and some of its intricacies were explained to him. The gong sounded again, the market opened and a storm of shouting broke over him, men making and accepting deals over his head.

Intrigued by the excitement, he agreed with the broker who had brought him in, to accept the experience of making a flutter in grain.

Immediately there were yells, "What is he, Bull or Bear?" and the Prince, thoroughly perplexed, turned to the broker and asked what type of financial mammal he might be.

He became a Bull and bought.

He did not endeavour to corner wneat in the manner of the heroes of the stories for wheat was controlled; he bought instead, 50,000 bushels of oats. A fair deal, and he told those about him with a smile that he was going to make several thousand dollars out of Winnipeg in a few moments.

An onlooker pointed to the blackboard, and cried,

"What about that? Oats are falling."

But the broker was a wise man. He had avoided a royal "crash"; he had already sold at the same price, 83½, and the Prince had accomplished what is called a "cross trade." That is, he had squared the deal and only lost his commission.

While he stood in that frantic pit of whirling voices something of the vast transactions of the Grain Exchange was explained to him. It is the biggest centre for the receipt and sale of wheat directly off the land in the world. It handles grain by the million bushels. In the course of a day, so swift and thorough are its transactions, it can manipulate deals aggregating anything up to 150,000,000 bushels.

When these details had been put before him, the gong was again struck, and silence came magically.

Unseen by most in that pack of men on the steps the Prince was heard to say that he had come to the conclusion that to master the intricacies of the Exchange was a science into which angels might fear to tread. He hoped that his trip Westward would give him a more intimate knowledge of the facts about grain, and when he came back, as he hoped he would, he might have it in him to do something better than a "cross trade."

From the pit the lift took him aloft again to the big sampling and classifying room on the tenth floor of the building. The long tables of this room were littered with small bags of grain, and with grain in piles undergoing tests. The floor was strewn with spilled wheat and oats and corn. Here he was shown how grain, carried to Winnipeg in the long trucks, was sampled and brought to this room in bags. Here it was classified by experts who, by touch, taste and smell, could gauge its quality unerringly.

It is the perfection of a system for handling grain in the raw mass. The buyer never sees the grain he purchases. The classification of the Exchange is so reliable that he accepts its certificates of quality and weight and buys on paper alone.

Nor are the dealers ever delayed by this wonderful working organization. The Exchange has samplers down on the tracks at the railway sidings day and night. During the whole 24 hours of the day there are men digging specially constructed scoops that take samples from every level of the carloads of grain, putting the grain into the small bags, and sending them along to the classification department.

So swift is the work done that the train can pull into the immense range of special yards, such as those the C.P.R. have constructed for the accommodation of grain, change its engine and crew, and by the time the change is effected samples of all the trucks have been taken, and the train can go on to the great elevators and mills at Fort William and Port Arthur.

This rapid handling in no way effects the efficiency of the Exchange. Its decisions are so sure that the grading of the wheat is only disputed about 40 times in a year. This is astonishing when one realizes the enormous number of samples judged.

In the same way, and in spite of the apparent confusion about the pit where they take place, the records of the transactions are so exact that only about once in 5,000 is such a record queried.

The Prince was immensely interested in all the practical details of working which makes this handling of grain a living and dramatic thing, showing, as usual, that active curiosity for work-a-day facts that is essential to the make-up of the moderns.

His directness and accessibility made friends for him with these hard-headed business men as readily as it had made friends with soldiers and with the mass of people. Winnipeg had already exerted its Western faculty for affectionate epithets. He had already been dubbed a "Fine Kiddo," and it was commonplace to hear people say to him, "He's a regular feller, he'll do." They said these things again in the Exchange, declaring emphatically he was "sure a manly-looking chap."

As he left the Exchange the members switched the chaos of the pit into shouts of a more hearty and powerful volume, and to listen to a crowd of such fully seasoned lungs doing their utmost in the confined space of a building is an awe-inspiring and terrific experience.

The friendliness here was but a "classified sample"—if the Winnipeg Exchange will permit that expression—of the friendliness in bulk he found all over Canada, and which he found in the great West, upon which he was now entering.

(To be continued)

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"61" FLOOR VARNISH

For Furniture and Woodwork and Floors

"Oh, Bess! A new refrigerator?"

"Looks like it, Ann, but really it isn't! We had to make the old one do for another year, so I gave it a coat of Dark Oak "61" Floor Varnish!"

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PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

Mrs. Knox's Corner

Nourishing Desserts

A GROWN-UP'S as well as a child's dessert should be more than just something sweet to top off the meal; it should be a wholesome and nourishing dish which rounds out and perfects the luncheon or dinner.

For instance, a good nourishing dessert, which I have found to be a general favorite with all the family, is Chocolate Blanc Mange. It is a favorite with the housewife, too, because it does not have to be cooked over the fire, and it is so easily and quickly made.

A woman recently wrote me that this is now her husband's favorite dessert because it is so smooth and creamy and is always just right. He was very fond of Chocolate Blanc Mange, but every time she made it of corn starch he complained that it was lumpy and not smooth. A friend told her about my recipe; she tried it and it was a revelation to her. Now her husband praises it and complains because she does not serve it oftener—especially when they have company.

CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
¼ cup cold water.
1 pint of milk.
½ cupful of sugar.
¼ teaspoonful of salt.
½ teaspoonful vanilla.
1 square chocolate or 4 tablespoonfuls of cocoa.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Scald milk and add sugar, grated chocolate or cocoa and salt. When well blended, add the soaked gelatine and flavoring; pour into a wet mold or individual custard cups, and chill. Serve with milk, cream or custard sauce.

Not only does Knox Sparkling Gelatine make many delicious desserts which require practically no cooking at all—but being unflavored, it will blend with meats, fish, cheese, vegetables and fruits to make many different kinds of meat and fish loaves, cheese, vegetable and fruit salads—each adding an appetizing, luxurious touch to the meal—although in reality they are most inexpensive.

Besides being a pure, super-refined gelatine, Knox Gelatine is a favorite with housekeepers because of its economy. One package of Knox Gelatine goes four times as far as the ready-prepared packages and serves four times as many people. Flavored packages serve only six people and do for only one meal, while one package of Knox will make twenty-four individual helpings and serves a family of six with a tempting dessert or salad for four different meals. That is why experts call Knox the "4-to-1" gelatine—because it goes four times as far as the flavored packages, besides having four times as many uses.

SPECIAL HOME SERVICE

If you are interested in other "Nourishing Desserts" and salads, write for my recipe books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," enclosing a 2c. stamp and giving your grocer's name.

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX
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"Wherever a recipe calls for Gelatine—it means KNOX"

This package contains an envelope of pure Lemon Flavor for the convenience of the busy housewife

IT WAS the week before little Willie's birthday, and he was on his knees at his bedside petitioning Providence for presents in a very loud voice.

"Please send me," he shouted, "a bicycle, a tool chest, a——"

"What are you praying so loud for?" his younger brother interrupted. "God ain't deaf."

"I know He ain't," said little Willie, winking towards the next room, "but grandma is."

And he continued, louder than before:

——"a scooter, a drum, a talkin' machine, and a pony. Amen."

EXPERIENCE, like a marriage certificate, is not transferable.

"I HOPE you've had a good night's rest," said the landlady to the new lodger.

"No," replied the mild-mannered little man, "your cat kept me awake."

"Oh," said the landlady, "and I suppose you are going to ask me to have the poor thing killed?"

"No, not exactly," said the gentle lodger, "but would you mind having him tuned?"

CROYDER, England, has found that German helmets—spoils of the war—are splendid substitutes for paving blocks. Tens of thousands of these are being used.

BETTER be a nettle in the sides of your friend than his echo.

A YOUNG lady recently sent this question to the editor of a ladies' weekly journal.

"Do you think it right for a girl to sit in a man's lap, even if she is engaged?"

The editor spent some time in thought and then answered her as follows:

"Yes; if it were our girl and our lap. Yes, again, if it were some other fellow's girl and our lap. But if it were our girl and some other fellow's lap, emphatically no. We don't approve of such frivolity."

THE SAME size derby covers a lot of different size brains.

A NOTED gambler and "con" man strayed into a church where a revival meeting was in progress. The leader, who knew his reputation, called on him to repent. "No need for me to repent," replied the bunco man. "Then how do you expect to get to Heaven?" asked the preacher. The gambler began to retreat. "Read the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, last part of the thirty-fifth verse," he answered. Much puzzled, the good man did so. He read, "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

GRIGGS: "When I don't catch the name of the person I've been introduced to, I ask if it's spelt with an 'e' or an 'i.' It generally works, too."

Briggs: "I used to try that dodge myself until I was introduced to a young lady at a party. When I put the question about the 'e' or 'i' she flushed angrily and wouldn't speak the whole evening."

"What was her name?"

"I found out later it was—'Hill.'"

THE VICAR took as his text: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." When Georgie arrived home he was asked by his doting grannie what the sermon had been about.

"I couldn't make out all of it, grannie," he replied; "but I think it was rather a nice one, about the wicked flea that nobody could catch."

THIS page is compiled simply of waifs and strays. It is not intended to be either uplifting or demoralizing, sense or nonsense, clever or prophetic, so—

If the anecdotes chronicled hereon are "stale"—comfort yourself with the thought that you're smarter'n I am.

If the bits of news seem to you to be not extraordinary—take pride in the knowledge that you are an unusual and discriminating reader.

If you cannot agree with my views—write and tell me so. I love an argument.

If something on this page reminds you of something else, twice as funny, twice as interesting—send it in. I'll pass it on.

If the page appeals to you—read it as a personal tribute to me. Thanks!

The Editor

WHAT the average man can't understand is why his wife has so much faith in him.

A MAN from the north of Scotland was on a holiday in Glasgow. On Sunday evening he was walking along Argyll Street when he came upon a contingent of the Salvation Army and a collection bag was thrust in front of his nose. He dropped a penny into it.

Turning up Queen Street, he encountered another contingent of the Salvation Army and again a smiling "lass" held a collection bag in front of him.

"Na, na!" he said. "I gied a penny tae a squad o' your folk roon the corner just the noo."

"Really?" said the lass. "That was very good of you. But, then, you can't do a good thing too often. And besides, you know, the Lord will repay you a hundredfold."

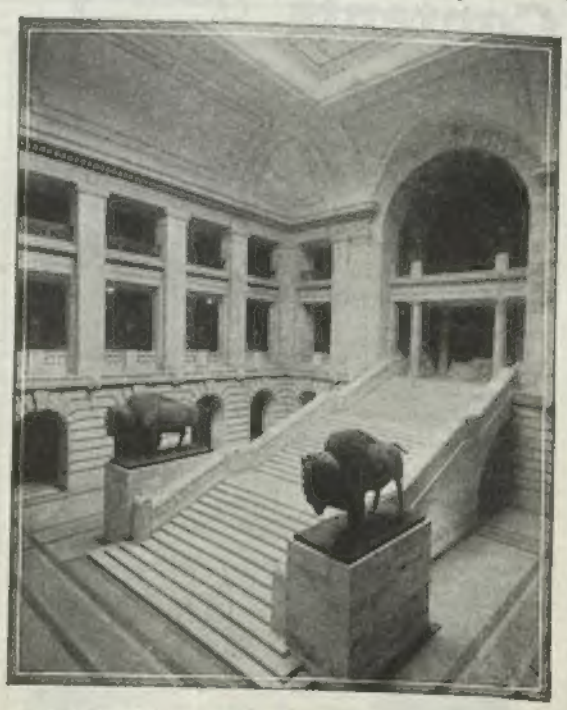
"Aweel," said the cautious Scot, "we'll just wait till the first transaction's feenished before we start the second."

TO REPEAT an unkind truth is as bad as to invent a lie.

HE: "If I were rich, darling, would you love me more than you do?"

She: "Well, I might not love you any more, but I should look forward to our wedding-day with a great deal more impatience than I do at present."

THERE is nothing sadder than a man who thinks he is funny.



THE picture shows Grand Staircase and Main Entrance to Parliament Buildings at Winnipeg.

THE WAY to keep happiness is to give it away.

ROBERT: "Mother, was Robin-son Crusoe an acrobat?"

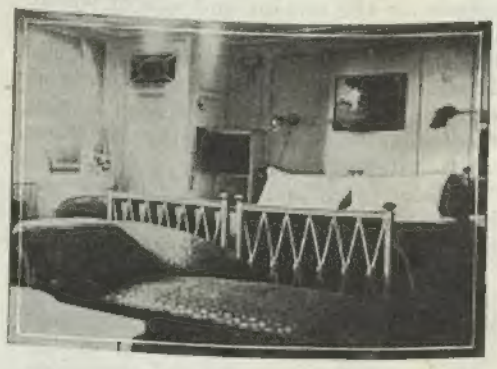
Mother: "I don't know. Why?"

Robert: "Well, this book says that after he had finished his day's work he sat down on his chest."

THE MORE you tell your troubles the more there are to tell.

THE Health Department of Toronto has made the following analysis of 127 cases of smallpox reported during March, showing the usefulness of vaccination as a preventive measure: Eighty-seven cases had not been vaccinated. Thirty-one had not been vaccinated within ten years. Six were vaccinated within two weeks of the time the disease appeared (too recent a vaccination to be effective). Only three cases where people had been vaccinated within nine years took the smallpox.

YESTERDAY'S unanswered mail is a mortgage on to-day.



THE first German liner to sail under the British flag is the "Imperator," which has been overhauled by a huge staff of ship engineers, painters and decorators, and is now making regular trips between New York and Southampton. This photo shows the bedroom of the ex-Kasier's state rooms aboard the "Imperator."

AMONG recent memorable sayings regarding Canadian life and character has been Dr. John Logan's description of the spirit of Canadian literature as he believes it to be: To do one's work as well as one can; to be humble; but to be self-reliant and self-confident. Sir John Willison, writing on British and American relations in "The Canadian Magazine," says: "In the field of international relations the British people practise restraint as it is practised by no other people, and Canada can follow no better example." A rural mail driver in Ontario, speaking to two American visitors, is reported by "The Christian Science Monitor" as saying that he was of U.E.L. descent and that it was something to live up to. He preferred "the one and undivided Empire of associated free nations," and, he added, speaking of the American Revolution: "It was a mistake to split up the English-speaking peoples that way."

WHEN in doubt tell the truth.

IT IS not always easy—

To apologize.
To begin over.
To admit error.
To be unselfish.
To take advice.
To be charitable.
To be considerate.
To endure success.
To keep on trying.
To avoid mistakes.
To forgive and forget.
To keep out of the rut.
To make the most of a little.
To maintain a high standard.
To recognize the silver lining.
To shoulder a deserved blame.
—But it is always worth while.

MANY a born leader throws up the sponge and becomes a follower.

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